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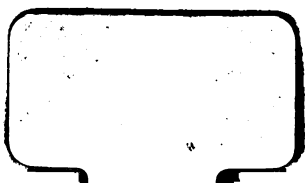
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LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF AN
UNFORTUNATE AUTHOR.

BY HIMSELF.



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1878.

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251. e. 549.

AN AUTHOR'S BEQUEST.

ON the 20th of November, 1877, towards six o'clock in the evening, I was enjoying the comforts of my fire-side, in the ancient city of Durham, with a bottle of splendid old port before me, an excellent Havanna cigar in my mouth, and a sound Liberal paper in my hand. I was just then reading a very clever article on the political state of France. This article made me neither smile, nor shrug my shoulders, nor knit my brow; it really made me think—and think a great deal. I need scarcely say the paper was an English one.

“Why,” I reflected, “do all the princes who aspire to the throne of France, not join their noble ancestors in a better world? Would it not be for their good *and for ours*? Will the young imperial eagle ever take his flight, or be caught and rendered harmless for ever? Will Gambetta always display the admirable moderation which marks his career at present? Is he the man who will preside over the destinies of our country, when our brave warriors will drive the foreigner beyond the Rhine?” These questions, infinitely varied, succeeded each other in my mind without connection and as quick as lightning.

In order to follow my thoughts the better, I began

walking around my study *de long en large*. One always thinks better when walking. While I was discussing in my mind those different questions, like a true peripatetic, my eyes happened to fall on an ebony box placed upon the table. Good-bye, imperial eagle, Gambetta, and brave warriors! On what do things depend, though! Through some unaccountable circumstance, the box excited my interest much more keenly than the article had done.

I stopped in front of it, and stared at it for a considerable time. Where did it come from? Surely, the servant did not bring it, for I should have seen her enter and leave the room. I did not believe in miracles in the nineteenth century, and yet my eyes went from the table to the ceiling, from the ceiling to the four walls, and from the four walls under the table, as if to discover the kind fairy or the bad spirit who had made me this mysterious present. The most reasonable man is not always master of his movements. Nothing was to be seen. I went around the box at a safe distance, and examined it in all its details.

It was about a foot and a half long, and, in shape, a perfect cube. Strange figures were carved all over it. Neither lock nor hinges could be seen, and the lid could only be recognised by a little silver handle.

The more I looked at the box, the more I felt convinced I had seen it before. But when and where? . . . That was the question.

To put an end to this uncertainty, I ring the bell. My servant, Mary, enters. I ask her how the box came into my room. She opens her eyes widely, plays with the corner of her apron, grins, and tells me at last that she brought it herself, and that I gave her three shillings to pay for the carriage. Strange to say, the future of France had kept me so much in suspense, that I

had paid three shillings without knowing anything about it.

So far I had not dared to touch the box. Was it not perhaps, some infernal machine sent by a secret enemy of mine, who wished to take advantage of my curiosity to get rid of me? Impossible! I am the most peaceful man in the world, as peaceful as Job on his dunghill. I have never killed any one, not even a fly. I have never coveted either the purple or the laurels of the Capitol, or even my neighbour's wife. I have, indeed, a charming little wife myself; but she is as good as she is beautiful, and as we do not live in France, she has not a single lover who might wish to prove his love to her by freeing her husband from all the miseries of this world. Decidedly it is not an infernal machine. My servant must have held it in her hands. She will, doubtless, even have shaken it, to get an idea of what it contained. No, I shall not be less courageous than she was!

After this very logical reasoning, I decide to proceed methodically. For this purpose, I begin by looking at the address. On casting my eyes upon it, I feel my heart beating with fear. Can the box have been delivered at a wrong address? How sad! . . . But no, this certainly is my name, *Dieu soit loué!* I rub my hands with pleasure. So, this is a box that is sure to contain a secret, a great secret, a most interesting secret, and I am the happy mortal selected to discover it.

The box, forwarded by Sutton and Co., came from London.

But I do not know a single soul in London. Perhaps it is one of my friends, who, being in town, has conceived the good idea of making me a present. But why a present? It is neither my saint's-day, which I used

to keep in France, nor my birthday, which I keep nowadays in England. Besides, how can it be a present? The box looks so old, that it seems to have escaped from the deluge. Perhaps old Father Noah used it as a jewellery-box during his famous cruise above the mountains of Armenia. Nothing is more certain: it is not a present! But what is it, then?

Suspense makes me bold. I seize the box; it is not very heavy. I turn it on all sides. I shake it slightly: but it is useless. I shake it well: but without success. Could it be empty? What a shame! what an indignity! what a misfortune! At length I shake it with all my might; a dull noise is heard: this noise fills my heart with joy.

Impelled by a curiosity which I can master no longer, I examine it more closely, and discover a crack, scarcely visible to the naked eye, running in a straight line across the middle of the lid.

The box must open *à deux battants*, like a folding door.

This discovery gives me new hope. On examining the crack, I happen to take hold of the silver handle and to press it. All of a sudden, I hear a slight report, and I jump back a couple of steps: the box had opened.

The first object which met my gaze was something red. I approached slowly on tip-toe. It was a kind of tissue that must have been pretty old, for its colour was faded. I seized it delicately between my thumb and forefinger, and raised my hand with extreme slowness and care. Imagine my astonishment when I discovered that it was nothing else than an old woollen shirt. Oh! what a feeble joke! This mysterious box, this present from a fairy, this infernal machine, concealed in its bosom an old shirt! It was too much for

me ! I burst into a ceaseless roar of laughter, and, the better to enjoy my laugh, I threw myself on the sofa, where I remained for five minutes in real convulsions.

There was something so absurd in this discovery, that my curiosity became deeper still. The second object that attracted my eyes was . . . Doubtless, you will think some other piece of clothing, an old pair of stockings, a collar, or a pair of worn-out slippers. But you are greatly mistaken ! It was, first, a black pen-holder, then a red one, afterwards an empty seal-skin purse, and at last a silver match-box, engraved with great skill and taste. The latter was essentially classical, and would have given immense pleasure to Alcibiades or Mark Antony. On one side you saw Mars making love to Venus, and on the other, Venus making love to Adonis. Never was there any subject so worthy of adorning a match-box.

What relationship could there be between the shirt and the other objects. Perhaps we shall find the answer at the bottom of the box. I put my hand into it, and took out a little black, round, and smooth stone, long and thin in shape : it was one of those stones so commonly found in the beds of rivers ; and yet I could not take my eyes off it. Why did my gaiety, a moment ago so noisy, give place to an undefinable emotion ? Why did my recollections take me back to my younger days ? Why did my old friends appear to me one after another, in all the freshness of youth, those friends formerly so numerous, at present so few, some of whom are resting now in peace close by the ramparts which they defended to the death, and the others scattered about in all parts of the globe ? I had a vague presentiment that I had seen that stone before, although I could not remember where.

The next object I found in the box was a little photographic album of Strasbourg after the bombardment. My soul was overcome by a profound sadness. Whoever sent me the mysterious box, was sure to be a compatriot of mine, who, exiled like myself far from his native country, was mourning in silence for Alsace and France. I put the album aside, without opening it. Why should I revive bitter grief? Why strike new wounds, when the old ones are still bleeding?

On returning to the box, I discovered two tinted portraits; one was in an oval frame of purple velvet, with a golden rim inside, and represented a young lady so infinitely charming, that one could not look at her without loving her immediately. In my opinion there could not be anything sweeter, purer, more amiable, more loving, in short, anything more angelic. Lost in mute admiration, I forgot for a long time the other portrait placed before me. At the first look I cast upon it, I could not help exclaiming—“*Mon Dieu*, what an astonishing resemblance!” It was the image of a man, till young, but whose hair was as white as snow. Never had I met with such a contrast in real life: the man had a strange resemblance to Edouard, one of my best friends, whose death I had deplored since the last war. Poor Edouard! We were so fond of each other; he was so kind, so noble, so generous; he was possessed of such strong will, such admirable perseverance, and such force of character! Besides he was a *garçon hors ligne*: already on the school-forms we looked upon him as a future celebrity. Unfortunately he had one defect, one great defect, he was devoured by excessive ambition. To take a place in the first rank among the most eminent literary men of France, to be the honour of Alsace, and to see his works admired by all civilised nations, such was the superb dream in which he in-

dulged. His father a stern and obstinate man, bitterly inveighed against his ambition, for he wished him to enter the Church. But Edouard, who had no liking for the holy profession, stoutly refused to comply with his father's wishes. After a terrible scene, he left Strasbourg and went to Paris, where he continued his studies at the University. He was about to take his degree of Master of Arts, when the last war broke out. Having been wounded at the siege of Strasbourg, he was obliged to lay down the sword for several weeks. As soon as he recovered a little strength, he secretly escaped from Rastadt, where he was confined with other prisoners of war, and started for the south of France. Since that time I had heard of him no more. Poor Edouard! "No doubt," cried I, "he shared the fate of so many noble children of Alsace who preferred death to the foreign yoke. But why should I pity him? Should I not rather call him happy? To die in the prime of life, to die in the midst of splendid dreams and enchanting hopes, and to die for the welfare of one's fatherland, is there any fate happier, more noble and more beautiful?"

I wiped away the tears which had filled my eyes at the sight of this portrait, for it had revived within me tender and painful recollections. Looking at it for the last time, I could not help asking myself: "Could it be Edouard, indeed?" The idea seemed foolish. How could a young man have changed so completely in seven years? There was, in truth, a strange resemblance between them; only, Edouard's face was that of a man full of hope and confidence, to whom all was smiling in this world, and who felt strong enough to take heaven by storm; while the man whose features I was studying, bore in his whole frame the stamp of a sadness, which could not be mistaken. On seeing the

latter, one might have believed he had been exposed to the most frightful tempests which agitate human life. Moreover, Edouard had an indelible mark which would have enabled me to recognise him among thousands—his wound had left a large scar above the left temple. The portrait was nearly a profile, the head looked towards the right-hand side, and thus offered the left side in full; but I did not discover on it the remotest trace of a scar. So it cannot be Edouard, said I to myself, thanking Heaven for this consoling thought; for there had arisen in my soul a vague but distressing presentiment, which I endeavoured with all my might to overcome.

Impelled by a feverish curiosity, I returned to the box, and found in it a little jewellery-case. I opened it, and remained spell-bound. It contained a magnificent gold chain of exquisite workmanship, to which was attached a diamond heart of prodigious size and marvellous beauty. The mystery, instead of clearing up, was getting more complicated at every step. Was I dreaming? I looked around; here is the newspaper I have not yet finished reading, there my cigar only half smoked, and there's my dog, Pixy, resting in front of the fire-place. On catching my eye, he gets up, stretches his legs, and then comes and licks my hand affectionately. Decidedly, it is not a dream.

I resumed my walk around the room, plunged in profound meditation. What was the secret contained in the box? Was it laughable, sad or horrible? What had I to do with this secret? Who sent the box? And why was it sent to *me*? These questions and many others crowded upon my mind, and my perplexity only served to multiply them. After a great deal of thinking, I came to a conclusion which afterwards turned out to be only too correct: the box con-

tained the mute story of a being in whom, no doubt, I felt a great interest. But who was that being? Was his life happy or unhappy? At these questions, the sad presentiment which had taken possession of my imagination, in spite of myself, gained in power and redoubled my fears.

I continue my researches with renewed ardour. Happen what may, should the knowledge of the truth make me wretched for ever, I must know it. Of all evils, uncertainty is the greatest.

I put my hand on different manuscripts, and take them out without examining them. Several letters cover the bottom of the box. My heart beats violently. At last I am about to find the key to the enigma. With a trembling hand, I open one at random. At the first words, I turn pale, my eyes grow dim, and I fall back on a chair hiding my face in both hands. This letter I had addressed to Edouard on the day after the declaration of war. At once I see it all,—I understand it all. The melancholy young man with the white hair is Edouard indeed, it is he who sent the box to me. But why did he send it? Then my sad presentiments become a terrible certainty! An author gives up his most valuable treasures, his works, only at the very last extremity.

For twenty minutes I examine the manuscripts, some of which I recognise at once. My anxiety increases every minute. I turn every leaf over and over again, but it is all to no purpose! And yet I must find a letter, a line, a single word that tells me the awful truth. I begin my researches anew. Suddenly my eyes fall upon an old scrap of paper, yellow and stained; it is covered with a few lines of recent writing. I stop an instant as if to prepare my courage. At length I read these words in French:

"Dear Alfred, I send you all I possess in this world, a few *souvenirs* and some manuscripts. They would henceforth be useless to a wretched author who is succumbing to misery and despair. I have asked the world for fame, and it has not even given me bread. Do not try to find me: it is too late, I am dying. Cursed be the day when I made the first step in the literary career.

"EDOUARD."

A cold shiver runs through all my limbs, I feel as if annihilated. But only for an instant. Suddenly I rise and look at my watch: it was five and twenty minutes past seven. Perhaps there may still be time! I hasten up the stairs, four at a time, and rush into my bedroom. Within five minutes, my travelling-bag is ready. I run down in great haste. In the hall, my wife tries to stop me: "A great misfortune has happened! Not to me. Good-bye!" I rush out of the house and down the street. The cathedral clock strikes half-past seven. In five minutes the express is to start. I rush up the hill leading to the station. I arrive. The whistle of the guard is heard. Without ticket I jump into the carriage. A few seconds afterwards the train had left. I was alone. And then I could bear my grief no longer, the misfortune that had struck me in striking my friend, broke loose all the fountains of my heart, and I cried like a child.

So Edouard was alive whilst I deplored his premature end. Probably for years he was languishing in misery, and I passed my days in comfort and happiness. He was the prey of all the most bitter disappointments, and most heartrending sorrows of life; and I was not by his side to relieve his afflictions, and sustain his sinking courage. How great his misfortunes must have

been, since they caused him to neglect even my friendship ! He knew where to find me, but he did not come to me ; he knew all the depth of my affection, but he refused to share his troubles with me, and ask for my consolation ! At last, after seven years' silence, he had spoken ; but the day when I heard he had escaped from the tomb, was perhaps the very day when it was about to close over him. This thought surrounded my mind with most dismal pictures. Sometimes I saw Edouard stretched on a miserable bed, exposed to all the horrors of hunger and cold, succumbing to a slow but fatal illness, without a friend who would watch over him and alleviate his sufferings ; alone in a foreign country, alone in the midst of his misfortunes, alone with that sickness of soul, more painful and more fatal than any other illness,—despair. Sometimes I saw him going out at the beginning of the night, careless alike of the snow which blinded him, and the cold wind which cut his face and made his thin and poorly protected frame shiver. I saw him going towards the solitary banks of the Thames ; I heard him tell the black and silent waves the story of his dreams, hopes and labours, his struggles, disappointments, and misery ; I heard him curse the human race that abandoned him to his sad destiny ; I heard him curse himself, and ask whether he would not find in another existence the happiness for which his soul was yearning, or at least a release from his misfortunes.

But why should I recall all the frightful spectacles created by my imagination during that night's journey ? Was there not a spark of hope left to me ? Might I not perhaps be just in time to save Edouard from an imminent death ? This spark, however small, shed at least a feeble ray of comfort across the gloom that had gathered over my mind.

We were all the time flying across the country. I had left Durham at 7.35. At 1.14 we were at Peterborough. By-and-by, looking at my watch, I saw we should be in London within an hour. Then I began to ask myself what I was to do. Edouard, if he was still alive, was in the metropolis; but how could he be found in a city of over three millions of inhabitants? My own inquiries would be fruitless; I might continue them for a whole century without finding him. And yet I must find him immediately if I wished to save him. Every hour, every minute, every second might be an hour, a minute, a second too late. My complete powerlessness made me feel profoundly wretched. After having by turns examined, adopted, and rejected different schemes, some more impracticable than others, an idea, as excellent as it was simple, flashed upon my mind. Any one else would have been struck by it at once, but when one suffers much, one reasons badly; great misfortunes disturb the mind whilst rending the heart. The only power, I said to myself, that can help me with any chance of success is the secret police. This idea revived my courage.

"No," cried I, "it is not too late. I will save you from death, Edouard, at the very moment when it is about to lay its cold hand upon you!"

At last we arrived in London, the train stopped, and one of the company's servants asked for my ticket. I searched all my pockets, but in vain. Suddenly I remembered that I had not taken one, so I asked to see the station-master. A word of explanation and my address, and all was settled. It was striking half-past three when I got to the Railway Hotel. In spite of my fatigue, I could not shut my eyes for the remainder of the night.

As soon as the day dawned, I called upon Mr. Cun-

ningham, one of the most renowned detectives in England. In a few clear and precise words I explained to him the object of my visit. Seated before his desk, he listened to me without saying a word, with his eyes shut, one hand in his pocket, and his forehead resting on the other. Then a long silence. At last he spoke. My heart remained suspended on his lips.

"Your case," said he, "is very clear: you are looking for a friend; that friend was in a dying state at least two days ago; so, if we wish to find him alive, we must proceed with all possible speed. There is but one way to discover him, and that's by the box. That box, as you say, was forwarded by Sutton and Co.; to get to Durham on Tuesday evening, it must have been delivered in London either on Saturday or on Monday morning at the latest. The date being so recent, and the box being of a rather peculiar description, there won't be any difficulty in finding the branch-office where it was delivered. Before noon we shall know that office. There we shall find out who delivered it. It must have been either your friend himself or some one else acting by his orders. Whoever he may be, we shall follow him. An individual carrying a box a foot and a half in length, breadth, and depth, is easy enough to follow, whether he is walking or driving. We may suppose that, to send the box, he delivered it himself, or had it delivered by another, at the office nearest to his residence. Nothing prevents us, therefore, from hoping that we shall find that residence before the end of the day. . . . But whether we shall be in time or not," added he in a different tone, "that is another question. And now I leave you to begin work at once, and look for my assistants. Please come back within a couple of hours; if I am not here, come again at noon. Good-morning!"

After two mortal hours, which seemed to me two centuries, I returned. The detective was not there. I waited for a quarter of an hour, half an hour, but to no purpose. At last it was striking eleven o'clock, when the detective entered out of breath. Good news was shining out of his eyes, full of intelligence and penetration.

"We have found the office," he cried out; "box delivered last Monday between nine and ten in the morning by a man of tall stature, very pale, very thin, in a shabby black suit, with aristocratic features, white hair, and peculiar scar over the left temple; came on foot and returned on foot; left a plain trace down King's Road. We have got him—he won't escape us. Please come again at two this afternoon. Good-bye."

Then, having saluted me, he left as quickly as he had come. From what the detective had said, one might have believed he was in pursuit of a criminal; but I scarcely took any notice of it. The news he had given me was too good for me to care about the terms in which he conveyed it. New hope filled my heart without my being able to analyse its causes. I said to myself that, before the end of the day, I should have the happiness of pressing Edouard to my heart.

At two o'clock I found the detective warming himself in front of the fire. His brow was full of care, his look sad and discontented, his lips were pressed together.

"We have followed his steps," said he, "in King's Road up to Cremorne Gardens, then down the Thames as far as Battersea Bridge, and there," he added, with a peculiar expression, "we have lost them."

These words brought back to my mind the awful foreboding of the preceding night.

"But," continued he, "we shall find them again; we must discover your friend, dead or alive."

These words were spoken with such determination that I felt sure, if any man could discover Edouard, Mr. Cunningham was certainly that man.

The shades of night were rapidly spreading over the town, when I went for the third time to the detective's.

He was not there himself, but one of his assistants was waiting for me. He scarcely left me time to ask a question.

"We have found his traces again," said he, "in Battersea Park, then across Chelsea Bridge, and down the Embankment. There, it seems, your friend lost his way, for he entered a tobacconist's shop and asked for the shortest way to Chelsea Hospital. From this point the scent is so clear that Mr. Cunningham dispatched me after you. There is very little doubt that they must have found your friend's whereabouts by this time."

We started in great haste. My feelings had reached the highest pitch of excitement. Should I find him dead or alive? . . . Hope and fear fought madly in my breast, and hope remained the stronger. I had succeeded so remarkably well in my inquiries that I could not help seeing the finger of a kind Providence in all. And how could it have ordained that they should turn out so favourably, if they were not to be crowned by a still more favourable result?

Having reached Chelsea Hospital, we meet another detective waiting for us. He takes us down Smith Street, then across King's Road, and afterwards through several dismal little streets, where misery seems to have taken up her everlasting abode. In front of a house of wretched appearance we find Mr. Cunningham.

A strange expression darkens his features.

He turns towards me, and says, in a low, sympathetic voice :

"Sir, prepare your courage: you'll want it all. . . . Let us go in."

An old woman in tatters opens the door. In her yellow, wrinkled face one can read all the signs of a terror which is almost awful. My feelings may be imagined but not described any longer. Guided by her, we slowly ascend a dark, narrow, and very steep staircase. Having reached the upper landing-place, she stops in front of a door that is ajar. Her teeth are chattering, and she trembles so violently that the candlestick nearly falls out of her hand. The detective takes the light, and pushes the door open. We enter a small garret, so low that one can stand erect only on one side. Its ceiling, formed by the sloping roof, is in such bad repair that it offers but little protection against rain and wind. The floor is damp and rotten.

By the dismal light of the tallow-candle, we perceive in a corner a miserable bed, and upon it a human form, quite dressed, and wrapped in an old blanket.

The detective approaches, removes the blanket, and allows the light to fall fully upon a man's face.

An inexpressible horror chills the blood in my veins.

Clinging to the bedstead, I stare intently at that face. My feelings, restrained for a long time, break forth all at once, and overwhelm me with a pain so great, so intense, so boundless, that it almost deprives me of my reason; and yet, in the midst of my agony, I have not a single tear to shed, or a single word of woe to utter. It is Edouard indeed; they are his features—it is his scar—but I have arrived too late.

Edouard is no more.

All that happened that night and the few following days I scarcely remember, and I do not dare to think of it. There are events so full of bitterness, that one's tongue could never relate them, and that one's mind fears their recollection.

After having performed the last duties to Edouard, I returned to Durham the most unhappy of men.

For several weeks I did not dare to touch the fatal box. My friendship imposed upon me the sad duty of examining the works it contained, to make all the efforts in my power to publish those which deserved publication, and to give them an opportunity of winning the fame which the unfortunate author, alas! hoped for in vain during his lifetime. But whenever I was about to set to work, the heart-rending spectacle of his death appeared to me with such awful reality, that I always postponed putting my design into execution.

At last I conquered my grief, and returned to the box. It was with a kind of respect akin to veneration that I took out the different objects I spoke of at the beginning. Each of them, I felt sure, had a history which ought to render them sacred to me. When remembering my fits of laughter, and the humorous remarks I had indulged in, on first seeing them, my present sadness only became the more gloomy. I passed a long time in looking at Edouard's portrait. There was but little reflection wanted to discover why the resemblance, however striking it was in every other respect, had nevertheless appeared to me incomplete in a most important point. I have said that Edouard had a scar above the left temple, but that the left side of the portrait did not show any trace of it. Of course not. I had fallen into a rather common error, in thinking that a photograph represents us in the same way as our image in a looking-glass does, while it represents us as if we

were really in flesh and blood, that is to say, the left of the photograph represents the right of the person.

Edouard's portrait had a fascinating power over me, which I experienced for a long time. I found a kind of bitter joy in reading in his care-worn features the story of his misfortunes. On seeing that melancholy look, the severe outlines of that mouth, that brow covered with early wrinkles, those hollow cheeks, and, above all, that white hair, I could not help exclaiming: "Oh! how a man must have suffered, to alter so much in so few years!"

At last I succeeded in turning my eyes towards the other objects, and I began to examine the manuscripts. After putting them into some kind of order, I felt convinced that the work I was about to undertake would be much longer and much more laborious than I had expected.

The box contained nine manuscripts, more or less voluminous, some finished, others incomplete, others containing only just an outline of some work that the author intended writing. They all bear the date when they were written. It would be useless to give here a list of them.

After carefully considering which of them was most suitable for being published first, I decided upon the one written last. It is entitled "LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF AN UNFORTUNATE AUTHOR."

I have different reasons for beginning with this work in preference to any other. First, because it is the most complete of all, and the one which has most nearly attained that perfection to which the author aspired; secondly, because it explains the mystery of the fatal box, and thus answers most of the questions connected with it, questions which the reader would perhaps be glad to see solved; and finally, because I

am allowed to suppose, from a remark in the author's hand, that he intended to publish it himself very shortly, and had already written to publishers on the subject.

Dominated by one of those grand ideas, which are common only to fools and superior men, he wished to make a masterpiece of his last important work, for it was his intention to publish it in three different languages: he wrote it partly in English, partly in French, and partly in German, and then translated the original into the two other languages. Unfortunately, he was not allowed to finish this great undertaking. The English is complete from beginning to end, the French contains only about 150 pages altogether, and only three chapters exist in German. I need scarcely add that it is, to a great extent, his own life he relates in the "LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF AN UNFORTUNATE AUTHOR."

As may be imagined, there is in this work a good deal of fiction, but there is in it still more truth. If fiction predominates in the first two parts, I have the best reasons for saying that the third, on the contrary, is, very nearly throughout, a story of real life, a true story which did not require much fiction to make it interesting.

Reader, when you see, in the following pages, the hero dying of hunger and despair, in the midst of his ambition and in spite of his profound learning and superior talents, do not think it is simply a moving spectacle invented by the fertile imagination of a pathetic writer; believe me, it is a picture of real misery, it is the truth, the plain, sad, awful truth!

DURHAM, *January*, 1878.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF AN

UNFORTUNATE AUTHOR.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in London in the most aristocratic part of the West-end. My father, the Earl of St. Ives, was a severe, stubborn, cold, and yet passionate man, who concentrated almost all his powers on political affairs. I saw little of him. His presence always inspired me with respect mingled with fear. He spent most of his time either at the House of Lords, where he was one of the most active supporters of the Tories, or at those numerous meetings to which a nobleman of his rank, and a politician of his eminence, could not remain a stranger. At home he was most frequently surrounded by a crowd of illustrious men : secretaries of state, members of parliament, authors, painters, composers ; in one word, all the great celebrities in politics, literature, and art filled his drawing-rooms.

I was a precocious child. At an age when children in general think of little else than play, nothing would make me happier than to take a seat by my mother's side in the midst of those distinguished people. There,

plunged in silent admiration, I was all ears during those witty conversations or learned discussions, varied sometimes by the poetical effusions of an English Schiller, sometimes by the undefinable harmonies of Mozart, Handel, or Beethoven. When my mother saw me so quiet, she little thought how much I was moved, charmed, enraptured. My sentiments were not long confined to admiration : I soon felt an ardent longing to have some day a voice among that *société d'élite*, to deserve their applause, to become a great man among so many great men, and thus an ever-growing ambition altogether took possession of me, and became the most striking feature in my character.

As early as my twelfth year that ambition had a very considerable influence over all my actions, and appeared especially in the choice of the books I read. I was very fond of reading ; and, of all books, I preferred those which treated of the history of celebrated men. My father had one of the finest private libraries in the kingdom ; nothing was therefore easier for me than to satisfy my taste, and to add every week several new names to the list of those already known to me. Thus in a short time I made myself acquainted with all the geniuses of ancient and modern times.

One day a *History of Celebrated Children* fell into my hands. Events which at first seem accidental and unimportant, frequently determine a man's career once for all. The sight of a painting, a monument, a machine has frequently revealed to an astonished observer that he was destined to a vocation of which he had scarcely an idea ; on listening to a poem, to a speech, or a piece of music, an unknown genius has frequently discovered that he was a born poet, orator, or composer. The reading of that *History of Celebrated Children* had a similar effect upon me. Among all those children there was one above all that inspired me with the most pro-

found admiration, and whom I, so to speak, worshipped : it was the *Admirable Crichton*. So far my ambition had remained vague and undefined ; now I had found an object worthy of it. I wished to become a universal genius, the Crichton of the nineteenth century, and, as I had no knowledge either of myself or of the outside world, I had not the least doubt that I should attain my object, and that, before I was twenty years old, my fame would shine forth with marvellous brilliancy. What above all induced me to assume this rôle was, that I saw at my father's house men whose renown sprang from several sources, men who distinguished themselves at the same time as mathematicians and philosophers, as orators and philologists, as painters and sculptors, as poets and novelists. Animated by the desire of becoming *un homme hors ligne*, I said to myself that unless I wished to miss my object I should have to surpass them all, and unite in my single person all their talents, all their genius, and all their renown : —nothing is impossible for a boy of thirteen !

I did not require much time to feel convinced that such an ambition, by its very immensity, became ridiculous ; so I thought I ought to place reasonable limits to it. In examining all the fields of human activity, I had no difficulty in discovering that statuary, architecture, and, above all, painting, promised the most doubtful immortality in this world. I knew that most architects, sculptors, and painters of antiquity were known to us only by name, that almost all their works had disappeared, and that, if a small number of master-pieces had escaped destruction, their authors were generally unknown. What happened in antiquity, said I to myself, will be repeated in our days. Apelles and Phidias are nothing to us but mere names, whilst almost every child yet reads the rhapsodies of Homer ; in the same way, in a few thousand years, the master-

pieces of Shakespeare will still be admired, when those of Raphael and Michael Angelo will no doubt have disappeared. I felt therefore sure that unless I built a pyramid, or cut from the rock a Sphinx more colossal and monstrous than that of Egypt, and inscribed my name upon either of them in indelible letters, posterity would scarcely take account of my efforts, and might disregard my genius; so I ceased aspiring to such a problematic immortality. This sacrifice was the easier for me as I had no strongly-marked taste for plastic arts. I was nevertheless as proud of it as if I had renounced my most ardent aspirations, and, convinced that I had as much good sense as genius, I augured well of my future fame.

The first efforts of my ambition, thus limited, were in accordance with my age: in a child, more than in any one else, the sublime borders upon the ridiculous. I passed whole hours in studying the course of the stars, and in meditating gravely on universal attraction. I said to myself, that if I discovered its cause I should be greater than Kepler, greater even than Newton. At other times, shut up in my room, I addressed eloquent speeches to an invisible audience, speeches which moved me to tears, and made me hope for great things. Then I wrote profound dissertations on one of the questions of the day, which I had heard debated the day before. Finally, I launched out into poetry, sweeter than the milk and honey of the Promised Land; and sometimes I even set my words to music, and sang them to my mother. She was my confidante; she shared all my dreams, spurred my ambition, and looked upon me as a prodigy, such as the world had never before seen. I need not say I believed her with the most perfect faith, and became only the more impatient to realise her hopes.

Such a gigantic ambition is not, in my opinion, a rare

thing, even at a more reasonable age, and nothing is easier than to explain why it most often bears such scanty fruit. Out of a thousand ambitious young men, there are perhaps over five hundred who have neither genius, nor talents, nor perseverance, and with whom ambition is only a defect of the mind, a kind of disease of the brain; the others have perhaps real talent, but more than half of them infinitely over-estimate its value. As for the few remaining, if nature seems to have called them to play an eminent part in the history of nations, how many obstacles does it not also throw in their way! Sometimes idleness or opulence stops their progress; sometimes love enchains them with its garlands of flowers; and finally misery, excessive work, and sometimes vice, kill many of them before their genius has had time to develop in all its power, and reach maturity. To all that we must add the powerful agency of exterior events: without their favourable concurrence, the most splendid genius will remain unrecognised. If Shakespeare, Raphael, Mozart, and Napoleon had been born at epochs less favourable, and in less civilised countries, their glory would be infinitely less brilliant; perhaps they would not even be reckoned among illustrious men. If out of a thousand ambitious young men there is a single one who, sure of his powers, trusting to his talents, persevering in his efforts, thwarted by neither opulence nor misery, favoured at last by the events which regulate human destinies, if there is a single one, I say, who runs through his career in its full length, and succeeds in obtaining a crown resplendent with glory, he ought to receive it with humility and thankfulness, and to remember that, although he has been lucky enough to win it, he was perhaps not the one who deserved it best.

Reader, do not think this is the prelude to the song

I intend singing in honour of my genius, so far misunderstood. The part of an *esprit incompris* has not the slightest attraction for me. If I die unknown, my want of success will be due more to my foolish ambition than to the indifference of the world. And yet I must speak frankly. I do not think I am wholly devoid of talent; and, after reading my history, it must be confessed that perseverance was not wanting in me. If my misfortunes had not opposed to me almost insurmountable obstacles, my name would perhaps be known in the world to-day. Happily, I have not yet arrived at the end of my career; in spite of numerous checks, I still look into the future with hope. Perhaps it reserves for me some of the laurels to which, so far, I have aspired in vain.

Until the age of thirteen I had been educated at home. Suddenly I was taken away from the care of my tutors, and my mother's affection. The cause of my removal was very simple. I have stated at the beginning of my history that my father was a stern man. His heart, insensible to the pleasures of the family circle, seemed open only to the great passions of public life. When, by a lucky chance, he was at leisure for a few moments, he locked himself up in his library, to devote himself to philological studies, of which he was passionately fond. Political men, who are at the same time distinguished scholars, are not rare in England. So it is easy to understand that my father, even if he had been less rigid, would have found little time to show me much affection. My mother, on the contrary, felt for me such a blind, passionate love, that I was all-powerful with her. She adopted every possible means of spoiling me; and she would have perfectly succeeded in doing so, if my father had not prevented her by sending me to Eton.

The liveliest and most durable remembrance I

have retained of my school-days at Eton is that of having been beaten within an inch of my life for having refused to take off the boots of one of the seniors. It is strange that, in the freest country on earth, children should frequently be obliged to submit to the most odious of all tyrannies, that of elder schoolfellows. Well, experience made me wise; I soon learned to submit to a kind of legal servitude, as old and sacred as our glorious Constitution. I spent about two years at the same school. It was, after all, not a disagreeable life. We were not overworked, as boys are in France; our holidays were long; the half-holidays very numerous; and we had almost as much time for cricket, football, boating, and athletics, as for Latin, Greek, and the other subjects of study.

While most of my schoolfellows were engaged in their games, I usually sought a remote spot, where, resting on the soft grass, with my eyes lost in the abysses of the sky, I forgot everything around me. Sometimes I enjoyed, by anticipation, the ineffable happiness of becoming an illustrious man; sometimes, giving way to the charm of inspiration, I abandoned myself entirely *à ma verve poétique*.

Although my ambition impelled me to distinguish myself in almost all the fields open to the human mind, I could not help having a marked preference for one particular field—poetry. My friends called me the *Dreamer*; for my part, I believed myself the future rival of Tennyson. In any case, I wrote numberless verses, which I addressed to a certain noble lady whose sweet portrait had exerted a wonderful power over me from my very childhood—to my mother and little sister—to all the great men of ancient and modern times—to my favourite poet—to one or another of my masters—to Bertie Cavendish, one of my school-mates, for whom I felt an eternal friendship—at last, even to

the little fruit-girl whose blue eyes and rosy cheeks had awakened within me sublime sentiments, and whose basket I frequently emptied, to the great delight of my comrades.

Only a few months had elapsed before I made a discovery which gave a great blow to my hopes. In spite of the high opinion I had of myself, I could not help noticing I had no taste for mathematics; whether owing to the teaching, or to my want of zeal or natural stupidity, I made no progress whatever. So farewell universal genius! This discovery made me profoundly sad; there is nothing so bitter as a child's grief; but within a short time I was consoled: the duration of my grief was in inverse proportion to its poignancy.

In examining the fields which remained open to me, I saw at a glance that all was not lost. If to the glory of being a first-rate poet, I added that of being a great writer, a great philologist, a great composer, and a great orator, I had good reasons for hoping I should yet be some day the marvel of the nineteenth century. Nothing more likely! I was then fourteen years old: it is clear that I was still childish at that age.

The following year was one of supreme importance to me. The holidays gave me numerous occasions of again joining my father's society. Frequent conversations with superior men could not fail to remove, little by little, all that was cloudy and ridiculous in my dreams, and to direct my efforts towards a fixed and distinct object.

When an Orientalist of European reputation assured me that he had spent forty years in studying the principal human languages, and still considered his knowledge as eminently imperfect, I understood that it was madness on my part to wish to be his equal, so I gave up philology once for all.

When a celebrated composer and pianist told me

that he had begun playing at four years of age ; that he had, from the age of ten, scarcely ever played less than five hours a day, and frequently as many as ten or twelve ; that he had spent years in studying the art of composing, both theoretically, and in the works of the great masters ; finally, that he never thought of anything but music, and that all heaven and earth were one great harmony to him, which he was ever trying to seize and express more perfectly ; when I heard all that, I knew I should never be a great composer, so, once for all, I gave up music.

When I noticed how timid I was, how I blushed and stammered, how the least emotion caused my voice to falter, whenever I had to speak before any number of people, I saw that the laurels of Demosthenes were out of my reach, so I renounced, once for all, the hope of ever gathering them.

Thus I sacrificed, one after another, the dearest dreams of my childhood. What rendered these sacrifices less painful to me, was the haste I was in to distinguish myself. I was not afraid of work, only I did not care to wait until I was an old man to be called a genius. I wished to deserve that name before I came of age.

So, at fifteen, my ambition had been reduced within rather more reasonable bounds : it was confined to the fame of the poet and *littérateur*. These bounds, however narrow they seemed to me, were still too extensive, as I was soon to discover.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I had turned fifteen, I was sent to Paris to pursue my studies. My father was of opinion that, in

the nineteenth century, the living languages were far more necessary and useful than the dead, that it was better to be able to appreciate the beauties of Molière and Goethe than to excel in translating Chaucer into Latin elegiacs, and Shakespeare into Greek iambics, and that, to be good citizens, we ought to know thoroughly the nations with which we are in daily contact, rather than to make a close study of the nations of antiquity.

My stay in Paris had two very important results, which I felt throughout my life. On the one hand, my religious convictions underwent a considerable change, and became decidedly liberal; on the other, my aspirations freed themselves from those vague, immense outlines, vanishing in inaccessible heights, and became clear, well marked, definite, and yet exalted enough to tempt the most ardent ambition.

The first result must be attributed to the conversation of my new friends, and still more to the study of French literature and philosophy. I do not mean to say that I became an infidel: far from it. I never went as far as to doubt any of the great truths of the Christian religion; only I no longer unconditionally admitted all the present explanations of the Christian doctrine. Most young men who think have to go through that painful crisis of uncertainty and doubt; and I am happy to say I came out of it victorious, a true Christian still, but with much broader, deeper, and more enlightened views.

As for the second result, it was due to my experience of life, to the influence of good sense, and still more to that of the eminent professors who watched over my education. Among them there was especially one to whom I shall always be grateful for the care he took in turning my steps into the right direction. It was M. de Saint-Amand, a critic of first rank, celebrated

both as a professor and writer. He took a lively interest in my dreams, and always tried to calm the ardour of my ambition by his advice, full of wisdom and truth. In England I had been spoiled; my mother, instead of restraining my impetuosity, took delight in exciting it; even men as remarkable for their common sense as for their superior talents, complacently applauded my remarks, and performances in verse or prose. This misplaced indulgence made me conceited. On my arrival in France, I had indeed a very good opinion of myself, and, above all, with regard to poetry, I believed myself a second Chatterton.

My favourite professor had no trouble in putting me back to my place, and, I am happy to say, far from wishing him ill for his frankness, I only liked him the better for it. Having been taught to mistrust myself, I resolved one day to appeal secretly to his judgment, in order to discover exactly what he thought of my poetical productions. For that purpose I translated into French three pieces of English poetry, which I counted among the most beautiful and sublime in our language, and I submitted them to M. de Saint-Amand, as a specimen of my taste and power of translating. He admired the first two exceedingly, and called them masterpieces of poetry; then he compared the translation with the text, and drew my attention to the beauty and harmony of the original, and, finally, he gave me to understand that he thought my translation very good, and my taste faultless. When he came to the third specimen my heart beat violently, and I expected to hear the most flattering praise. He commenced by reading it through from beginning to end, and I saw a malicious smile flit over his lips. Then he submitted it to a criticism so sharp and bitter, that it made my heart bleed. He thought most of the ideas

childish, the epithets common, the comparisons false, the images laughable, the style bombastic, the good ideas badly rendered, and, consulting the original, he indicated a thousand mistakes of grammar and prosody with all the correctness of an English professor; in one word, nothing escaped his mocking witticism, his incisive pleasantry, his biting sarcasm; and, finally, to give me a finishing blow, he told me plainly he did not understand how a young man could have a taste so perverted as to place such childish and wretched doggerel as the third piece, on a level with such masterpieces as the first two. Imagine my shame when I had to confess that the first was Tennyson's, the second Longfellow's, and the third . . . my own.

The professor burst into a prolonged fit of laughter. Then resuming his seriousness, all at once he said: "I understand and admire you; your courage fills me with the highest hopes for your future success; you wished to know my opinion at the risk of feeling wounded in your dearest sentiments, and, thanks to your *finesse*, you have succeeded. Of course, the first two pieces were known to me, and, perhaps, if you had told me beforehand that the last came from you, I should not have been so severe."

"I feared your indulgence," I answered. "This same piece of poetry which you have just criticised so sharply, only last year called forth the warmest applause from a crowd of distinguished men."

"That is just the misfortune," replied he; "the best talents are spoiled by misplaced or misunderstood praise. The applause you are speaking of was granted to the child and not to the poet. For a child your poem is at least remarkable; for a poet it is not even moderate; and you are aware—

" Mediocribus esse poetis

Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ."

If your other poems are not worth more, believe me, the best thing you can do is to throw them into the fire. Pray understand that I do not forbid you to write verses for the future ; I know you well enough to say you are endowed with poetical feeling : it would be a crime not to cultivate it, only do not attach too much importance to what you have written so far. At your age no one is a poet." After a few moments he added : " Give me your verses ; I will tell you frankly what I think of them. You know I take too much interest in your future to flatter you."

I gave him my verses, and . . . the same evening, when he returned them to me, I threw them into the fire. My heart was torn ; I believed at the time that it was the greatest sacrifice I should ever have to make, but I made it in the interest of my future fame. My mother suffered much more from it than myself : when she heard of the fate of so many masterpieces, she was taken ill with grief.

From this moment I continued to write verses ; but I had lost that blind confidence in myself, which, as Schiller says, is the mother of great deeds. I discovered, by-and-by, that if Nature had given me the heart of a poet, she had unfortunately refused me the poet's tongue ; so my muse soon became silent, and I saw the poet's crown snatched from me, although I had felt so sure of obtaining it.

Of all the glories which had dazzled my eyes, there remained therefore none but the fame of the prose-writer. As for that, said I to myself, it shall not escape me ! And to make up for all those which I had lost, I wished not only to take a place among the most renowned writers of one country, but I aspired at the same time to the laurels of Macaulay, Voltaire, and Goethe. If I succeeded in writing English like the first, French like the second, and German like the

last, no doubt my star would still surpass in brilliancy all those of the firmament.

When I disclosed my hopes to M. de Saint-Amand, he smiled sadly. "Young man," said he, "you are mad! Do you know how rare it is to find an author who writes his own language perfectly well? And you dare to aspire to excel in three! If you could only understand how many years our good authors passed in laborious and profound studies before they published a single work, you would be confounded by your temerity! Suppose you even learn to write French correctly and with a certain elegance, do you think that would make you a French author? A thousand times no! Every nation has its peculiar genius; you would be, at the best, a decent translator. It is as impossible for one man to think and write in three languages as to live at the same time in three different countries!"

I did not then understand all the depth of these words: experience and study showed me how much truth there was in them. So far I had always admitted, as an undoubted fact, that I should have no difficulty in distinguishing myself as an English writer. To deserve also a place in the literatures of France and Germany, I had doubtless to undergo long and patient study; but difficulties did not discourage me, and, besides, I had a strong liking for French and German, and great aptitude in acquiring them. Nothing therefore in my expectations seemed to me impossible.

It is easy to understand why difficulties did not appear to me insurmountable. I judged them from a purely English point of view. In England we learn everything, except what we ought to learn at the very first—English. What is the consequence? Everyone fancies writing to be the easiest thing in the world,

never thinking that, to be a good author, long study is necessary. To prove it, one might quote, for instance, a dozen well-known or even celebrated novelists, especially women, who show their ignorance of style in every page of their works. In France, on the contrary, even the most wretched writers have at least a high opinion of their art, and, as a rule, redeem, to a certain extent, the want or scant variety of ideas by a certain elegance in the form. The French have carried the love of good style to a degree rarely attained in England. In matters of language, even their third rate writers are true artists. As for ours, they are never more than mere journeymen.

It was only little by little that I comprehended the immensity of my task, but I nevertheless persisted in it—first out of obstinacy, then out of love for difficulties, and finally because I flattered myself I should be an exception to the rule, and succeed in spite of all obstacles.

After many years, I begin to fear my efforts have been useless, but I am still persisting in them. Even now I am writing the history of my life and adventures in three different languages. Far from glorying in it, I ask the reader's pardon. I fear that it is a mistake, that I have been aspiring to the impossible, and that my name, instead of being inscribed in golden letters on the lists of the celebrated writers of three great nations, will perhaps never be found on any of them. May the reader grant me his indulgence: when a man has felt an ambition as colossal as mine, he always wishes to preserve something of it, even if this *something* should turn out to be a mad idea!

For more than two years I continued to study with ardour, especially practising the art of writing. When I thought I was well prepared to make my first attempt, I looked round for a subject worthy of my

pen. I had no difficulty in finding one. It was a *Discourse on Man*, a half literary, half philosophical work, in which I displayed all the treasures of my art, all the products of my science, and all the finest fruits of my meditations. Within six months it was finished. No one knew anything about it, not even my mother.

I now trusted I was about to hear my name repeated everywhere, and astonish all my friends by the splendour of my renown. I had written my *Discourse* in French, and wished to dedicate it to my professor, partly to revenge myself upon him and prove to him that, in spite of all, an Englishman could write French as well as if he were born in France; partly to reflect some of my future renown upon the one who had taught me how to deserve it.

Before translating the work into English and German, I submitted it to M. de Saint-Amand. He read it, and said: "My friend, there is some talent in it, and you are aware that I hope you will some day do me honour. Do you wish me, therefore, to give you a piece of good advice? . . . Yes? . . . Well, I will do so on one condition, which is that you shall blindly obey me!"

These words were of evil augury. I remembered, with a throbbing heart, his last advice, which I had followed only too blindly.

"Monsieur," replied I to him sadly, "I entreat you, do not bid me burn it like my poor verses; I could not submit to it. With that exception, I promise to obey you implicitly."

"Well," answered he, "put it aside and take it up again in a year or two."

It was cruel. Remember, reader, that I ardently wished to be a great man before I came of age. And now I was nearly eighteen, I was still as little known

as the cobbler at the street corner, and this terrible professor coolly ordered me to put aside a work which I considered as the foundation stone of my literary renown. It was cruel, indeed, but I had given my word, and must obey. After reading it over a last time, I put it at the bottom of a box, where I kept my most valuable possessions, and I shut the lid, feeling as wretched as a mother who sees the grave close over her first-born. Strange to say, by a peculiar concurrence of circumstances, I have not opened that manuscript since that very day. For many years it has remained at the bottom of the box, so that nowadays, if I were asked to give a summary of its contents, I could not possibly do so. In truth, I have forgotten everything about it.

During all the time I was writing that Discourse, I had avoided the company of my friends, for I was afraid that the love of pleasure would disturb the ardour of my studies. Now I began to amuse myself again. When one is eighteen years old it is a duty. I need not say I had good reasons to feel exceedingly pleased with my stay in Paris. However reserved the English may be at home, they always like to become lively abroad. Thanks to the kindness of our ambassador, one of my father's best friends, I was received in the most fashionable circles of the city. I greatly enjoyed that free and easy life, so opposed to English etiquette. I admired that polite, elegant, and witty society, full both of ardour and carelessness. What pleased me above all, I remember well, was the celebration of the Sunday : we made little excursions, went out boating, frequented the cafés, the public gardens, the concert-room, the theatre. It was, indeed, a day of rest after the week's work, a day full of charm and delight, rendered still more delightful by the remembrance of my Sundays in England. There I had been compelled to

go to church twice, frequently even three times, and the remainder of the day my father absolutely required me to read the Bible. What happened? I took the most intense dislike to English Sunday-life, and resolved that, if ever I had my own way, I should never enter a church and never open the Bible again. I am ashamed to confess it, but it is only too true: for several months after my arrival in France, it never occurred to me to change my resolution.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER staying three years in France, my father allowed me to spend a few months in England, to rest from my studies, before returning to the continent. It was in July. I first went to see my father—detained in London by his parliamentary duties—and then I started for St. Ives Court, our family estate in Cornwall, where my mother and little sister had already preceded me. Never did a journey seem to me so short and agreeable. My heart was beating with exultation when I thought of all the joys in store for me. My feelings must have been very strongly expressed in my features, for I remember hearing an old gentleman, who travelled in the same compartment as myself, whisper in an audible voice: "Well! that's what I call a happy face!"

I had, indeed, the best reasons for being happy. I was about to see once more, after an absence of a year and a half, the dearest of all mothers and the most affectionate of sisters, and to spend many weeks in ever finding new means of proving my love to them. Besides, I was going to enjoy a complete rest: no more books, no more translations and compositions, no

more private lessons or public lectures, no more nights passed in study—nothing but amusements, fun, and festivities of all sorts ! There is, perhaps, no age when the sense of pleasure is keener than at eighteen, when one is no longer a boy and not yet a man. So I thought, with intense delight, of all the pleasures to come : riding, driving and excursions on foot, garden parties and picnics, shooting and yachting, diversified by quiet evenings in the family circle, solitary walks, and endless rambles in the glorious land of dreams. What else could a youth need to be perfectly happy ?

What else ?

While the train was devouring the space with tremendous speed, I fancied that there was nothing in the world left for me to wish for. And yet, on the very day of my return, an event was to happen, which increased my happiness a thousand-fold, and opened to me a new source of feelings so exquisite and overpowering, that I sometimes thought I should die with delight.

Before relating that strange event, I must for a moment go back to the past.

So far I had never thrown my eyes upon the fair maidens around me. My knowledge of love was practically confined to what I had read about it in novels and to the *histoires galantes* of my companions. But my own experience had not yet begun, and I was delighted at it. I believed that two great passions could not fill the same heart, and that love was the most formidable adversary of ambition. If I should have the misfortune to fall in love, my star, I felt convinced, would that moment fade, and I should be lost for ever.

I do not mean to say that I had never thought of love. On the contrary, as is the case with most youths of my age, my heart was overflowing with tender feel-

ings, and ready to be given away long before it could find a lovely creature who would not be afraid of burning her fingers with such a warm gift. Meanwhile I created for my secret worship an ideal love, beautiful as Venus, sweet as a Madonna, virtuous as an angel—endowed, in short, with all the perfections I could discover in my fertile imagination; and upon this model of a beloved one I lavished the inexhaustible treasures of my soul. And yet my ideal had something real about her. Although her ærial form seemed to partake of the nature of the cloud in which she usually appeared to me, her features were always marked out in the same clear, indelible lines. How this happened I am about to relate, and as this enigma is intimately connected with the great event which was to take place within a few hours, I must be allowed to explain it fully.

Among the portraits of our ancestors, which adorned the great hall of St. Ives Castle, there was one of Mademoiselle de Briancourt, a young French lady of ancient nobility, who, at the age of eighteen, married the Duke of Hamborough, and died two years after, leaving to her husband a little daughter—the sole consolation in his bereavement. Her portrait was painted a few months before her marriage. She was most exquisitely beautiful. It would be impossible for me to represent her in words: however correct in the most striking features and minute in the details, a written portrait can never give more than the very faintest image of the real one, for every reader will represent it to himself in his own particular way, and change it according to his taste and power of imagination. I shall, therefore, say but a few words about this portrait, leaving the reader to improve upon it after his own fashion and to what extent he pleases.

Her light chesnut-coloured hair rolled in ringlets

down to her knees ; her dark, beautifully-curved eyebrows rendered the whiteness of her noble forehead still more striking ; the brilliancy of her large hazel eyes was softened by very long, dark, curved eyelashes ; her little nose gave her appearance an expression of piquancy most charming ; the rosy tints of her cheeks melted away, in the most gentle gradation, into the whiteness of her complexion ; her mouth might have been copied by an artist for that of one of the three Graces ; her slender form displayed, in all their beauty, those delicate curves so lovely in a maiden, so charming in a woman. There she sat, with her small hands folded in her lap, smiling sweetly down upon you, and bearing in all her being an expression so delightful and admirable, that the lookers-on remained spell-bound before her in long, deep, silent contemplation.

From my earliest youth this portrait had exerted a magnetic power over me. As long as I lived at the Castle and whenever I returned there, I went to look at it almost every day, and I frequently passed whole hours in front of it, looking at the sweet and noble lady, until her eyes would become animated, pierce down to the very bottom of my soul, move the most tender strings of my heart, and bring into my eyes tears of strange sadness, deep longing, and ineffable love.

One day, when I was about twelve, feeling attracted by a stronger power than ever before, I drew a table in front of the portrait, placed a chair upon the table, and a footstool upon the chair ; and as all this novel structure would not raise me to the level of the portrait, I got some heavy folios out of my father's library and put them on the footstool : having thus reached the beautiful maiden, I kissed her forehead, and eyes, and mouth, and talked to her most

affectionately, and placed my cheek upon her cheek, and embraced her over and over again, and asked her whether she loved me, and told her I loved her with all my heart and soul, when suddenly, turning around, I saw my father, who, with folded arms, was gravely looking up at me. The sight of him gave me such a shock, that I fell down from my exalted position, and would certainly have hurt myself badly if he had not caught me in his arms. He quietly took back the folios into his library without saying a word. But a few days after, when I dared to return into the great hall on tip-toe, and with a beating heart, I found, to my dismay, the portrait gone . . . and up to the present day I had not seen it again. Its remembrance however, did not vanish from my memory. For it was she who, after being my inspiring muse, had become my ideal beloved, and it was she who was the primary cause of the great event which now was near at hand.

The train had proceeded at full speed, whilst I was dreaming with open eyes, until I fell asleep and went on dreaming in my dreams. I was suddenly awakened by the well-known name "Tregallic" being shouted repeatedly through the open window. It was the station nearest to my home. I jumped up and was out in a moment.

My mother, accompanied by a maiden cousin of hers, the Honourable Miss Carrington, had driven to the station to meet me. When she saw me again after such a long absence, she wept with joy. Having recovered from her emotion, she admired immensely my manly air, my tall stature, and above all my little black moustache, called me the handsomest and most accomplished young man in the kingdom, and nearly smothered me in her embrace. She had inherited from the Duchess of Hamborough all the warmth of feelings of a French lady. The Honourable Miss Car-

rington also embraced me, but with more pomp than real affection. She was about forty, very tall, and very stout. I had never seen her before, but I knew her only too well by reputation. I do not know why, but I disliked her at first sight.

My groom, Joe, had brought my favourite mare, *Mirza*, who began to dance about in a most lively style when she recognised me. After helping the ladies to their seats, I jumped on horseback, and we started for St. Ives Castle. On the way the conversation never flagged: we related to each other all the chief events that had taken place during our separation. Although I heard many things of the greatest interest to me, I shall not relate them here. The only point that the reader may care to know for the better comprehension of future events, is that my elder brother, Lord Reginald, had just been promoted, at the age of twenty-three, to the post of first lieutenant, on board the *Black Prince*, a man-of-war belonging to the squadron of the Pacific.

After about an hour's ride, I saw at last the noble castle where so many generations of my ancestors had lived and died. We passed the gate and entered the long avenue shaded by venerable oaks, almost as old as our family, when suddenly I pulled up and stared, with a mingled feeling of the most intense wonder and delight, at what seemed to me the strangest apparition imaginable.

"What is the matter, Lionel?" cried my mother. "You look as if an angel had appeared to you!" And following the direction of my eyes, she tried to discover the object of my admiration. But, angel or not, it had disappeared.

I did not answer, but jumped off my horse, threw the reins to Joe, rushed across the avenue and through the bushes that bordered it, before my mother had

time to add another word. In a moment I found myself on a winding path. I perceived, on the white sand, the recent print of a little foot, and off I went in hot pursuit. On turning a curve I saw a maiden, small and slender, but of the most perfect proportions, fleeing, or rather, flying away as swift as a gazelle. This was novel game for me, and on I went faster than ever. When she noticed she was pursued, she slackened her speed: I do not know why, but I did the same. At length she stopped, and, my heart beating violently with expectation, I slowly went up to her. I was but a few steps away from her when she turned round, and . . . I remained rooted to the ground: there stood before me the living portrait of Mademoiselle de Briancourt.

It was the same hair, the same magnificent eyes with the long curved eye-lashes, the same delightful little nose and mouth, the same beautiful little hands, the same heavenly expression and angelic smile. I did not stir, but went on gazing at her in the joy of my heart, perfectly forgetful of even the most elementary laws of propriety. She certainly was the most perfect miniature copy of the Duchess that could be imagined. She looked a little younger, but this added only a more touching expression of candour to all her other charms. I went on looking at her with increasing rapture, although a slight shade of embarrassment flitted over her features and a deeper red covered her cheeks. How much longer this strange *tête-à-tête* would have lasted I cannot tell. Happily I was brought back to my senses by a sweet voice crying out: "Lionel, dearest Lionel, how are you?" and my little sister, about fourteen years old, threw herself into my arms. I took her up from the ground, as I used to do in olden times, although she was

now getting quite a tall young lady, and repeatedly embraced her.

After she had touched ground again, she went on with a roguish smile : " I am afraid, Lionel, your stay in the land of politeness has not done you much good ! Is this the way a refined Frenchman would behave ? or, perhaps, are you still too good an Englishman to speak to a lady without being formally introduced ? Very well ! You *shall* be introduced. Then, putting on a stately appearance, she added, turning towards her charming companion :

" May I introduce to you the Honourable Lionel Tresyllian . . . Lady Emmeline Harcourt."

We both bowed gravely, and then all three burst into a merry fit of laughter. Thus the ice was broken, and within a few minutes we felt as if we had known each other a life-time.

Lady Emmeline was the only child of the late Marquis of Carrington ; her father and my mother were cousins, both being grandchildren of the only daughter of the Duchess of Hamborough.

" I fear, Emmeline," said I, " you must have found me very rude, but if you knew what made me stare at you so much, you would certainly forgive me. You are, perhaps, not aware that you have a most astonishing resemblance to one of our common ancestors, whose portrait I never ceased to admire in my childhood."

" Yes, Lionel, I am. I have seen the Duchess, and your mother has told me how Lord St. Ives once caught you in a very delicate position."

I laughed heartily at the remembrance of it.

" And so you forgive me ?"

She did not answer, but only looked up at me smiling. Attracted by that beautiful smile, I felt the most intense desire to do what I had once done before,

to kiss her forehead, and eyes, and mouth, and call her the sweetest of all maidens ever loved by man; but I overcame this first impulse, and only pressed her hand.

Did she read my feelings? Perhaps so.

"I am afraid," she said, rather timidly, "you have not forgotten the portrait."

Then we went on, my sister Lilian taking hold of my hand, as in former times when we used to roam about together in the park. I cannot say how it happened, but within a few minutes Lady Emmeline's hand was also in mine, and I fear I pressed the one much more than the other.

In the evening I managed to have a quiet walk with Lilian. She soon began to talk of the only subject that henceforth could interest me.

"Oh! she is such a darling! So nice, so kind, so affectionate! You would say she was born for nothing else but to love and so be loved! She is always so bright and full of life that she makes everything happy around her; and fancy, she has only just turned sixteen, and is already so clever—oh! so very clever! She reads French, German, and Italian like a native, paints so nicely, dances like a little fairy, sings like a nightingale, and plays . . . oh! so beautifully! You ought to hear her! You would think yourself in paradise! . . . And, with all that, she is so simple-minded and modest, and takes an interest in the commonest things of daily life! She plays with the kitten, and feeds her little bird, and teaches Tiny to stand on his hind legs, and comb his whiskers, and beg for a lump of sugar—just like an ordinary girl. . . . And she loves me so much, and mother is so fond of her, too! . . . Oh! she is such a darling! I can scarcely bear the idea of ever parting from her, although this will not be for a long, long time. We

must make her very happy ; for, you know, she is an orphan, and when she leaves here, she will have to remain alone with that horrid aunt of hers, Miss Carington, with whom she has been living since her return from Germany, where she spent several years after her father's death. If only she could stop with us for ever ! I know it would make her so happy ! . . . Oh ! Lionel, you must love her very, very much. Will you not ? . . . For my sake ?”

Here she put her arms affectionately around my neck, looking imploringly into my face. I thought I should rather love Emmeline for her own sake, but I promised to do what I was asked.

“Fancy, dear old boy,” she went on, “Emmeline and I were on the look out for you in the Western Tower this afternoon, with the big telescope. And when we saw you coming, we hastened down to meet you, each wishing to welcome you first. But she is so light and swift that she soon left me behind. And when she saw you, she was afraid to come out. And then you saw her, and ran after her, and were so much struck with her resemblance. . . . Don't you remember I told you in one of my last letters I had found a dear cousin who had such a striking resemblance to an old friend of yours ? But you never took the hint, and did not even ask who she was, you naughty, indifferent boy ! So I decided not to speak any more about her, for I began to fear a little that your studies had made you so stern, that you no longer took the same interest in your poor little sister's joys. But I see now I was mistaken : you are still, and will always remain—won't you ?—my own Lionel, the dearest of brothers !”

Here Lily overwhelmed me with new proofs of her affection, and we went back together to the castle, both perfectly happy.

That night I could not sleep. I remained seated

at my bedroom window, and thought of all the events of the day, until the dawn began to brighten the distant horizon. To find the living portrait of the noble lady whose picture had exerted such a great influence over me from my childhood, would have been under any circumstances a source of profound happiness. But to know that I lived under the same roof with such a being, that I could see her every day, and listen to her voice, and speak to her, and touch her hand, and see her smile, and be allowed some day, perhaps, to press her to my heart, and kiss her sweet lips, and tell her I loved her beyond expression—to know all that was almost too much for me : for a moment I was afraid I should go mad or die with joy !

At last I fell asleep, with Emmeline's name upon my lips ; but my dreams prolonged my waking thoughts. To dream that you are flying is wonderfully pleasant ; to dream that you are flying to Heaven is infinitely more delightful ; but to dream that you are flying to Heaven with a lovely maiden, such as Emmeline, in your arms, to dream that you are received by the whole host of angels celebrating your love, to dream that the skies open, and that Heaven and Earth unite in rejoicing over you in endless hymns—such a dream is the greatest gift that may be granted only to the happiest of lovers. Such was my dream. Reader, may the same be granted to you !

I slept but a few hours, and awoke looking wildly around me and trying to remember what had become of Emmeline and myself after going to Heaven. I dressed hastily and went down into the park. There I spent several hours in drinking out the ever-filling cup of happiness, walking, running or lying down, musing and talking, singing and dancing. Love had suddenly taken hold of me and transformed me in one

night. For the first time in my life I forgot breakfast.

During the next two or three weeks I had to pass through all the stages of hope and despair known to real lovers. I kept watch over my Emmeline with incessant attention: not a word, not a movement, not a look escaped me. Truly, no fire-spitting dragon ever guarded an enchanted princess more faithfully. Sometimes when I saw her so affectionate and yet so little loving, I thought I should never be anything to her but a second cousin; sometimes, when she appeared so merry and free with me, I said to myself she was still too girlish to understand my passionate feelings; sometimes, when she looked reserved and seemed to avoid me, I felt sure she knew of my love, but had no heart to give me in return for mine. Then, suddenly, one word, one look of inexpressible depth would revive all my hopes, and raise me from the lowest abyss of misery to the highest summit of bliss.

This life, full of excitement, went on for some time, until an incident occurred which brought about a happy change.

On returning home, one evening, from an excursion on foot along the Cornish coast, I found the castle in great commotion. My mother looked perplexed, Lily decidedly angry, and Miss Carrington was walking furiously up and down the terrace, ready to spit fire and brimstone, while the servants were running to and fro in all directions. When I heard the cause of all this exciting scene, I could not help roaring with laughter. Miss Carrington's pet dog had gone astray in the afternoon.

Although exhausted with fatigue, I went off immediately in search of it. On entering a little summer-house in a distant part of the park, I suddenly started. There, in a corner, sat Emmeline as pale as death,

trembling convulsively all over, and showing unmistakable signs of terror and anguish. My heart was torn at this sight. I went to speak to her, but she gave no answer to my kind words and gentle entreaties, and hid her face away from me. In a moment, the lover disappeared, and only the relation remained. I drew her towards me, smoothed her hair, caressed her little hands, and spoke to her as one would to a child in pain. By-and-by her frame ceased to tremble, she began to sigh and sob, and finally burst into a flood of tears. So I took her into my arms, waiting silently for the storm to abate. At last she was able to give a few broken answers to my questions, and this is what I heard.

Emmeline had gone out for a walk with little Tiny in the morning, and he had somehow disappeared. Hoping he would find his way home, as he had frequently done before, she had returned without thinking any more about him. Unfortunately, by seven in the evening, he had not yet returned, and when her aunt asked where he was, Emmeline had to confess the truth. Then Miss Carrington got into one of her awful tempers: she walked about savagely like a tiger in a cage, storming and raging, spitting out all the wrath that she seemed to have bottled up for several months, and reproaching her niece with carelessness, indifference, ingratitude, and no end of fearful crimes. Poor Emmy, who had never seen her in that state, and who could not bear being spoken to unkindly by any one, was frightened out of her life, and left the room almost broken-hearted. This I was not astonished at, for I knew the tenderness of Emmeline's disposition, and Miss Carrington's abominable temper, and I remembered being told by a cousin of mine, who once saw that lady in one of her fits, that she looked like a perfect fury: only he used a much stronger expression.

I consoled poor Emmy with all the kindest words at my command, told her she must not take any notice of what a woman would say in a fit of passion, assured her she deserved none of the reproaches addressed to her, but that she was the sweetest, and kindest, and most loving of all girls, and at length I had the supreme pleasure of seeing her look up at me, smiling delightfully through her tears, and saying in her sweetest voice: "You dear old boy!" And then, as if she had said too much, she hid her face on my shoulder.

Just at this moment I heard something rustling in the leaves, and, to our intense joy, Tiny jumped in whining and barking to show how pleased he was to see us: he wagged his tail, ran three times at full speed around the garden-house, rushed in again, jumped on Em's lap, tried to lick the tip of her nose, jumped down again, twisted himself into all possible shapes, barking all the time with his little voice, and finally he jumped up again and quietly settled down on her lap.

Never before did I long so much to be a little dog.

But Tiny was soon disturbed, for we had to bring him back in triumph to his awful mistress. On leaving the garden-house, Emmeline stopped a moment and looked up at me with eyes full of fondness and gratitude, as if she wished to reward me for my kindness. I could not help kissing the dear child upon her forehead. Then she pressed my hand and rested her head upon my heart. Encouraged by such hopeful signs, I put my arm around her waist, lowered my head, and, for the first time, our lips met. I do not know whether I was mistaken, but I fancied I felt the gentlest of all kisses in return for mine. The lover returned in an instant. I was just going to throw myself at her feet, and tell her, in the most eloquent

terms, how I worshipped her, when she quietly took my arm, saying:

"Dear Lionel, we must go. Aunt Lucinda is waiting for the dog."

Generally speaking, I am not a monster, and I very seldom have wished any evil to any one; but I must confess that on that evening I would have rejoiced if that stout lady had gone to the bottom of the deep blue sea.

When Miss Lucinda saw her pet again, she actually shed tears of joy—real, genuine tears: this woman, whose selfish, unsociable, and passionate temper, had made her an object of dislike to all her relations, was not quite devoid of human feelings, for she loved her little dog.

That night I was happier than I could express.

The turning-point in my uncertain hopes seemed henceforth to be passed. Although we never spoke to each other of our love, I could see that I was making rapid progress; for true lovers will hear where no word is spoken, and read where no word is written. My mother, too, who had guessed my secret long before I had courage enough to betray it, did not discourage me, but gave me her motherly advice with as much wisdom as affection. She trusted me, and knew I should never take the slightest step unworthy of a true English nobleman.

Thus the weeks passed, and the time was drawing near when I was to return to the continent to continue my studies. Every day Emmeline displayed new qualities, every day I learned to appreciate her more fully, every day my happiness increased with my love, and still we had not yet dared to confess the truth. Suddenly, an incident happened which I thought would separate us for ever.

Before leaving England, I wished to spend a quiet

week or two at a country-house of ours near Perran Bay. So we all went there. The weather was beautiful, and we made the best of it. Nothing is more delightful than to roam about in company with the lady of your affections, running along the sands, climbing over rocks and cliffs, and admiring splendid sceneries such as the northern coast of Cornwall presents in so rich a variety. Emmy was a capital climber. She went up and down the rocks with wonderful courage and agility, and seemed to fear neither danger nor fatigue. Sometimes we went out in my yacht, and while the stout lady was screaming with fright, Emmeline clapped her hands with joy when we were tossed about by the rolling sea. How the same girl could be terrified by the look of an angry woman, and laugh at the dangers of the deep, was for a long time an insolvable riddle to me.

One afternoon, as a strong breeze was blowing from the sea, I was slowly going home just in time for dinner. I had a capital appetite, and promised to astonish every one with my gastronomic performance. On entering, I found the house in the greatest excitement and dismay. Emmeline had not been seen since lunch. Lily had gone with her to the beach, and had left her reading in the hole of Musselrock. This is a well-known cliff in the immediate neighbourhood of Perran, on the left hand side of the bay. On returning home, Lily had looked for her; but the tide had meanwhile come in, and the breakers, hurried on by the wind, had already begun to dash around the bottom of the rock. No doubt, she thought, Emmeline had left before the tide had come in. After wandering for some time along the top of the cliffs, and looking for her in vain, she returned home quietly, and trusted she would find her ready for dinner. Unhappily her hopes were disappointed.

When I heard this account, a vague presentiment of an awful calamity took possession of me : I rushed out of the house, and, driven on by fear and hope, I ran in one breath to the sea-shore. The wind had increased to a gale, although the sky remained as bright as in the morning. I knew Musselrock very well, as I had many a time climbed up and down its steep, dangerous sides. At low tide it could be approached from below, but at high tide only from above : if any one were surprised by the rising waves in the hole, he could only be saved by climbing up at any cost.

I soon reached the rock, but I had scarcely taken a few steps downwards, when I saw my attempt was hopeless. The sea was rushing in huge masses through the hole where Emmeline had been reading only perhaps an hour before. If she had not retired before the tide, or climbed up the rock after it was too late, at this hour she was no more. Feeling how powerless I was in this awful moment, I fell down exhausted, and looked vaguely and with tearless eyes at the rebellious ocean.

The spectacle was awful in its grandeur. The breakers, several miles long, rolled on in rapid and regular succession. It was first, in the far distance, a long, thin, white streak. As it approaches it swells and shows more plainly its hoary crest of foam, whilst other streaks are forming behind and following each other with greater and greater speed. The streaks become waves, the waves hills, the hills endless mountains of water advancing with tremendous power and speed. Here they shoot along the slippery rocks, rush wildly through crevices and holes, plunge into grottoes, and make them resound with their thundering voice ; there they attack with ever renewed rage the rugged cliffs, rise to the sky in endless columns of

shining spray, and fall back with a crash into the splashing sea; there they spend their fury on the sandy coast in immense sheets of sparkling silver and gold. All sounds are mingling, the dismal howling and whistling of the gale, with the dull rumbling of the distant shores, with the hissing noise of the seething surge, and the deafening roar of the restless sea. This wild strife is ever renewed, all the elements seem to have revolted against one another and to surpass each other's fury, while, calm and serene, the sun is slowly pursuing his course in the beautifully bright summer sky.

I had followed many and many a wave, when suddenly I sprang up. Was it not possible that Emmeline, struck by the magnificence of the spectacle, should have forgotten her anxious relatives, and spent hours by the seaside in mute admiration? I ran along the cliffs, every now and then shouting her name; but it was all in vain. I retraced my steps, and found the whole village searching for my lost one. My mother and sister were among them. I passed on without saying a word. My hopes were sinking lower and lower. The sun was gradually approaching the horizon, the villagers were slowly returning home silent and gloomy, and I was still running further and further along the cliffs, vainly shouting the name of Emmeline.

At last exhausted by my fruitless search, and seized with a sudden conviction that I am doomed to be wretched for ever, I stretch out my arms towards the wild waves which must have devoured the maiden of my heart; and, crying out her name for the last time, I throw myself on the bare rock, and burst into ceaseless tears, until I think my heart will break with anguish and despair.

How long my agony lasted I cannot tell; but,

suddenly, I thought I heard a voice as sweet as that of an heavenly messenger, saying to me :

“ Lionel, why do you cry ?”

The voice went through me, and I began to tremble with expectation ; but I did not dare to look up, for fear I should discover I was the plaything of my bewildered imagination. My tears were still flowing, but they were less bitter, for a faint hope began to glimmer in the deepest recesses of my soul.

After a few moments, I heard the voice repeating in a still gentler tone :

“ Lionel, why do you cry ?”

I looked up ; and when I saw Emmeline, my own Emmeline, standing near me with her hands folded and her hair floating in the wind ; when I saw her looking down upon me with a sad, loving smile, then my tears began to flow once more, but they were tears of joy, of gratitude, and thanksgiving.

She asked for the third time :

“ Lionel, my own Lionel, why do you cry ?”

And then she fell upon her knees, put her arms around me, and, overpowered by her own feelings, she buried her face on my breast, and mingled abundant tears with my own.

The wind was howling, but we heard it not ; the sea was roaring, but we heeded it not ; the setting sun was increasing a thousand times, with its glorious tints of purple and gold, the splendour of the spectacle before us, but we saw it not ; for we had forgotten wind, and sea, and sun, and the whole universe in the first, sudden, irresistible outburst of the truest and purest love that ever united two human hearts.

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW days after I was on the road to Germany. I need scarcely say what thoughts were uppermost in my mind in my two days' journey. When our life has been marked by a great event, rich in deep emotions, there is nothing so delightful as to pass in review all the incidents connected with it, to feel once more as we felt, to speak as we spoke, to be hopeful and despondent, sad and joyful by turns, in one word, to live our own life over again. That is what I did. The remembrance of the past rendered the present less sad, and the long separation I was to undergo more bearable.

Among all the events of the last three months, that of Perran took, of course, the most prominent place in my mind. The cause of Emmeline's mysterious disappearance and equally mysterious reappearance, will no doubt be a subject of interest to the reader. She had been surprised by the tide in the hole of Mussel-rock, and as no escape was possible along the sands, she courageously began to climb up the steep cliff. Unfortunately before she had advanced many steps she missed her footing, slipped down, and was partly caught in the crest of a huge wave; if she had slipped one foot lower, or if the wave had risen a little higher, I should never have seen her alive again. Rendered cooler and more careful by the danger, she began to ascend again, and finally succeeded in reaching the top safely. There she immediately took off her wet boots and stockings, and went barefooted along the cliffs, until she found a lonely spot, where she quietly sat down, waiting for her boots and stockings to get dry in the sun and wind. She had not been long there before she forgot everything in silent admiration of the stormy sea. Hour after hour passed, the sun

was approaching the end of his course, and Emmeline was still seated there, ignorant of all the anxiety, sorrow and despair her disappearance was causing, when suddenly she was brought back to the realities of this world, by her name faintly reaching her ear from a distance. The rest is known.

No doubt, some reader of a critical turn of mind, when he sees how little my anxiety was justified by subsequent events, will think it very foolish on my part to have given way to despair; instead of shedding tears, I ought to have pursued my researches until I had found Emmeline. But it is easy to be wise after the event; a cool head cannot always be looked for on the shoulders of a man who is madly in love; even if I had been perfectly calm, I might have run over the cliffs for weeks and months before discovering the little recess where my love was hidden; and although a reader may feel inclined to find fault with me, I think if he had been in the same position he would most likely have had as little control over his reason and feelings as I had myself on that memorable day.

When I approached the end of my journey, the picturesque, academical town of Göttingen, I could not help being filled for a moment with a sad foreboding as to my future studies. My mind was so full of the remembrance of Emmeline, that everything else seemed to me unimportant for ever.

Was love to get the better of ambition?

For a moment I thought it would, and I should not have regretted it then. But I did not waver long. Within a couple of weeks I found the same pleasure in study as formerly, and before many weeks were over, I felt convinced that, although I loved Emmeline beyond expression, my ambition was still stronger than my love.

I was now over eighteen. The idea of becoming celebrated, before I was quite a man, was still filling my heart with tender hopes, only those hopes began to be mingled with a slight feeling of doubt. Might I not, perhaps, have to wait a little longer than I expected, before I saw them realised? I had not yet lost my belief in the excellence of my "Discourse on Man," and trusted that, within a couple of years, I should improve so much in experience, learning and talent, that by that time, I should make of it a perfect masterpiece. But would the world look upon it with the same admiring eyes as I did myself? That was the question! However perfect a work may be, it does not always meet at first with the success it deserves.

As one book is rarely enough to make a writer illustrious, I thought I had better think immediately of writing another; the success of the one would contribute to that of the other. Let my "Discourse on Man" be a foundation for new and greater works; and upon that foundation let me now begin to raise an imposing monument worthy of my future fame.

I passed several weeks in thinking of this imposing monument, and, after long hesitation, I decided that it should consist of an *Essay on the Progress of the Human Mind during the last Two Centuries*. What a splendid subject! My joy was beyond expression when I discovered it, and I thanked Heaven for inspiring me with such a grand idea. I need not point out all the admirable features I saw in this subject, what wealth and variety of talents, what immense learning, what acuteness of observation, what depth of judgment, what powerful eloquence it allowed the writer to display; how it must interest all minds, stir up all convictions, rouse the most delicate feelings, awaken the strongest passions, and unsettle the dearest hopes.

Reader, you will perhaps smile at my enthusiasm ; but do not forget that the grander a subject is, the more alluring it is to a young writer. A young writer will not always ask himself whether he is not undertaking a hopeless task. He does not at first notice the difficulties, although they might be overwhelming : provided his work is beautiful, sublime, majestic, he is ready to undertake it.

As soon as I had made up my mind on the subject of my Essay, I began my task with that *feu sacré* which animates men who put all their heart and soul into their work. My confidence in myself was boundless. I believed, with a robust and sincere faith, that I should create a masterpiece which would be the admiration of Europe. Already, in imagination, I heard myself called "the Socrates of the Nineteenth Century ;" and I took delight in fancying all the illustrious thinkers of the world coming in crowds to burn their incense around the monument of my fame. Happy youth ! thy hopes are foolish, thy dreams chimerical ; but, after all, it is so sweet, so beautiful to have such dreams and hopes !

But now, after beginning this great and difficult work, painful questions arose one after another in my mind. Had I the perseverance, and, above all, the talent necessary to carry it out ? Or was I to struggle on in useless attempts, and after such a hopeful start fail miserably in the end ? These and other questions repeatedly suggested themselves, but I could never find a decisive answer to them. Often I believed myself equal to my undertaking, often I lost confidence, and many a time I was almost ready to give it up in utter despair.

I should try in vain to represent the transports and despondencies which filled my innermost life from the day when I began my work, and which sometimes

raised me to the clouds in ineffable joy, sometimes plunged me into an abyss of unspeakable sadness.

Frequently the love of study abandoned me altogether, my mind was enveloped in a kind of thick veil, inspiration left me little by little, the sacred fire died out in my heart, and, in spite of my efforts, I could not rekindle it. Then I saw all in black, the warmest sentiments became cold, the brightest ideas lost all their colour, and an inexpressible disgust took possession of me. Then I shut my books, threw away my pen, and remained, for long hours, seated in front of my desk, with my forehead in both hands, overpowered by my impotence, and crushed by the greatness of my subject. I passed days, and even whole weeks in painful idleness, cursing my fate, and saying to myself I should never do anything good in this world, but always remain a wretched scribbler, whose mediocrity was only equalled by his ambition.

What most frequently threw me into this state of dejection, was that I had the greatest possible trouble in expressing even the simplest ideas. Never was there an author who can have felt more keenly the pains of thought-birth. How many times did I not pass whole hours over a single sentence, before being satisfied with it! How many times did I not take a whole day to write twenty lines decently! These difficulties made me profoundly sad, not because they imposed upon me extraordinary patience, but because they shook my confidence in myself. I felt convinced that a man, who required an hour to find a correct expression, or express the simplest idea, was necessarily a man of moderate abilities, and would never be anything but a wretched author.

Suddenly the sacred fire revived within me, the veil fell from my eyes, and an unexpected inspiration lavished upon me sublime ideas and put into my mouth,

at the same time, the best words by which to express them. Then I went on studying and writing, with a kind of sacred fury, for hours, days, weeks; the pen fell from my tired hand, but I always took it up again, until I had exhausted all the treasures of my subject, and displayed them in all their magnificence. During those moments I was no longer myself, I felt an immovable conviction that I really was an author, called to leave upon his age an indelible mark; and that conviction made me the happiest man in the world.

Unfortunately the days of sadness were perhaps as numerous as the days of joy; and even when my inspiration was brightest and my vein most productive, I always felt that my work fell short of the ideal standard which I had proposed to myself. Ah! if I could have written with my heart, if I could have expressed my thoughts with the warmth and vivacity they possessed in my mind, then perhaps I should have done honour to my task, and my work would have been a master-piece.

Thus I worked at this Essay for more than two years and a half, with an ardour sometimes increased by hope, sometimes checked by doubt. No events worth mentioning marked this period. I led that quiet, studious life which is so favourable to satisfactory work and complete happiness. The remembrance of that time is indeed one of the most agreeable in my life; there was nothing left for me to wish for. My Emmeline wrote to me every week two or three letters burning with love; my father was exceedingly liberal towards me; the company in which I spent my leisure hours had something calm, steady, sociable, hearty, and *gemüthlich*, which I fully appreciated; and, to keep up my spirits, I indulged from time to time in a thorough change by making excursions to the most picturesque parts of Germany,

Switzerland, and Italy, during which I abandoned myself altogether to the delicious dreams of ambition and love. Then I returned, refreshed in mind and body, to my snug rooms at Göttingen, and took up, with new pleasure, my books and writings, my long German pipe, and my cherished *Seidel* of *Baierish Bockbier*.

This quiet, studious, uneventful life, suited me remarkably well; and with Emmeline by my side, as a dear little wife, I should have been quite happy to go on in the same style for ever, and settle down as an old-fashioned German philosopher. But—

“Der Mensch denkt, Gott lenkt.”

In other terms, after a stay of nearly three years, my father called me back to send me to the University of Cambridge. So I left Germany with many regrets, and many kind friends behind me.

CHAPTER V.

ON my return, my mother and sister received me with the most expressive tokens of unalterable affection; and Emmeline, who, during my absence, had grown into the most adorable being in the world, spoke to me of her love with the brightest smiles, the most loving caresses, and the sweetest kisses. She had plotted a charming surprise for me. Shortly after my return I came of age. On that day she presented me with her miniature portrait, in an oval frame of purple velvet, with a golden rim inside. She had had it taken the year before, that is to say, when she was the same age as Mademoiselle de Briancourt at the time when her portrait was painted. Emmeline also

wore a dress like hers, and sat in the same posture, with her hair hanging down, and her hands folded in her lap. Thus she presented such a remarkable resemblance to Mademoiselle, that one might have taken Emmeline's portrait for a miniature copy of that of her ancestor. I was very sensible of this token of love, and need scarcely say I now worshipped the new portrait as a man, even more, than I had worshipped the old one as a child.

In the midst of all these happy circumstances, a black cloud appeared on the horizon.

On the day before my departure for the University, my father wished me to see him in his library. When I entered I saw he wore a look of great solemnity. This filled me with a dismal foreboding which was only too soon justified. He at once began to speak of the beauty of the sacred ministry, and told me there was no vocation more worthy of the younger son of a nobleman, especially if he happened to be of a studious turn of mind, like myself. After a few more generalities of this kind, he came to the point and let me know that he had always had an idea of sending me into the Church ; but that now his intentions had become fixed, since he would one day be able to present me with one of the finest livings in England. Finally, in a peroration which was wanting in neither emotion nor eloquence, he expressed the hope that he would some day see in me one of the shining lights of the Church of England, and one of its noblest, staunchest, and most powerful defenders.

I was thunderstruck. If the earth had opened under my feet, my dismay could scarcely have been greater. No doubt I had the highest respect for a vocation which I looked upon as one of the noblest on earth, but this was not enough to induce me to take it up. My ideas on the subject were altogether those of

French and German Protestants. I thought that a man who was going into the Church, ought first to feel himself inwardly called to it, that his only ambition should be to spend his whole life in the service of Christ, and that he ought to possess the most absolute faith on all points of doctrine. Now, for my own part, I had never in my life felt the slightest inclination towards the Church; my only ambition was to distinguish myself as a writer; and, although I was far from being a freethinker, I was not without certain doubts on some important points of doctrine. I had therefore every reason for not going into the Church. But what could I do? To tell my father I had no taste for it was quite out of question. In a moment the old fear which I had usually experienced in his presence in my younger days, took complete possession of me. Besides I knew that when once he had formed a resolution, he carried it with unequalled tenacity; I knew it but too well. In his whole life he had but once shown any signs of weakness. He had destined my brother, Reginald, to political life; but Reggie liked the navy, and obstinately asked to go into the navy; indeed he seemed to be a born sailor. After a long but useless resistance, the stern Lord St. Ives had for once to yield to a stubborn boy of fifteen; but, from that moment, he became more tenacious than ever, as if he intended making up for his past weakness. On this very day, I saw by his looks that, if I wished to raise a tremendous storm, I had only to oppose him. I therefore remained silent, but took a solemn oath that, happen what might, I would not go into the Church.

Trusting, therefore, to my good star for help in the moment of danger, I started for Cambridge, where I entered Trinity College.

When I arrived at the University, I had already

made up my mind as to the course I should take. I was too ambitious to be satisfied with first class honours. Indeed, all my ambition was concentrated on my Essay, which remained the principal object of my labours. What made me work harder than ever was the painful feeling that, although I was now more than twenty-one years old, I had not only failed to gain the great renown which had been my ambition from my earliest boyhood, but that I was still as little known as if I had never aspired to become famous. And yet these sad circumstances did not make me as despondent as they might have done. I consoled myself with the thought that a masterpiece, like the one which I had been working at for so long, ought not to be finished in haste, and that my future fame, by being postponed, would only shine forth in a more brilliant and beautiful light.

So I worked on for about another year and a half with unflagging energy. I attended lectures just sufficient to ensure myself against quarrelling with the dons, and to pass the half-yearly examinations decently, but the remainder of my time was all consecrated to my favourite studies and writings.

Under these favourable circumstances, I had at last, after more than four years' hard work, the profound, ineffable joy of getting near the end of the first part of my Essay. It comprised the Eighteenth Century. I had the intention of publishing it as soon as finished. As I saw the end approaching nearer and nearer, I became more and more absorbed in my work. Everything else seemed like a dream to me, my book became the only reality in my life. By-and-bye, I neglected my friends, I missed lectures, I failed to go to chapel, I forgot to dine, I forgot to sleep, I forgot the whole world for the sake of my book.

In my utter indifference to everything else, I had

slowly been conjuring up a terrible tempest ; and, while black and threatening clouds were gathering over my head, while the lightning began to flash and the thunder to roll in the distance, I was putting the last hand to my work with that stoical calmness which befits a true philosopher.

Suddenly the storm burst over me with the greatest violence.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE morning I was summoned before the Master of Trinity College. As it was not for the first time, I was not astonished at it. He received me with a dismal shake of the head, and asked me to sit down. Then he made me a long pathetic speech, beginning with some sad remarks upon my irregular attendance at lectures and chapel. For the lectures he would allow some excuse, as he knew I was a very hard worker, and an exemplary young man in every other respect ; but my absence from chapel could not be treated so leniently : for a student, who was going into the Church, my conduct was particularly grievous. Then he reminded me of all those of my ancestors who had distinguished themselves as great theologians and models of piety, and drew a not very flattering comparison between their holy zeal and my thorough indifference. And finally, in a most touching peroration, he indulged in the hope that I would openly express my regret and present henceforth the example of a truly religious life.

To all this discourse I listened with calm attention, wondering how many more weeks it would take me to finish my Essay, if I had to attend lectures and chapel

regularly. When the Master had come to the end of his speech, I gave him to understand how deeply I regretted having compelled the head of my college to perform a painful duty in summoning me before him, and how unhappy I felt to have grieved a man who was an old friend of my family ; and I promised henceforth to be a model of regularity. But as he had mentioned my going into the Church, I felt bound by my conscience to speak out plainly on this point, so that no further misunderstanding should occur. Then I declared I wished it to be known that I felt no vocation for the Church, that my ambition lay in quite a different direction, and that I had made up my mind, once for all, never to take holy orders.

This I said with that perfect calmness which springs from an immovable decision. I fully expected the Master would break forth into another speech, warmer and still more pathetic than the one he had just delivered. But I was mistaken. When he had recovered from his surprise, he said to me, in a subdued voice : " Mr. Tresyllian, I have nothing further to say to you."

I bowed and retired. On my way to my rooms, I could not help rubbing my hands with delight at the thought that at last the truth was known. If my father heard of it, he would no doubt storm and rage ; but what could he do ? My resolution was as strong as his own, and I was quite ready to prove it to him. After all he would have to give way, and I should no more go into the Church than Reginald had gone into the Home Office.

Two days after, I received a telegraphic despatch from my father, ordering me to come and see him immediately. This did not take me unawares. " Well," said I to myself, jumping into the train, " the crisis is near at hand : let us be firm ! *Audaces fortuna juvat !*"

The stern countenance with which my father received me will never vanish from my memory.

"Sir," said he, in a slow, jerking voice, "two days ago you made, before the Master of your college, a declaration which causes me to doubt your intentions about your future career. I shall, therefore, ask you one single question, which I must request you to answer in a clear and simple way: Do you refuse to go into the Church?"

My heart beat as if it were going to burst. For a few moments emotion made me quite speechless. I had a presentiment that upon my answer depended, perhaps, my whole future career. At last I recovered my speech again, and, in a voice frequently broken by my agitation, I replied:

"Father, . . . I know it has been your intention to send me into the Church, . . . and nothing would make me happier than to comply with your wishes, . . . if I had not powerful reasons which prevent me from doing so . . . I think that a man who is going to take holy orders ought to feel that inward calling which is necessary in all careers, but which is perfectly indispensable for the Church . . . I am sorry to say I have not yet experienced that inward calling."

"Inward calling!" cried my father, in an angry tone; "and you take nearly two years to find that out? . . . You knew I destined you for the Church. I told you so, plainly, when you went to Cambridge, and I have more than once mentioned it since. How does it happen that you should never have made the slightest objection to it? If you had had that strong dislike which you now assume, why did you not speak? Young men *will* speak when violence is done to their will. But no! Up to this very day, you never whispered a single word; to all intents and purposes you agreed to my wishes; I took it for granted that all was right;

and now, with one word, you destroy all my plans, all the fruits of my endeavours, and your own future career. The cause you assign for this strange conduct is perfectly inadmissible, for your complete silence is a tacit but convincing proof that you agreed to my intentions. I must, therefore, candidly tell you I look upon your 'inward calling' much more as a lame pretext than as a powerful reason, as you are pleased to call it."

"But, father, if this reason is not sufficient, I have another, the strength of which you must admit yourself. There cannot be any doubt that a man who is going into the Church ought to possess that boundless faith which is above every possible doubt, and which can alone make him a staunch defender of the Church, such as you wished me to become."

Here my father folded his arms, and, slightly bending forward, he asked me in a slow voice, and with a tone of subdued anger :

"Do you mean to say you are a free-thinker?"

"No, father, I hope I truly deserve the name of Christian in its fullest acceptance, but I cannot help saying I have had painful doubts on several important points of doctrine."

"Painful doubts! Why, there is no thinking man who has not had painful doubts, especially at your age. A man who has never had any, is either a fool or more than a common mortal. And do you think that such doubts ought to keep you from going into the Church? Look at all the priests and ministers of the different sects! Do you think that, if they had no doubts on some important points of doctrine, they would fight together as they do, and even damn each other, all over the world? I tell you the Church is the best place for those who are in doubt. First enter it, and your doubts will soon vanish; even if I had

not a splendid living ready for you to strengthen your belief!"

Having said this, he stopped and looked at me inquiringly.

There was a slight touch of cynicism in his last words, which made it impossible for me to give an answer, but my resolution grew only the stronger.

As I remained silent, he went on in a sneering tone:

"And these are your powerful reasons! . . . Perhaps you will let me know what you really intend to do in this world?"

"Father, from my very earliest boyhood I have had but one ambition, which has grown in strength as I have been growing in years, and which now, for a considerable time, has absorbed all my thoughts and brought all my powers into play: father, I intend to become a writer!"

"A writer!" cried my father, with sublime contempt, "a writer! What do you mean? A younger son of a nobleman, who has to make his own way in life, may go into the Church, or the army, or the navy, or, if you like, into the civil service, and thus win an honourable position not unworthy of his family. But to become a writer! . . . Why, that will give him neither position nor anything else worth having! . . . There are men, in other classes of society, who may go in for writing as a profession or business, and who do not mind starving upon it, but I never thought that any member of MY family would ever forget his dignity enough to lower himself to that level!"

These words roused my feelings.

"Father," said I, "I cannot for a moment admit that the profession of a writer is one unworthy of me. To spend one's life in studying the masterpieces of past geniuses, in conversing with all the best writers of the

present age, in trying to equal them in talent and renown, and thus to contribute to the enlightenment and improvement of this generation as well as those to come ; to spend such a life is, I think, worthy of even the proudest nobleman in this realm !”

“But, my dear Lionel, you are perfectly out of the question, and your enthusiasm is altogether misplaced. You misunderstand me completely. I quite admit that to be a great writer may be a source of legitimate pride for even a prince. I am myself a writer, and feel very proud of the fame I have acquired as such ; but all that has nothing whatever to do with what I said. What I consider unworthy of a nobleman is to become a writer, when he has to make his way in life, to go in for writing as a profession, as a business, or, to speak more plainly, as a means of making a living. It is all very well for rich noblemen to take up writing as a pastime, or as a serious pursuit in life ; they can afford it, and it is perhaps a more innocent pastime and a more intellectual pursuit than hunting, shooting, yachting or horse-racing. But such a mode of life is out of the question with you. You seem to have altogether forgotten the most important point of all, and that is, ‘Can you afford to be a writer ?’ To this, I, as your father, can only answer, ‘No !’ But, as you seem to have some doubt about it, you will allow me to let you know a few plain facts. They may not be to your liking, but that cannot be helped. You are aware that all the entailed property goes to Reginald ; as for the private property, of which I am at liberty to dispose at my pleasure, I have left it all by will to Lilian ; you have, therefore, nothing to expect from me personally. You must also be aware that, on your mother’s side, you have no great expectations. It is therefore a stern necessity for you to gain a position which will enable you to live in a style worthy of yourself and your

family. I have done my best to secure such a position for you. The living with which I shall present you is one of the richest in England, and will enable you to live in a way that will excite the envy of many a nobleman of a better title but less fortunate than you. . . . And now, after all I have done for you, you wish to be a writer, you wish to lower your social position, you wish to starve."

"No, father, I do not wish to starve. I feel, with the deepest conviction, that I should not only gain fame by my works, but that they would also give me the means of living in a style not unworthy of the son of Lord St. Ives."

My father did not answer. He began to walk about the room in great perplexity. Suddenly he stopped in front of me, saying in a sarcastic tone :

"I see, you trust to your name more than to your talents to meet with prompt success. Of course, the son of Earl St. Ives will always find reviewers obsequious enough to lavish cheap praise upon his books, and readers silly enough to buy them ; but, for my own part, I should think it below my dignity to trade upon my name."

"So do I. Whenever my first work is published, it shall gain the success due to its merit alone. I give you my sacred word of honour that *I shall never inscribe my name upon any book before the book has gained a name for its unknown author !*"

"This sentiment would be sublime, if it were not so utterly foolish. You puzzle me altogether. I cannot imagine to what concourse of circumstances it is owing that these mad ideas have entered your head ; for you are mad, decidedly mad ; any man who would examine the point, with a cool head and from a sensible point of view, would necessarily come to the same conclusion. . . . Under these circumstances I shall not

look upon your resolution as final ; it would really be ungenerous on my part to do so. . . . Listen, then, to what I am about to say ; listen attentively, and let my words be always present to your mind : I will allow you three days to think matters over, and to become reasonable. If after those three days you do not see your own folly, and persist in your unhappy resolution, I shall deem it my duty to open your eyes and to use every means in my power to break your will ; and you know," added he, in a slow, impressive tone, "that, when once I have made up my mind, I know how to carry my point !"

Then he went out, without giving me a chance of saying another word in reply.

I passed those three memorable days in long and deep meditation, but my resolution was not shaken for an instant.

I thought of all my past dreams, of all the glowing pictures with which my future career had filled my imagination, of all the delights which the life of a famous and admired writer lavishly promised me ; and I felt, with a sinking heart, that to give up all those dreams and hopes would be worse than death to me. No doubt I might have been the sport of illusions as foolish as they were alluring ; no doubt my career, instead of leading along a beautiful road, strewn with the choicest flowers, might run over precipices and be impeded with rocks and obstacles of all kinds, but were these obstacles to repel me from pursuing my career ? No ; a thousand times no ! So far, I had found in it so many sources of exquisite and ever renewed joys, that I felt I could never retrace my steps again.

The art of writing was my first love, and I clung to it with as passionate and enthusiastic a feeling as any painter, composer, or sculptor would have clung to his

art. This love had sprung up in my childish days, it had ever since increased in power, and now, when danger was threatening it, I knew I should never allow any man, whoever he might be, to root it out of my heart. Although I loved Emmeline as truly as any girl was ever loved by man, I felt she was not enough to make me perfectly happy, and that, without my books and writings, life would be wretched even with her.

My love for the art of writing was so deep, it had so completely taken possession of my whole being, and so thoroughly become my second nature, that, although I might never meet with any success, and perhaps even never publish a single book, I knew I should still write, simply from the love of writing. And is that not really a proof that I was a born writer? After all, why should an author care whether the world receives his works with scorn, admiration, or indifference? Impelled by a kind of fatality, he will write according to the inspiration of his heart and the dictates of his genius, and if common mortals do not appreciate the beauty of his works, so much the worse for them!

Some wise reader may, perhaps, suggest that, since I was, so to speak, doomed to write, I might nevertheless have gone into the Church and written away to my heart's content. Perhaps I might, but I had far too high an opinion, both of my own art and of the noble duties of a minister of Christ, to go into the Church. Once a clergyman, I could only have taken up writing as a pastime; and how could I lower my art to such a level as to make a pastime of it? I should have both thrown away my powers as a writer and been a disgrace to the Church, for I should have reduced my holy duties to a minimum, without in this way gaining much for my favourite work. Only

those who are intimately acquainted with the inward life of a writer can know how much time he needs for his inspiration to get into flow, and what a disastrous effect little interruptions and petty duties have upon his powers. A real writer needs endless time, without break or interruption, not only for active work and zealous study, but much more still for loitering, dreaming, musing, and leading a life of fruitful idleness; for the real writer thinks infinitely more than he writes. I felt convinced, therefore, that, unless I gave up my ambition altogether, it would be a crime for me to take holy orders, a crime against my art as well as against the Church; and I felt, also, that a writer who did his duty, regardless of all consequences, was more agreeable to God than a clergyman who did not.

As regards success, I did not think I had a right to put it into the balance when weighing the reasons which were to determine my future career: a man must do his duty, whether he is rewarded for it or not. I knew that, although I might never be a popular writer, or, what is worse still, might remain unknown, I should find in my own heart the reward of my labours, and that the pleasure which I should find in my work would amply make up for the indifference of the public. But, as my father had laid so much stress on the magic word *success*, I could not help granting a few moments' attention to the financial part of the question. The reader will scarcely be astonished to hear that, even from this point of view, I saw everything in such bright colours, that my hopes, far from being shaken, became still firmer.

Strengthened, therefore, in my resolution by my old dreams, by my intense love for my art, by the invisible power which fatally impelled me to write, and finally, by the certainty of success, I said to my-

self: "Let my father say what he likes, threaten as he likes, and do what he likes, I shall remain faithful to my first love and be a writer."

The third day came. I went into my father's library with the perfect composure of a man whose resolution could not be shaken. Lord St. Ives received me with a countenance I shall never forget. An implacable severity and strange resolution were stamped upon his rigid features.

We both remained standing. After a minute's silence, during which he tried to read my decision in my countenance, he said, in a low voice:

"You have made up your mind?"

"Father, I have. . . . I feel I was born to be a writer; I have never had any ambition but that of being a writer; and, happen what may, I will be a writer!"

Then my father restrained himself no longer. He was terrible in his anger. His last words are still resounding in my ears, after long years fruitful of events.

"Your conduct towards me is disgraceful, and altogether unworthy of a nobleman. Having taken a dislike to the Church, you probably imagined you would simply have to say you refuse to enter it, in order to get the better of me; but I will teach you that you were terribly mistaken. Reginald's example, perhaps, inspired you with the hope of carrying your own point, but I will show you that, if I once gave way, it is a reason for not giving way a second time. . . . I have no right to force you into the Church, but I have a right to let you understand that it is the best thing for you. If you are not sensible, I must be sensible for you! . . . I will therefore let you know my decision. As soon as you have taken your degree, I shall stop your allowance. If you then obey my will, I shall do everything in my power to make your path

in life as smooth as possible ; but if you persist in your folly, I shall let you have your own way, and allow you to be a writer ; only I give you my sacred word that you shall not enter my house again before you have succeeded, by your own merit, in deserving an honourable name as a writer ! . . . Meanwhile, you had better return to Cambridge, and appear no more before my face, except as a reasonable being and submissive son !”

“Father,” said I, “you are, perhaps, not aware that I have not thought of going in for honours, and that I have spent most of my time at the University in writing an Essay, which I am just finishing now. It would, therefore, be a loss of time to return to Cambridge, simply to take a pass-degree, which really means nothing. If I understand you rightly, you wish to send me back to the University simply to give me time to change my mind ; I should, therefore, deceive you by going back, for it would look as if I had not made up my mind once for all . . . As you will leave me some day to my own devices, I think the sooner that day comes the better it will be ; and as I can no longer obey your will, I think I have no longer any claim upon your liberality !”

I had no sooner uttered these words than I regretted them. A sudden change came over my father’s countenance. He grew terribly pale, and, with a voice trembling with anger, he said :

“And this is the way you repay me for all my kindness ! I have done everything for you that the best of fathers could have done for the dearest son. And now, when I show you a last favour by allowing you a whole year to recover from your folly, instead of punishing you for it, you coolly reject my kindness, repel my helping hand, and audaciously tell me you have long enough enjoyed my liberality ! . . . Then,

be it so! You want to be your own master? Well, you shall be your own master. But you shall also bear the consequences of the step you wish to take, and you shall suffer for your wilfulness, your disobedience, and your ingratitude!"

With these words Lord St. Ives turned round and advanced towards the door.

And when I saw him departing in such anger, I was overcome by a deep feeling of sorrow. My resolution gave way. I forgot his severity, and only remembered I was his son. Before he had reached the door, I threw myself at his feet, told him it was impossible for me to uproot altogether an ambition which I had cherished for years, implored his clemency and entreated him not to plunge me into an abyss of wretchedness by taking away from me his fatherly kindness. But neither prayers nor supplications touched his heart. He roughly pushed me away, always asking the same question, "Will you blindly obey my will?" Then a gigantic revolution took possession of me. A strange calmness succeeded my agitation. I looked back into my father's face as he looked into mine, and proudly raising my head, I answered in a firm and sonorous voice: "Father, I cannot, I *must* not, I **WILL** not!"

"Sir," replied he, "I know you no more; leave this house: you are no longer my son!"

I went out with my head erect and my eyes flashing. But a much more cruel trial was in store for me. Scarcely had I taken a few steps, when my mother and sister came to meet me. In my looks they read my destiny. Then they threw themselves into my arms, bathed me with their tears, covered me with kisses, and entreated me not to leave them, assuring me they would do everything in their power to soothe my father's anger and obtain for me his pardon. In

the midst of this lamentable scene, which marked one of the unhappiest moments of my life, Lord St. Ives appeared. "My ladies," said he sternly, "please return to your apartments." Then he turned towards me without saying a word, and, with a haughty gesture, he stretched out his hand towards the door. At the moment I left the room, my mother uttered a heart-rending shriek, and fell senseless into my sister's arms.

CHAPTER VII.

A SHARP and cutting wind was blowing, but I felt it not; snow and rain were beating upon my face, but I heeded them not. Walking without aim or purpose from one street to another, I thought of the events of the last few days, and abandoned myself, without reserve, to gloomy considerations on the vicissitudes of human life. Grief and anger were fighting for the possession of my heart, and, I am afraid I must confess, anger was not the weaker of the two. I found something revolting in the unheard-of severity with which my father had treated me for having remained faithful to my vocation and had the courage to be sincere; and, when I remembered that his severity was also affecting two beings for whom I should have died rather than cause them the least sorrow, I resented his treatment still more fiercely. The feeling of having done my duty gave me very little consolation; and I must say, it was not that feeling, but rather the spirit of defiance and my natural stubbornness, which at first induced me courageously to bear my trials and to persevere firmly in my plan.

Yes, one thing was certain: I should never return

to my father's house as a repenting sinner. "By treating me with so much cruelty," said I to myself, "my father, no doubt, wishes to reduce me the more quickly to submission. But, whatever my privations and sufferings may be, I swear I shall not yield!" That oath I have faithfully kept.

After having wandered for a long time at random, I came back to my senses. The most intense excitement, and the most consuming grief, cannot long resist the inclemency of the weather. I was benumbed with cold, drenched with rain, and shivering all over. Looking around me, I saw I was in the square in front of Chelsea Hospital. I entered a neighbouring street to find some temporary place of shelter. I had no difficulty in finding a suitable set of rooms, which I rented almost without having looked at them.

Whilst I was drying at the chimney fire, I asked myself what I was to do, now that I was left to my own resources. The first idea which entered my head was to leave the scene of the last events. "Yes," said I to myself, "the best thing I can do is to go away as soon as possible. I could not take one step in town without meeting some old acquaintances, some nobleman, member of parliament, young officer, or lady of the *haute volée*. And what should I say, if they asked how I was getting on? Moreover, how could I remain in a town where every moment would bring back to my mind such painful recollections? Yes, I must leave London, that is certain. . . . But, where am I to go? . . . To some other town in England? . . . No, I should not care for it. . . . To the Continent? . . . Yes, that's the thing! . . . I'll go to Paris; I have always been fond of Paris! But what shall I do there?" . . . Here I began to feel greatly perplexed. . . . "The only thing I can do, if I do not want to starve, is to teach English and German.

Professors are very well paid in Paris. . . . But . . . And, besides, I forget I am almost as well known in Paris as in London, in the best circles of society ; so I could not appear there in my new *rôle*. . . . After all, I may just as well remain in England, at least until my Essay is published ; there is no necessity for me to appear in town ; at least, not by day. . . . This reminds me that I have left my manuscripts, and books, and all my worldly goods at Cambridge. I think I had better write to Herbert." Herbert Cavendish was my intimate friend. "He can send the manuscripts himself, and order my things to be forwarded to me as soon as possible. I need them sorely enough. . . . Here I am, seated half-naked in front of the fire, without having even the necessary clothes for changing ; . . . and a few days ago I was surrounded with all the comforts that opulence can afford. . . . Ah ! life is a strange thing !"

After this melancholy reflection, I wrote to Herbert about my things ; I told him at the same time, in a few words, that I had had a terrible quarrel with my father, and added that there was no chance of a reconciliation. Then I wrote a long letter to my mother ; and, finally, I spent several hours in writing to Emmeline. In what spirit, and with what feelings I wrote, I leave the reader to imagine. Having written, I sat down by the fireside, never doubting that all three letters would reach their addresses. But did they all reach them ? . . .

At this moment, Mrs. Carlisle, my landlady, brought back my overcoat, which had been drying in the kitchen. On putting it on, I felt something heavy in one of the pockets. I remembered, then, that I had scarcely left my father's mansion, when Joe, my groom, came running after me and put into my hand something which I slipped mechanically into my

pocket. Then he asked me sadly whether he could do anything for me; I answered him "No," shook hands with him, and told him to return home.

My curiosity was now somewhat excited by what Joe had given me, and I felt very pleasantly surprised when I discovered it was a pocket-book containing about eighty pounds in bank-notes. But that was not all: there was something else in it, wrapped up in tissue-paper. Judge of my astonishment when I saw my sister's most precious jewel, a very fine gold chain of exquisite workmanship, to which was attached a diamond heart of prodigious size and incomparable beauty.

This proof of love brought the tears into my eyes. I could not help pressing the jewel to my lips repeatedly, invoking all the blessings of Heaven upon her who had bestowed it upon me. "Ah! Lilian, dear," cried I, "I will keep it sacredly until the happy day when I may return it to you myself. Let it be a talisman, to protect me against the unknown dangers that surround me!"

The night was rapidly approaching. I went out to post the three letters. On returning, I resumed my seat by the chimney, and, with my eyes fixed upon the fire, which alone lit up my room, I began to think of times gone by.

How many happy moments had I not spent thus, when the twilight was slowly filling my room with a pleasant obscurity? How many charming remembrances were not recalled by the fireside?

Many a time, surrounded by a cheerful company of friends, I had spent whole hours in lively conversation. We used to talk of our plans and dreams, of all the happy and glorious prospects before us. I was then the son of an illustrious nobleman, I lived in opulence, and had a brilliant career before me; nothing seemed to be beyond my ambition. And now . . . My father

is a stranger to me, I should be afraid to meet my old friends, I am alone in the world, abandoned to my own resources. . . . Will my hopes ever be fulfilled? Will my ambition help me to gain the fame I have always been longing for? Or shall I, perhaps, not even find the means of making a livelihood in my altered circumstances?

Many a time I had sat by the fireside with my little sister on my knees, listening to her childish talk, while she described to me a crowd of fantastic beings or figures she saw in the fire, mountains surrounded by frightful abysses, wild beasts in mortal combat, dragons twisting themselves in horrible agony and suddenly changing into human figures still more hideous to behold. Then she would suddenly turn from the world of imagination and ask me to tell some nice little story. I would usually comply with her request, and my mother would come and sit by our side and share our happiness. They were very sweet hours, the remembrance of which will never leave me. And now . . . Will Lilian ever again sit by my side, put her arms around my neck, and gently rest her head upon my breast? Shall I ever see my mother again, every action, every word, every look of whom, overflowed with boundless affection?

Many a time I had spent a whole evening alone by the fireside, thinking of HER and rejoicing in the knowledge that there was one being to whom I was more than everything else in the world; who thought of me almost every moment of the day when I was absent; who for hours sat patiently by the window, looking out for me, when she knew I was coming; who would always receive me with the same smile of deep happiness and the same kiss of boundless love; who would read every thought of mine before I had moved my lips, and forestall my most secret wishes before I

had expressed them ; who always found new ways of pleasing me, and yet never thought she had done enough to prove her love ; for whom, in short, I was all in all, the great object of her best and deepest feelings, and the only source of perfect bliss. Then, after rejoicing in the past, I would look into the future, and think of all I would do to make her the happiest little wife on earth, how I would worship her, how I would ward off from her all care and grief, how I would surround her, so to speak, with an atmosphere of love so pure and bright, that she would already taste in this world some of the sweetest joys of Heaven. And now . . . Ah ! cursed be this day, when I am compelled to grieve her after all, . . . to grieve her for the first time, perhaps, in many months of grief. . . . To-day she is still happy, for she knows nothing : what will she feel to-morrow, when the fatal letter arrives ? . . .”

Here I rose and walked about the room, to tear myself away from my dismal forebodings. But I tried in vain. That dreadful to-morrow ever and again occurred to me, until I almost went mad with anguish.

Then suddenly a new thought flashed upon my mind, and went through me like a dagger : “ What will her aunt do when she hears of it ? . . . I have always hated her ; she knows it but too well, and returns my feelings. As long as I was the son of the great Lord St. Ives, she was too much a woman of the world not to receive me at her house, with open arms, whatever her secret sentiments might have been. But, now ! . . . Will she not delight in taking her revenge ? . . . Poor darling, what a life she will lead you ! She will wreak her vengeance upon you, in order to strike me, for she knows that the slightest blow to my love is a frightful blow to me ! . . . What an existence for

both of us! . . . Ah! will no one have pity upon me, and help me out of this dreadful abyss of misery? . . .”

But my despair had not yet reached its climax; I was doomed to drink the bitter cup down to the dregs:

“She loves me, indeed! I have always believed in her love with all my heart and soul, and I shall always believe in it. But will that prevent her from listening to the pressing entreaties, from giving way to the ever renewed threats, from succumbing to the slow tortures, to which she is likely to be henceforth exposed? Unfortunately, she is afraid of her aunt, and her aunt knows it; in a moment of weakness, Emmeline may yield, for, after all, she is but a woman; . . . and one moment of weakness may bring upon us endless misery! . . . Yes, she loves me, indeed; but how many girls, even in England, madly love one man, and are forced, in spite of all, to marry another! . . . Ah! darling, will any but myself ever sit by your side, or take you upon his knees? will another put his arms around you and kiss your lips? will another press you to his heart, call you his darling, and . . .? . . . Oh! . . . woe to the man who would ever come between you and me; woe to the man who would whisper a single word of love to you; woe to the man who would ever dare to . . .!”

I sprang up, blind with fury and despair, and rushed madly around the room. For a moment I felt how easy it was for even the best of men to become a great criminal! . . . And I was not the best of men, and swore within myself that if ever . . .

But why should I repeat that horrible oath? Many a man has sworn he would kill his successful rival, simply because he would not believe that there could ever be one. But when, after all, his worst fears had been realised, and the great catastrophe had taken

place, he would not dare to fulfil his threat, not from cowardice, nor from fear of the consequences, but because a higher duty curbed his will, and paralysed his arm.

At last I succeeded in diverting my thoughts from this awful subject. But the reflections that succeeded were not the less bitter and gloomy. When we are unhappy, we easily imagine our troubles are the punishment for our faults. Is it then astonishing that a frightful doubt arose within my soul? "That ambition which I have entertained for years, and for which I am now suffering, could it be madness after all? By following the only desire of my heart, have I mistaken my real vocation? And in believing I am now suffering for a noble cause, am I not, perhaps, suffering for my own blindness?"

These questions filled me with terror, by adding great anguish of mind to the poignant sorrows of the soul.

In my stormy life I have had to undergo many trials; but I shall never forget that first evening, when, seated by the dying fire, I felt my courage slowly giving way, and my heart breaking, and when I was, for a moment, very near giving up the stubborn struggle in which I had engaged.

A knock at the door interrupted my gloomy reflections. Mrs. Carlisle came in. "Sir," said she, with great tenderness in her voice and look, "if I am not mistaken, you have not eaten anything since you came this morning. Shall I bring your supper?"

"No, thanks; I am not hungry."

"Perhaps not, sir; but you should nevertheless eat something. This morning you did not mind getting drenched, and now you refuse to eat. You will certainly be taken ill, if you go on like that!"

"What does it matter? Whether I am ill or not,

whether I live or die, is now a matter of no importance!"

"You are in great sorrow, young man," continued she, with a sympathetic look. "I should be very happy to be able to console you. If your fate is of no importance to you, there are doubtless others who love you, and for whose sake you ought to learn again to take pleasure in life. Whatever may be the cause of your grief, you are far too young not to outlive it. Think of your mother, if she is yet alive; think of your lady-love, if Heaven has sent you such a treasure, and may the remembrance of them help you to support your misfortunes!"

These words, so simple, moved me deeply. Mrs. Carlisle brought me a large cup of milk with some bread, and did not leave me until I had finished this frugal meal.

"And now," said she, "if you will be a good boy, you had better go to bed immediately!" Her venerable age allowed her to speak thus familiarly to me.

I could not sleep. Over and over again my imagination brought back to me the events of the day one after another. My father arose before me more implacable than in the morning; I read my sentence in his eyes flashing with anger; I heard his awful voice asking me the terrible question; my emotion stopped my breath as I repeated my answer; I felt again my mother and sister covering me with kisses, and weeping over me; then I saw my father pointing to the door with an imperative gesture; I heard again my mother utter that heart-rending shriek, and I saw her fainting in my sister's arms. . . . Oh! will these terrible scenes never vanish from my sight? . . .

Suddenly the door opens, and a bright light appears in my bedroom. I shut my eyes. "No doubt," I thought, "it is Mrs. Carlisle, who is coming to see

whether I am asleep." I was not mistaken. "He is asleep," she said, in a low voice; and, after a moment's silence, she sighed deeply, and whispered: "HE was about the same age when he went away. And now, where is he? Lord, have pity upon him; grant that he may find in the distant country, where I have lost him, some kind friends who will take care of him; and grant also, O Lord, that his old, unhappy mother, may see him once more, before she closes her eyes for ever!" I felt a burning tear fall upon my hand, and understood then, for the first time, a truth which I have recognised a thousand times since: There is no man in this world so unhappy that he could not find one as unfortunate as himself, if not still more unfortunate.

I passed a frightful night.

Eleven o'clock is striking, but there is no sleep for me. At this hour my mother and sister are, doubtless, weeping in silence, offering to Heaven their most fervent prayers for my return. But shall I ever see them again? . . . Perhaps they will try to see me, to console me in my wretchedness. But no, my father will never allow it. They will die with grief, before he will yield! No, there is no hope for me!

Midnight is striking. My Emmeline is now resting in peaceful slumber, after having said her prayers before my portrait, and sent me a last kiss. What an awaking it will be for her!

It is striking two. Faithful to what he considers his duty, will my father sleep better than myself, faithful to mine? Will the feeling that he has driven his son away, and made his wife and daughter broken-hearted, bestow pleasant dreams upon him?

Four o'clock is striking. I am lying restless in my bed, vainly trying to sleep. For a moment my lids are closing, but a frightful nightmare continues my

torments. A crowd of malignant spirits set my bed on fire; I feel I am burning alive, and I awake suddenly. I am devoured by intense thirst. Jumping out of bed, I drink off, one after another, three glasses of ice-cold water. Then I return to bed; but sleep still flies from me. The fever increases, my senses grow dim, and I feel the slow, but sure approach, of a serious illness.

At last the day breaks. I shake off the horrors of the night, and rise to dress. But scarcely have I taken a couple of steps, when my head begins to turn, my legs give way under me, a black veil obscures my sight, and I fall back senseless upon my bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

I WAS very ill for a fortnight. On the preceding day I had caught a severe cold; my imprudence during the night rendered it dangerous. The result was a high fever that very nearly proved fatal, owing to the terrible blow to which my mind had been subjected. While I was delirious, Mrs. Carlisle never ceased watching over me with motherly attention, tenderness, and self-denial. Thanks to her, I recovered at last.

How can her devotedness to a stranger be explained? What had I done to deserve so much care? The great sorrows she had herself for many years experienced were the secret cause of her noble conduct: she had gained by bitter trials a sincere kindness of heart, and a tender sympathy for other people's misfortunes. Need I say I was not ungrateful? From the first moment that I recovered consciousness and could understand all that this excellent lady had done for me, there arose between us a friendship which lasted

until her death, and which followed her even beyond the grave.

The first thing I did on awaking again to the realities of this world, was to ask whether there were no letters for me, and if no one had been to see me. Mrs. Carlisle told me a young man of short stature, with fair curly hair and fine blue eyes, had called twice; but there were no letters. It was Herbert Cavendish. . . . And she was quite sure there was no letter? . . . Not a single letter! . . . And no one else called? . . . No elderly lady with a sweet pale face and grey hair? . . . No young lady of about nineteen, tall and slender, with black hair and black eyes? . . . To all these questions Mrs. Carlisle mournfully shook her head. I was about to ask: "No young lady with brown hair, dark eyebrows, and hazel eyes, shaded with long dark eyelashes?" But I read the answer in Mrs. Carlisle's sad countenance, before I dared to ask the question.

I turned towards the wall to hide my grief from her, and for the first time since the eventful day at Perran, I wept bitter tears, concealing my head in the pillow, and plunging my teeth into it to smother my sobs and groans. Why had I not succumbed to my illness? Why was I spared only to suffer more? Was death not preferable, a thousand times preferable, to such a wretched existence? What was life to me without my mother and sister? What was life to me without my Emmeline? Ah! why did I not die?

Mrs. Carlisle left me; she knew that, in moments of great anguish, solitude was the only remedy, and silence the best consolation.

At last, after a third week, I was allowed to rise. When I once more saw my face in the mirror, I was astounded at the change which I had undergone. I was very pale, and horribly thin, my beard had grown,

and my hair, which I used to wear long, after the fashion of many German students, had been cut quite short, by order of the doctor, who had been afraid I was going to have brain fever.

I recovered rapidly, but became a different man. My despair slowly gave way to a gloomy resignation and an inexpressible feeling of indifference to all things. Mrs. Carlisle could do with me what she liked; I obeyed her like a little child. I took my meals when she wished me to, and I always ate what she brought me; I went out walking when she asked me to take a walk, and I rested when she begged me to have a rest. There was only one point on which I could not please her: I could not be cheerful. Everything had changed within me. I had lost all pleasure in life, and what had inspired me with the deepest interest in times gone by, filled me now with disgust; even my Essay remained untouched.

Thus I passed several weeks in melancholy idleness, and all that time Mrs. Carlisle never ceased to offer me her consolations. "To live and to suffer are the same thing; for every pleasure which fate grants us, it imposes upon us ten sorrows: the wisest man is he who carries his cross with the greatest courage and cheerfulness." That was one of her favourite maxims, but, for a long time, it had no effect upon me: when we suffer much, we believe our misfortunes are far beyond anything that any other man could ever have suffered.

What did me more good than her words, was the picture of her own life: Mrs. Carlisle had lost her husband in the prime of his life, and had been left alone with three children to bring up, the eldest of whom was only twelve. Thanks to her comfortable circumstances, she was able to give all three an excellent education. The eldest studied with brilliant

success at Oxford, and came out third in first-class honours, at the final examinations. He had a splendid career before him, when he was suddenly carried off. Two days after the result of the examinations had appeared, he was playing cricket, when he was struck by a ball in the middle of his forehead, and died within half an hour.

The second son had made a fortune in business, and, owing to his great mercantile talents, was gradually becoming one of the most prosperous merchants in town. One day his bank broke, and he was ruined. Far from losing courage, he began to climb up the ladder again, from the first step: after ten years' incessant labour, he had just resumed his old honourable position, when he was ruined again, this time by the faithlessness of his partner. This second blow was more than he could bear: a few months after, he died in a lunatic asylum.

The youngest son was a spoiled child; his mother was so fond of him that she could never resist his wishes. At twenty-one he turned out a decided libertine, kept bad company, and spent in a short time all his share of his father's fortune. After a very sad affair, the details of which are unknown to me, he had to leave the country, and went to the United States. There he must have continued his wild life, for he never wrote to his mother, except to ask her for money. She, in her blind affection, never refused, until she finally ruined herself to help her wretched son. And then her eyes were opened; from the moment she could no longer afford to satisfy his demands, he ceased writing to her. The uncertainty in which he had now left her for many years, was a cruel trial to her, for in spite of all his ingratitude and degradation, she loved him still. After living in great comfort during the better part of her life, Mrs. Carlisle had

been reduced, in her old age, to keep a lodging-house, in order to gain her bread. And now that her hair had become grey, and her hands unsteady, she looked into the future with a dismal foreboding: "If only I were spared death in a workhouse, and could see my dear boy's face once more, before I close my eyes for ever, I should die happy. Every morning and every night I pray to God, on my knees, to grant me those two requests!"

In the midst of such numerous trials, to which many others would have succumbed, this truly noble lady had preserved a gentle disposition, a loving and sympathetic heart, and was always ready to feel for others, to share their troubles, and lavish upon them her consolations.

Such a beautiful example could not fail to have a salutary effect upon me. By-and-by my grief lost some of its intensity, my melancholy became less gloomy, I learned to think of my father without too much bitterness, of my mother and sister without too great despondency, and of my Emmeline without giving way to despair.

It cannot be doubted that my improving health also contributed to cheer me up a little. Illness must needs have a considerable influence, not only on our feelings but also on our powers of reasoning. As I was now rapidly recovering, I began to inquire more calmly into the causes of the silence of those who were dearest to me. I had no difficulty in accounting for that of my mother and sister, for I felt sure that my father, to break my resolution, had forbidden his whole household to have any intercourse with me. Such an order was, in any case, quite in harmony with his stern and severe character.

To make quite sure that my mother's silence was involuntary, I decided to write to her once more. It

was about five or six weeks after my first letter. I was not long left in suspense. The very next day, after I wrote, I received a letter, the address of which was in Lord St. Ives' handwriting. On breaking the envelope, I found my own letter unopened, and not a single word of reply. This result was not unexpected, and it gave me a kind of satisfaction, for it put my doubts at rest, and inspired me with a new resolution. Lord St. Ives might stop my mother from meeting me, but he certainly could not prevent me from meeting her. I decided, therefore, to try every means of doing so.

But I wished, first, to find out the cause of Emmeline's silence. During the melancholy weeks that immediately followed my illness, I had several times written to her address in London; but I had neither received an answer, nor were my letters returned. Every day I invented new theories to account for this strange silence, but none of them seemed to me plausible; for I always came to the conclusion that she could not possibly have forgotten me, and ought, therefore, to have found the means of writing to me under any circumstances. Now that my health had returned, and I could think of everything more coolly, I reflected that, instead of losing myself in conjectures, I should do much better if I acted. So having made up my mind, I went one day straight to her aunt's residence, in Belgrave Square, pulled the bell-handle, and, as the door opened, I said to myself I would not leave the house before I had seen Emmeline, or knew, at least, what had become of her.

When I entered the porter's lodge, he started back; he certainly did not expect me. The following dialogue took place between us:

"Is Lady Emmeline at home?"

"No, sir!"

"Can you tell me when she will be?"

"No, sir!"

"Is she not in London?"

"No, sir!"

"Is Miss Carrington away, too?"

"Yes, sir!"

"In England?"

"No, sir!"

"On the Continent?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Can you give me Lady Emmeline's address?"

"No, sir!"

"Do you know that address?"

"No, sir!"

Here I happened to look at his little daughter seated near him, and I was struck with the change that suddenly came over her countenance. As her father uttered his last "No, sir!" she looked up in blank astonishment, as if she wondered whether he had suddenly lost his memory. Then she took her eyes off him and stared at the looking-glass, as if the truth were to be found in it. I instinctively followed her look, and saw at the corner of it, between the glass and the frame, a letter, the handwriting of which was unmistakably Miss Carrington's. I smiled. It bore a French stamp. On following the direction of my eyes, the porter saw the letter, and with a quick hand put it into his pocket, to prevent my further inquiries.

"Lady Emmeline is in France," said I, quietly.

The porter did not answer. He looked perplexed and annoyed, not knowing whether he ought to be more angry with himself for telling an untruth, than with me for finding it out; perhaps he also asked himself whether he had not better be impertinent into the bargain, to get out of the scrape. But his better nature, and perhaps the remembrance of many a kind-

ness I had done him in days gone by, prevailed over his worse inclinations, and he replied :

"Well, sir, they *are* in France ; and I think I had better tell you this : Miss Carrington, on leaving, about five weeks ago, told me, as she told everybody else, that all was over between Lady Emmeline and you, but that you were likely to be troublesome. Under these circumstances, she forbade me to do anything that might bring you together with her, otherwise she would turn me out of the house. Now, sir, I have been in this house for forty years, and you must understand I cannot expose myself to a dismissal simply to please you. If, through your own exertions, you can find Lady Emmeline, I shall be glad for you, but I cannot help you myself. It is a very disagreeable position for me, sir, and I regret it ; but I cannot help it."

Having said this, he took his hat and went out, as if to put an end to this disagreeable interview. I did not know whether I ought to feel pleased or not, and I was just going to leave, when I was struck with a capital idea. The porter's little daughter had remained in the lodge. So I turned towards her, stroked her hair, and asked her in the simplest way, and with the most pleasant smile :

"Do you know, my little Bessie, whether Lady Emmeline left anything for me when she went away ?"

"No, Mr. Lionel," replied she, delighted at my giving her a chance of having something to say to me ; "she did not leave anything ; but she wrote several letters to papa for you, but papa sent them back to Paris."

"Oh ! thank you, you are a dear little girl ; do you remember when the last one came ?"

"Oh ! yes, I do," replied she, beaming with smiles ; "it will be three weeks next Sunday. I remember it well, for it was on the day I wore my new boots for

the first time. . . . Would you like to see them ?" added she, in a caressing tone, as if she wanted me to share her delight.

"Yes, certainly !"

So she ran away and brought back her new patent-leather boots in great triumph. Of course I admired them immensely. Then I departed, feeling as much pleased with her as she was with me.

"Ah ! that's your game, my dear Miss Carrington !" said I to myself, as soon as the door was shut behind me, "that's your game ! You not only wish to separate us, but you stop her letters, and, doubtless, my own ; and then, strengthened in your shameful schemes by my forced silence, you probably repeat to her, every hour of the day, that I am not only an unworthy son, but an unworthy lover. Well, you shall see me much sooner than you perhaps expected, and I will break the silence, although I may have to travel around the world to do so."

When I arrived at Mrs. Carlisle's, she scarcely recognised me. "Bless your sweet eyes," cried she, raising hands and eyes to heaven, "how cheerful you look. It makes my old heart glad with joy to see you so happy. What is the matter, Mr. Lionel ? Has anything happened ?"

"I have found her out at last. She is in Paris. I leave by the next train for Dover !"

"Good boy !" cried she with delight, pressing my two hands in her own ; "you are a good boy and a true lover, and God will be with you !" . . . And after a moment's silence, she added, in a sad, mellow voice : "I wish I was your age, and had your courage, and I would gladly go away too, and travel to the world's end to find my dear boy. But I am poor and old, and there is the ocean between him and me." The tears ran down her cheeks as she finished speaking.

In the midst of my joy, I could not help feeling deeply for her, and the conviction arose within me that even the most hard-hearted son would have been moved into repentance and brought back to his mother's breast, if he had known how intensely she loved him, and how every day, every hour, she was longing after him.

"But never mind," said she, drying her tears as quickly as they had come, "I must not spoil your happiness with my own grief; he may come back after all! . . . Well, do not lose any time, Mr. Lionel; get ready—the sooner you start, the sooner you will see her!"

I was soon ready. Off I drove to the station, followed by Mrs. Carlisle's blessings, took my ticket, jumped into the train, and the next morning I was in Paris.

In spite of my unflagging exertions, it took me two days to find out the hotel where Miss Carrington and Emmeline had stopped. I came too late. This I fully expected, and therefore did not feel disappointed. They had left Paris two weeks ago. But where had they gone? I was informed, on the best authority, they had started for Pau. But, on further inquiries, I learned, on equally good authority, that they had returned to England. And, just as I was about to leave Paris in pursuit of them, I was told, on what also seemed most trustworthy information, that they had gone to Nice.

What could I do? I went to Pau, but did not find them. So I went to Nice; and there I had the good luck to discover their track again. I felt very happy, although they had already gone a week; I had gained a whole week on them. At Nice I found myself in the same perplexity as in Paris, for I learned from equally reliable sources that they had gone straight to

Venice, straight to Florence, and straight to Rome. I had no choice in the matter, so I went successively to Venice, Florence, and Rome. Unfortunately, they had not left the least track behind them. After vainly continuing my researches for several days in Rome, I made an excursion to Naples, where I had spent some delightful days a few years before, at the time when I was studying in Germany. Here I met with what seemed a splendid piece of good luck, for at the very hotel where I put up, two ladies had stopped, whose description corresponded in a remarkable degree with that of Emmeline and her aunt. Unfortunately, I could not ascertain their names. But this did not prevent me from following them. They had left three days before for Brindisi, in company with a gentleman of about thirty years of age. So I went to Brindisi. Arrived there, I soon found out they had embarked, the day before, on board the steamer for Alexandria.

Here I hesitated. Was I to go to Alexandria? If I had been quite sure of their identity, I should not have wavered an instant. But was it certain they were Miss Carrington and Emmeline? What could make them cross the Mediterranean? If I went to Alexandria on a fool's errand, would it not be a terrible loss of time?

Well, I must say, the gentleman of about thirty did not leave me a moment's rest, until I followed him to Alexandria. . . . There I was informed he had gone to India; and, on further inquiries, I learned, with a mingled feeling of pleasure and vexation, that he was a Mr. Thompson, travelling with his bride and mother.

After visiting a dozen towns, and spending six weeks in incessant travels, I found myself at last in Egypt with scarcely a sovereign in my pocket, and in greater uncertainty than when I left England.

I had to sell a valuable ring to get back to London.

Strange to say, my fruitless researches did not make me feel so despondent as might have been supposed. The change of air, the excitement of the journey, and the glorious and picturesque scenes of an early spring in such favoured countries as France, Italy and Egypt, could not fail to have a beneficial influence over me, in spite of all my want of success.

My immovable confidence in Emmeline's love was another reason for not giving way to melancholy. I believed so much in her, that I could not for a moment doubt she would remain faithful to me. I knew besides, that however cruel this trial might be for both of us, it could not last for ever. Meanwhile I derived much consolation from going over our favourite walks, visiting all the spots which had witnessed our love, and doing a thousand little things that reminded me of her. What cheered me up still more was the possession of her portrait. From it I derived boundless comfort in my loneliness. I passed whole hours in front of it, telling it my grief, and assuring it of my unalterable love. By day, I always had it before my eyes, and by night under my pillow. I never fell asleep without giving it a last kiss; and, when I awoke in the morning, the first thing I did was to call it all the sweetest names. But my greatest happiness was to read her old letters. I had several hundreds of them. They were all so tender, so cheerful, so loving; her soul appeared in them so true, so noble, so beautiful, that I felt almost as happy in perusing them as if she had been with me. It took me several days to read them through, and, when I had done, I commenced again with new pleasure.

While my spirits were thus rising, and I began to be once more something like my former self, I could not help feeling from time to time sorely perplexed by the silence of one who ought never to have shown

me any indifference in my altered circumstances—I mean my intimate friend, Herbert Cavendish. He had seen me twice during my illness, but had not returned since. What could he mean? Why did he not write? Had he forsaken me? I could not believe it; and yet one week passed after another without his appearing again.

As Herbert has played rather an important rôle in my life, I must be allowed to say something more about him.

He was not only my oldest, but also my dearest friend. We had been together at Eton, and afterwards met again at the University, where our old affection grew into a firm friendship. He was the liveliest, wittiest, and most pleasant young man in the world; wherever he appeared, gaiety was the order of the day; in society he was a real jewel. His good humour and high spirits arose from a nature eminently good and generous; under his apparent frivolity he concealed a depth of affection, and a power of feeling, rare at his age. I knew it well. These qualities were perhaps the primary cause of the misfortunes which overtook him during his stay at Cambridge, and of the sad life to which he subsequently gave himself up.

A few months before my leaving Cambridge, a singular change came over him, almost from one day to another. He suddenly became melancholy, avoided every one, even myself, went out walking alone, or shut himself up in his rooms, and answered my questions only by a gloomy silence. His misanthropy was such, that for a time I was afraid he would lay violent hands on himself. While I lost myself in conjectures as to the cause of such a change, his melancholy left him almost as quickly as it came. Only he was now a different man. His gaiety was more noisy

than sincere, his witticism full of bitterness, and his bursts of laughter more painful even than his former sadness. By-and-by he joined the wildest sets at College, and after being a real model of an undergraduate, he became in a short time one of the *fastest fellows* at the University. My advice, my entreaties, my remonstrances, were all useless; he only used to answer in these words: "My dear Lionel, there are circumstances when the best thing you can do is to get gloriously tight, to play high, and to give your hand to the devil, for fear of his taking possession of you altogether!" Whatever the meaning of those mysterious words might have been, he acted accordingly with only too great perseverance. From time to time he seemed inclined to change for the better, and almost ready to confide his troubles to me; but unfortunately, when I left Cambridge, he had not yet done so.

That he should have come and seen me, seemed to me quite natural; for, even in his wildest moments, my friendship had not become indifferent to him. But why he had only come twice, and had never even written to me since, were for the present unsolvable riddles for me.

CHAPTER IX.

SHORTLY after my return to London, I resolved to resume my literary work. I had for several years found such an abundant source of happiness in it, that I had good reason to suppose it would prove the best antidote to despondency in my present state of uncertainty. But I had another, and unfortunately far stronger, reason for once more taking up my

Essay. It was the state of my finances. There is nothing more trying for a man who wishes to live in an ideal world, than those petty miseries which always remind him that he is still a common mortal.

The first thing I was compelled to do on returning to England was to sell most of my jewellery and all those fancy articles which seem necessary to a man who lives in luxury, but which he finds useless as soon as he is obliged to reduce his expenditure. Although I realised a sum large enough to protect myself against anxiety for the present, I was aware that it could not last for ever, and that it would be wise on my part to think of finding some means of securing an income. This means, I had not the slightest doubt, I should find in publishing my book.

Thus, after three months' interruption, I set to work once more, to give the finishing touch to that Essay, which I looked upon as the chief cause of my past misfortunes, but in which I saw an unfailing source of future joys.

During the four following weeks, I led a regular and laborious life. I usually rose at six, then I went out to breathe the fresh morning air. It was, I remember, an exceedingly fine season, and I took advantage of it as much as possible. At eight o'clock I breakfasted and read the *Times*. Next I lit my long German pipe, and walked around my room to concentrate my ideas. From nine to one I worked hard. Then I took a turn on Chelsea Common; then dinner. I usually dined with Mrs. Carlisle—that excellent lady would have deserved to dine at the table of our beloved Queen. After dinner, I resumed my pipe, and my *voyage autour de ma chambre*. From three to six I continued to work, reading, meditating, correcting, and writing over again. Then tea. After that meal, I took a couple of hours' exercise in Hyde

Park or St. James's Park. On my return, I slowly drank my basin of milk in the kitchen, talking to Mrs. Carlisle, sometimes of the past and often of the future. At last, at ten, I went to bed; almost regularly I fell asleep within a few minutes, and never awoke before six next morning.

Whatever the Latin verse may say to the contrary, I think eight hours' sleep is not too much for a man. One of the greatest vices of the present generation is not to sleep enough; life nowadays is nothing but a reckless motion, prolonged as much as possible, and interrupted as little as nature will allow. If men would only take away a few hours from their daily work or their pleasures, and spend them in sleeping soundly, there would be far less misanthropy, sickness, and madness in this world.

The task that kept me busy during those four weeks was the most difficult of all.

To embrace a whole work with a single glance, to see whether all its parts are strongly connected, whether they group themselves symmetrically around the same centre, and form an *ensemble* full of majesty and perfection; then to study the details and see if all agree with the great thought which pervades the work, if no ornament is displaced, no colour too pale or too flashy, if one part is not too pretentious, too light, too brilliant, if another is not too common, too heavy, too deeply shaded; to see, at last, if the work is solid in its foundation, harmonious as a whole, full of refinement and taste in its details; to see if it forms, so to speak, an imposing monument which forcibly strikes the eye, awakens admiration, and plunges the mind into meditation: such is the task of the author who wishes to give the finishing touch to his work, such was the task I was about to undertake.

I fulfilled it conscientiously, submitting my writings to a severe and impartial criticism, and trying, as much as was in my power, to render them more worthy of the model which existed in my mind. The principles which my former professor in Paris had impressed upon me, were of immense value to me under the present circumstances, and made my task much easier.

Within a few days I forgot all that reminded me of the realities of this life; the past vanished; my friends, parents, and even my love were for the time forgotten. I lived altogether in my work and became once more an author, and nothing but an author.

As the great end was approaching, I redoubled my efforts. My sentiments seemed to grow warmer and warmer, my ideas brighter and brighter, and my powers to increase a hundredfold. Without attaining the perfection of my ideal, I felt that my work was not without merit, and that I had some reason to be proud of it.

And at last one evening I laid down the pen, wiped the perspiration from my forehead, and breathed deeply, with a feeling of happiness, profound, overpowering, unutterable, such as I had never experienced before, and such as a man experiences but seldom in a lifetime. After nearly five years' hard study and unremitting exertions, I had just finished the first part of my work.

CHAPTER X.

THE following morning I rose early. I was too happy to remain in bed. The idea of having finished the first half of my work made me so cheerful, that I began

to dance around my room, whistling my favourite valse of Strauss. Within twenty-four hours I had become as great a child as when I was fourteen. After having dressed, I took my manuscript and made two large rolls of it, around which I put the wrappers with particular care.

Long ago I had made up my mind as regards the mode of publication. If I had intended to make use of my name, nothing would have been easier for me than to publish my Essay. I had only to send it to Mr. Atkinson, the great London publisher, whom I knew personally, and I am sure he would have been only too happy to render a service to the Hon. Lionel Tresyllian, son of the eminent Earl of St. Ives.

But I had given my word to my father that I should never inscribe my name upon any book before its success had given me a right to do so, and I had never for an instant been shaken in this resolution.

Wishing, therefore, to publish my work anonymously, I had decided to send it to a well-known London firm, Messrs. Harrison, Woodridge and Co. I need scarcely say that without the magic prefix "The Honourable" they could not possibly know who I was.

After writing the address in my finest hand, I hesitated for a long time. Ought I to compose a long epistle, a masterpiece of rhetoric, to point out all the beauty of my Essay, or only write to the editors a couple of lines, simply to ask them whether they could undertake its publication? I thought it over carefully, and came to the conclusion that the second plan was the better. It took me only a minute or two to write the note and seal it.

After breakfast I took the two parcels and the letter to post them. Emmeline, who had always taken the liveliest interest in my writings, and looked upon me

as a perfect genius, had frequently asked me to let her have the manuscript before I sent it to the publishers; she wished to embrace it, thinking that a kiss from her lips would bring good luck to it. But as I had no idea where she was, I presented the manuscript to her lips in her portrait; whether this was equally efficacious I could not tell. At length I went to the General Post Office. Before throwing the letter and the two rolls into the box, I cast upon them a long look, burning with love and hope. Thus a mother embraces, with a last look, her only son, when he is departing for distant countries, whence he will bring back to her riches and happiness.

I passed the remainder of the morning in the most delightful *flânerie*. "Now," said I to myself, "the clerk is stamping them Now they are off Now the postman delivers them And now Harrison opens my letter Will he read my Essay immediately? Perhaps so! But no, he cannot possibly read all the works he publishes, since he publishes several new ones almost every week . . . I understand that all great publishers have one or several *readers*, to whom they hand over all new manuscripts. . . . , I wonder how much time such a *reader* will take to peruse my Essay! Let's see! If I give him one week, it ought to be quite enough . . . But he may have several others to go through Well, I will give him a fortnight. If I have an answer in a fortnight, I shall have no reason to complain No doubt, he won't take so much time; he must see, at the first glance, all that is great, true, and beautiful in my work, and how superior it is to thousands of others which the insatiable crowd devours every year. . . . Think of all the insipid dramas, all the poetical nonsense, all the wretched novels, all the religious trash, all the master-pieces of human folly that are sold every

day with astonishing success to serve as food for the mind and medicine for the soul! My publisher ought to be charmed, enraptured, enchanted, to find a work so learned, so deep, so well-written as mine. Yes, enchanted, that's the word! No doubt, he won't wait a fortnight to give me an answer."

Thereupon my thoughts assumed such glowing colours that I should vainly try to represent them.

After a few moments, I went on with my monologue. It will be seen that in the highest flight of imagination I did not forget the things of this world. "How many hundred pounds shall I get for the first edition? It is rather difficult to conjecture. If I were a well-known writer, no doubt I should make a fortune with this book But as I am not, I must not be too hopeful Well, in any case, it will bring in enough to allow me to live comfortably for many months to come The essential point is that I should acquire a name; and if ever a work has deserved to give its author a name, it is my Essay Yes, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt about it; before three months are over, I shall see it praised and criticised, admired and sneered at, in all the English papers Foreign journals won't fail to speak of it. Meanwhile I ought to finish the translation of it into French, and begin that into German; and before the end of the year my name will be known in all civilised countries. With one bound I shall have risen to the first rank among illustrious writers Oh! it will be grand, magnificent, superb! And what will be more delightful still is, that my fame will reopen my father's house to me, and bring Emmeline back into her lover's arms. For a long time my father must have repented having driven me from home; if he were not ashamed of owning that his severity was excessive, he would certainly have called me back

weeks ago. He ought to be happy to find an opportunity of receiving me into his house again, and he will seize it with eagerness."

"How glad I shall be to see my mother and sister again. It seems to me as if whole centuries had passed since I saw them! . . . As I shall probably feel too excited to do any good work, as long as I have no answer from Harrison, I think I cannot make better use of my time than to try every means of seeing them. I will go all the walks, visit all the places where I am likely to meet them; my father cannot prevent that, and I must be very unlucky indeed if I fail to succeed! . . . As for Emmy, wherever she may be, in France, Italy, or even Egypt, the fame of my work will reach her; she will soon find out where I am, and fly into my arms. And how delighted she will be, when she finds in me not only the truest of all lovers, but the most renowned of them too! Ah! it will be the happiest day in my life when I am able to press her once more to my heart, and tell her how much I have suffered from this long separation. . . . And then we shall marry, and be the happiest couple under the sun. Can any one imagine a life more delightful than that of an illustrious writer possessing an inestimable treasure such as my Emmy? To spend one's existence between ambition and love, can there be anything more divine? Truly it will be too much happiness for me, and I shall have to pray:

" Zu den Unsichtbaren
Dass sie zum Glück den Schmerz verleihn,"

for else I am sure I shall go mad with joy."

During this monologue I laughed, raised hands and eyes to the sky, uttered strange exclamations, gesticulated like a Frenchman, and I think I almost jumped with joy, like Perrette when she thought of her *veau*,

vache, cochon, couvée. All at once I hear some hurried steps behind me. I turn around. A man of herculean stature approaches, seizes my arm with a powerful grasp, and cries out, "Well, have you found the Holy Virgin? . . . No? . . . Then you must come with me; she is at Bethlehem, a short distance from here!" I look at the man with dismay: no doubt he was a lunatic, and he was as strong as a lion. My position was most disagreeable. He looks at me fixedly; his eyes, first sparkling with satisfaction, suddenly lose their brilliancy, all his features show an awful disappointment. "The devil fetch me," he cries out, "you are not the man I want!" and he disappears as quickly as he had come. I breathe more freely. What was the meaning of this strange interruption? On returning home I vainly tried to solve this question, and when I entered my room I still felt as puzzled as ever.

Mrs. Carlisle had prepared a little feast for me, to celebrate in a becoming manner the conclusion of my work: she took almost as much interest in its success as myself. I am afraid I did not do justice to her culinary art; my happiness had taken my appetite away. After dinner, whilst I drank my cup of *café noir* with a *petit verre, à la française*, I began to read the *Times*. All at once I burst into an irresistible fit of laughter. Mrs. Carlisle asks in vain, "What has happened, Mr. Tresyllian? What is the matter?" I cannot speak a word for laughing; and without knowing the cause of it, she joins, and so we laugh on until the hot tears are running down our cheeks. At last I am able to tell her what makes me so merry. I had found the key to the enigma. On the preceding day a madman, whose description had some resemblance to my own, had escaped from a private lunatic asylum, and they had followed his track as far as Hyde Park, where I had taken a walk in the morning. One of the

keepers in pursuit of him, doubtless attracted by a certain resemblance as well as by my strange behaviour, had for a moment taken me for the escaped madman. It was not very flattering, but exceedingly laughable. What contributed still more to the peculiar character of the incident was the cause which drove the poor wretch mad. He was a student of theology, of a deeply religious but very gloomy turn of mind. He believed much more in the revengeful God of the Old Testament than in the loving Father of the New. This tendency increased with age. By-and-by, he accused himself of the most terrible of all sins, the sin against the Holy Ghost, and believed himself doomed for ever. This idea soon deprived him of his reason. Then a most astounding change came over him; for, although he was perfectly reasonable on every other point, he firmly believed that he was himself the Holy Ghost. As he was at times a dangerous lunatic, it was necessary that he should be caught without delay. So a whole legion of keepers and policemen had been sent after him. I may add that he was caught the very same day.

I passed a whole week in charming idleness, loitering, dreaming, living in a terrestrial paradise, whilst I indulged in the hope of soon having the publisher's answer. Was it not, perhaps, a fool's paradise?

The week passed. No answer. "So much the better," said I to myself; "it is the best sign possible. If Harrison had no intention of publishing it, he would have returned it by this time."

A fortnight passed, but no letter. I began to think seriously about the matter, but without losing confidence.

Three weeks [passed. And now I became really anxious. The letter-carrier came one day after another, but I waited in vain for a letter. It was always the

same answer: "Nothing for you to-day, sir!" Grave doubts began to darken my spirits. Why did the publisher not write to me? A vague and painful presentiment . . . But no! It is quite impossible! How could they refuse to publish it? . . . If I wrote to them? . . . Yes, I will. . . . In any case, it can do no harm.

No sooner said than done. I informed Messrs. Harrison, Woodridge, and Co., that, three weeks ago, I had sent to them a manuscript entitled "*Essay on the Progress of the Human Mind during the last two Centuries*," and I asked them to let me know, as soon as convenient, whether they could undertake its publication.

I waited three days . . . four days . . . five days . . . Absolute silence. At last I lost patience. What! to ignore the most elementary laws of politeness so much as not even to favour me with an answer! It was disgraceful! In a fit of ill-humour, I wrote to ask them to return the manuscript immediately. The next morning the carrier put the two rolls into my hands. When I tore one of the wrappers, I read the following words inside: "With Messrs. Harrison, Woodridge, and Co.'s compliments."

I was furious. What! . . . A man spends four or five of the best years of his life in writing a work that demands extraordinary labour and uncommon talent, and when he sends it to publishers, those fellows have the impertinence to send it back "with their compliments!" Can there be anything more insulting to the feelings of an author? . . . But what excited my anger to a still higher degree was to find that both parcels were intact, and that the editors had not even taken the trouble of tearing off the wrappers! So, whilst I imagined the cries of admiration of the *reader*, whilst I was losing myself in the clouds in thinking of

the riches and fame that my Essay would bring me, it was no doubt lying at the bottom of a drawer in company with some lady's-maid's wretched novel, or some idiotic dissertation on surplices and candles.

It was a whole month lost, a whole month longer to wait for my reconciliation with my father, a whole month before Emmeline would return to me, a whole month before my half-empty purse would fill again!

What could I do? I had to swallow what I considered an insult, and apply to another publisher. This time I kept my imagination within bounds, and thought I had better see my work in the printer's hands before I indulged in any further hopes. Three days after, the second publisher to whom I applied returned it, and, in a very polite letter, informed me that men's minds were too much agitated at present by the great political events in Europe to take much interest in works purely literary or philosophical, such as the one I had favoured him with. He added that the success of a book depended most frequently on the time when it was published, and that, if I waited two or three years, my work would have a far better chance of success.

To wait two or three years! What a crushing thought! It gave me a blow so much the more painful, because I could not help feeling the publisher was right. But I did not lose courage. Necessity obliged me to persevere in my endeavours, my natural stubbornness became roused, and only increased with the difficulties.

I wrote to a third publisher. He let me wait nearly three weeks, and then sent me a tolerably long letter, in which he first spoke of my work, *en vrai connaisseur*. I felt delighted. Then he informed me he was quite willing to publish it, and that he would send it to the printer, . . . I was almost stifled with joy . . .

as soon as I would send him a cheque for two hundred and fifty pounds. A deep groan broke forth from my heart, and I sank into a chair in utter despondency.

Two hundred and fifty pounds! . . . And I had not much more than fifty left for my daily expenses! In a few months I would be as poor as the beggar down in the street, who is playing the *Marseillaise* on his barrel-organ.

But I was not to be beaten so soon. I tried once more. Perhaps Atkinson would not refuse to publish my Essay anonymously. Let me try. So I sent it at last to Atkinson, the publisher of whom I have already spoken.

Within a week he wrote to me a polite note, asking me kindly to call at his office, whenever I was at leisure. Of course I was at leisure immediately. He received me with all the politeness that a nobleman of my birth could expect.

"And now let us talk business," said he, after a few words of conversation on indifferent topics. "I have read your book myself; it is excellent, and cannot fail to have an enormous sale. If I have taken the liberty of asking you to call on me, before sending it to the printer, it is simply to draw your attention to what I consider a strange omission."

My heart began to beat violently. Were my fears about to be realised?

"Yes, Mr. Tresyllian," continued he, "you have forgotten a capital point. Perhaps it is to be attributed to that absence of mind so common amongst authors. Fancy, you have omitted your name from the title-page!"

"Omitted, yes; forgotten, no!" replied I, trying to conceal my dismay under a careless smile; "I have resolved to publish the book anonymously. . . ."

"What an idea! Do you know your name is better than gold?"

"That may very well be; but I have irresistible reasons for not using it."

Mr. Atkinson got up from his seat, walked several times around the room, looking at the ceiling, with his brow knitted, and whistling silently between his teeth. When he had whistled enough, he remained standing before me, looked very serious, and said to me, caressing his chin:

"Well, sir, I need not tell you, I attach the greatest importance to your name, and I had scarcely doubted you would make use of it. I do not exactly know what reasons you may have for not doing so, but I suppose you have not calculated the consequences. Now listen: I have told you your Essay is excellent. Very well. But do you imagine that excellence is enough to secure success? Not in the least! The success of a book is a most puzzling, most complicated problem, in which so many points are to be considered, that a publisher is frequently very liable to overlook some of them. And if he does, he is done for. You know, as well as myself, that imperishable masterpieces have been moulding for years in the publishers' cellars, or have served as food to whole generations of rats, before gaining the favour of the public; many authors have had to wait until the last years of their lives before becoming known, and others have died of hunger before they became immortal. Well, you are only a common mortal like themselves; the same fate might therefore overtake you, if you had not an immense advantage over most young writers. You have a name! Thanks to your birth, and, above all, thanks to Lord St. Ives' celebrity, you have only to put your name to any moderately clever book, to secure for it immense success."

Here he stopped and looked at me inquiringly.

I answered him that I was in honour bound to publish my work anonymously, and that, having made up my mind on this point, I could not possibly alter my resolution.

The publisher again commenced to walk around the room, whistling silently. "Well," said he, after a few minutes, "I am a business-man, and it is only as a matter of business that I must look upon the question. This question is very simple: your Essay may be published either with your name, or without your name. I need not tell you that between these two modes of publication I cannot hesitate for a moment. The latter would be, after all, nothing but a speculation; a good speculation, if you like to call it so; but the best speculations, you know, may turn out badly. I have lost thousands of pounds on others as promising as this one, if not more so. The former mode is a splendid stroke of business, for success is certain; we should both find it pay, you as the author, and myself as the publisher. As I tell you, I am a man of business, and I have no choice in the matter. Allow me to make use of your name, and I will do my best for the book; if not, I shall very much regret to have to ask you to apply to another publisher. . . . And, I can tell you, you will have some difficulty in finding one who will take it, even at your own expense!"

I could not help replying that he was mistaken on this last point, and that I could have had it published already, if I liked, for £250.

"Really," said he. "Why! you are lucky! Many young writers have immense trouble in finding a publisher, even at their own expense. May I ask you why you did not accept the offer?"

This was as disagreeable a question as it was unexpected. I saw a malicious smile lurking in the corners

of his mouth. Did Mr. Atkinson know of my present reduced circumstances? No doubt he must have had an idea of them. My letter, which came neither from Cambridge, nor from my father's mansion in the West End, but bore the address of a house in a little street in Chelsea, must have excited his curiosity, and perhaps opened his eyes. Had he not, perhaps, made inquiries about me, before he asked me to see him? His succeeding remarks left me very little doubt on the point.

"I understand," said he, noticing my perplexity; "you prefer spending your money in a more . . . more satisfactory manner. Let's see! Perhaps you will allow me to write out for you a cheque for a certain amount to start with: shall we say . . . two hundred pounds? . . . No! . . . I am sure that, if you think it over carefully, you will soon get rid of your scruples. You might come back in a few days, and we could then settle together the final conditions of publication."

Saying these words, he took his cheque-book, and slowly turned over the leaves, as if to give me time for reflection. Two hundred pounds! and probably much more to come. It was a terrible temptation. Between ambition, fame, and comfort on one side, and duty, a humble career, and, perhaps, misery on the other, many a stronger man than myself would have hesitated. But I came out victorious from the struggle, and I was sufficiently master of my feelings, to thank Mr. Atkinson politely for his offer.

When I left, he would not return the manuscript immediately. "Think it over well," said he, bowing with great courtesy, "and you will soon come round; we shall soon see each other again, I'm sure we shall!"

But he was mistaken after all, for my resolution did not give way. Within a week I wrote to him for

the manuscript, and, the next day, it was once more in my hands.

In spite of my repeated failures, I was still hopeful, otherwise I doubt whether my resolution would have been so strong. Unfortunately, new checks were in store for me. But instead of discouraging me, they only increased my determination. I decided to apply to all the London publishers, one after another; and, if I did not succeed, to all the principal publishers in the United Kingdom, before I should confess myself beaten.

As I should not like to tire the reader with a full account of the vain attempts which I subsequently made, I shall simply say that, within the next four weeks, the manuscript was returned to me three times.

It was in the hands of the eighth publisher to whom I applied, when a new event took place, which suddenly changed the course of my thoughts altogether, and made me forget at the same time book, translations, editors, dreams, ambition, and fame!

CHAPTER XI.

It was one of those dismal, gloomy, awful days, when a slow, thin rain comes down with maddening steadiness from the dark leaden sky, and makes life in London a punishment both to man and beast; one of those days when the merriest feel despondent, the despondent melancholy, and the melancholy mad; one of those days when Englishmen deem it a duty to drink twice as much as usual, and when most foreigners get the spleen, and seriously think of committing suicide.

It had been raining for half the week, and still Heaven was inexorable: one might have believed that nature was preparing for the last day.

How I felt I am almost ashamed to confess. Although born in London, I hate such weather exceedingly. It has a most distressing effect upon me. No wonder, therefore, if within the last three days, my spirits sank almost to the lowest degree of despondency.

What made me a hundred times more wretched was the sad remembrances of the past, my present anxieties and the gloomy prospects of the future. Bertie had not given a single sign of life ever since my illness, and his silence was very painful to me. I missed my mother and sister dreadfully; although I had tried every means of seeing them, wherever there was a chance, except at home, I had never succeeded. So I finally came to the conclusion they must have gone abroad. But if I missed them, how much more was my heart yearning after Emmeline? My longing became at times so intense, that it affected my health, and I was prostrated for whole days. To find out her whereabouts, I had had recourse to a last expedient by advertising in all the chief French, German, Italian, as well as English papers. But even this last attempt proved fruitless.

In the midst of all these disheartening circumstances, I saw new troubles arising in the immediate future. My pecuniary resources had dwindled down almost to nothing. From a financial point of view, my Essay had altogether disappointed even my most moderate hopes, and turned out to be worse than useless. Within a few weeks I should be literally penniless, and what was I to do then?

This question was ever present to my mind, and added the horrors of unknown calamities to all my other sorrows.

Thus I passed the day in gloomy considerations. As the hours slowly crept on, my heart sank lower and lower, until I almost reached the same depth of despair as on the first evening I spent in these same rooms.

The night approached. At last my thoughts became unbearable. To escape from them, I suddenly got up, put on my broad-brimmed felt hat and mackintosh, and having tucked my trousers into the tops of my heavy boots, I rushed out into the rain.

Had I known in what state I was to return before the day was over, I should probably never have left the house.

It was about eight o'clock, but nearly dark, although we were in June. I directed my steps towards the liveliest part of the City.

Going down Piccadilly, I was asking myself whether I should ever be condemned to live in a gloomier place than London, when I happened to catch the following conversation behind me :

"Well, old fellow, I say it is he, I'm blessed if it isn't."

"And I'll be hanged if it is. Look at his hair and beard !"

"The hair may be cut, and the beard may grow."

"Do you think," replied the other, in a louder tone and with a strong touch of irony in his voice, "do you think that anything could ever have induced him to sacrifice that splendid head of hair he was so proud of, and to hide the beauty of his complexion under the forest of a full beard ? Vanity, thy name is . . ." I did not quite catch the name.

"But look at his whole person," answered the first speaker, and as he was speaking in a rather low voice, I did not hear all he said. "Is there another man who has that tall, . . . figure, together with that firm,

elastic step, who bears his head like . . . and who shows in all his motions that determination which . . . No, I have not a shadow of a doubt it is he, and I should have recognised him among a thousand !”

“ Well, I bet you five pounds it is not.”

“ All right, parson, I take it.”

“ Whoever loses shall spend the money on to-night’s spree.”

“ So be it !”

A moment after I felt somebody gently touching my shoulder, saying :

“ Lionel, old boy, how are you ?”

I turned round, and saw, in the light of a brilliantly-illuminated shop-window, two gentlemen whom I recognised immediately. The one who had spoken to me was of middle size, well-made, elegantly dressed, with light brown curly hair and very fine blue eyes. He had one of those bright, handsome, open faces which win your heart in a moment. As he looked at me, there was in his features an expression of deep affection, mingled with sadness. In the powerful grasp with which he seized my hand, I could feel how glad he was to meet me. He was still the same : my dear, old, affectionate friend, Herbert Cavendish.

The other was a very tall gentleman, slightly stooping, about twenty-eight years old, although he looked much older. He was dressed in black, had black hair, black eye-brows, scarcely separated in the middle, black eyes full of fire, and a large Roman nose which added to the peculiar expression of penetration imprinted upon his long, thin, pale face. In the curved line of his thin, compressed lips you could read a strange expression of irony, sarcasm, and bitterness. His face would have seemed striking even to the most indifferent observer, thanks to a splendid forehead which

might indeed have served as a model to a sculptor of genius. The deep lines which it bore told of profound thought, early sorrow, and violent passions. At first sight one might have believed he was a great thinker, a great sufferer, or a great libertine, if not all three. He *was* all three. We shall presently see who this remarkable man was.

He also, when I shook hands with him, looked at me with something like compassion, and his face, for an instant, lost its expression of sarcasm.

Herbert put his arm through mine, as he used to do in olden times, and we went down Piccadilly together.

"Well," said he to me, "I was sure it was you, and I need not tell you how delighted I am to see you once more, although we meet in sad times."

"You may believe me that I am not less delighted than you, Bertie, for I had really begun to fear you had forgotten me."

"How could I, Lionel? Don't you know me better? I have far too high an opinion of the value of a true friend to give you up so easily. But tell me, how are you? Do you know that you look remarkably well, in spite of your beard? How the dev I mean how on earth could you resolve to grow one? But we are changeable . . . and women, too! Never mind, I am delighted to see you have recovered from your illness. I knew you would. You must have been told that I saw you twice. The second time, the doctor told me you were out of danger. So I decided to leave you alone for a while. I knew from experience that, under the circumstances, solitude was the best thing for you. When the same thing happened to me, whilst we were together at Cambridge, I avoided everybody for several weeks, as you must remember, and I hated to see any human face, even your own."

What could he mean? I had no notion that his father had disowned him, and I did not even know that Bertie had ever been destined for the Church! That was, then, the cause of his sudden change and subsequent lamentable way of living! But Herbert never allowed me to put in a single word, and went on at full speed:

"Well, some time after, our Easter holidays began: I spent them in the north. Being at the Durham races, I met with an accident which forced me to keep quiet for a long time."

"Not a dangerous one, I hope," interrupted I.

"Very dangerous indeed! But I had a capital doctor, who prevented me from joining my noble ancestors too soon. After spending a few weeks at Bath to recruit my strength, I returned to town yesterday. Of course, my first thought was to come and see you, even," he added, with a look of great sympathy, "if I had not thought that you would feel very wretched just now."

I told him I did indeed, and that I seldom had felt so despondent as during the last few days.

"No wonder, poor old boy! . . . But cheer up, brighter days may come yet, although you may despair of it just now! . . . Knowing what dismal feelings would besiege you, and being convinced that there was nothing like a jolly bachelors' party to drive melancholy away, I was going with the parson to call on you this very evening and invite you to join us, when we saw you passing and I recognised you."

I hesitated some time, for I had not the slightest wish to be *jolly*. But as they both insisted, I finally gave way, partly to have the pleasure of spending the evening with Bertie, partly from a secret curiosity to know with what sort of company he associated. As

for myself, I was so confident of my own strength that I felt convinced I should never be seduced into leaving the straight path of strict morality.

"And now," said Herbert, "what have you been doing with yourself all this time?"

I related my life in a few words.

When I had finished, I saw them looking first at me and then at each other in great astonishment and admiration.

"What a man!" said Mansfield, the parson, in an undertone, as if speaking to himself. "Your force of character is so astounding, that any man who did not know you thoroughly would call you a monster of indifference and hardness of heart!"

I was about to reply that I did not see it at all, and that his words were a riddle for me, when Herbert cried out:

"Yes, Lionel, you are a marvellous man! I wish I could have done the same, and have drowned my grief in philosophy, instead of going to the deuce. Unfortunately, your strength of mind was not granted to me. . . . But, dammy," added he, after a moment, in a careless tone, "it's no use repenting after the worst is done. Let's forget the past and be jolly. Here's the place where our companions expect us."

A minute after, we entered a large and very elegant apartment of one of the most fashionable West-end hotels.

The first thing that struck my sight was an immense bowl of punch, the exquisite flavour of which filled the room with a delicious fragrance, and had a most soothing effect upon my spirits. Half a dozen gentlemen were scattered about on sofas, chairs, and armchairs, talking, laughing, and smoking, in not very classical but most comfortable postures; others were standing around the table, and looked in silent delight at

the one who was filling the glasses with the purple liquid.

I saw at a glance that we were all three expected, and I noticed immediately that I was the object of the same mingled curiosity and sympathy which Herbert and Mansfield had shown. The curiosity I ascribed to my altered appearance, and the sympathy to their being acquainted with my past misfortunes. After all, I thought, they cannot be such very bad fellows.

"Just in time, gentlemen," cried the one who was handling the ladle, "we were just going to begin without you."

He was about twenty-five years old, of small stature, of rather slender build, with an abundance of black curly hair. Great sharpness, as well as decision, were his most striking features. He was a Yankee. The peculiar shape of his beard, his way of doing his hair, together with other signs of his external appearance, but above all his strong accent, left no doubt on the point.

"Your bowl, Emerson, is so large," replied the parson, "that we could never have come too late Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you my friend, the Honourable Lionel Tresyllian, the distinguished son of our illustrious Lord St. Ives."

I first shook hands with the Yankee, who seemed to be the moving spirit of the company, and then with all the others. Most of them were known to me: some had just taken their degrees at Cambridge, one or two were rusticated Trinity men, others were supposed to study law at the Temple, and others, finally, were young noblemen spending their time in running after pleasure. Among those with whom I was not acquainted, I noticed chiefly a tall, remarkably handsome man, very fair, with a splendid pair of whiskers. He was dressed with extreme elegance; his dazzling

white shirt-front was very apparent, and his cuffs were of prodigious size; a splendid diamond-ring, of the purest water, which he sported to the greatest advantage, enhanced the grand appearance of this personage. There was something majestic in all his motions, and the way he smoked his cigarette and stroked his beard would have done honour to Jupiter presiding over the full council of ancient gods.

Next to him sat an individual who formed a striking contrast with this model of a swell. His low forehead, prominent jaws, and repulsive, brutal appearance, reminded one strongly of Darwin's theory; and one would have actually taken him for the missing link, if he had not had a moustache of prodigious size, so very prodigious that one involuntarily doubted whether he had not bought it in a hairdresser's shop. He wore a shabby velvet jacket, and very tight trousers, of a dirty yellow colour; a new many-coloured necktie did not quite conceal his shirt, which was in great want of a laundress; a black velvet hat, resting on one ear, completed his outfit. This shabby-genteel specimen of humanity came to shake hands with me, with many protestations of delight, and then stared at me with the most exquisite impudence through a gold eye-glass. If I had been a French ballet-girl, dancing the *grand pas*, he could not have stared more.

"Now then," cried the parson, when I had made or renewed acquaintance with every one, "now then, let us make a cheerful noise and be jolly together!"

"Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, even in the time appointed, and upon our solemn feast-day," responded a young man, stretched out on a sofa. He had a pale, sickly face; his cheeks were hollow; his eyes, sunk deep in his head and encircled with black, had lost their brilliancy; his whole appearance proved that, in spite of his youth, he was an old profligate.

His quotation having been received with applause, he jumped up, and continued, in a hoarse voice :

"Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together. Let the mountains skip like rams, and the little hills like young sheep around this glorious punch-bowl."

"I guess, sir," said the Yankee, whilst every one was taking a glass full of the precious liquor, "you are going into the Church."

"I was!"

"And probably will be," added the parson.

When every one was ready with his glass, Emerson, raising his own, said in a powerful voice :

"And now for the toast of the evening! Gentlemen, I am proud to propose the health of our new companion, the Honourable Lionel Tresyllian. May he drown black care in this magic drink, and become the jolliest of this jolly company! Hip, hip, hip!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!!"

The hurrahs were given in the most flattering manner.

I felt rather bewildered at this very unexpected toast, but I managed to say a few polite words, avoiding the real point in agreeable commonplaces, and without pledging myself in any way to follow their slippery course.

Then the glasses were filled again. Some emptied them for a second time at a draught, others little by little, as if they desired to taste every drop of the precious liquid.

Every one expressed his satisfaction by some glowing epithet. When all others had exhausted their praise, the handsome swell tasted his, with an air of such great seriousness, that one might have believed the glory of the British Empire depended on his opinion; and when he saw that all eyes were fixed

upon him, he smacked his lips, and cried out, with great emphasis, "Delicious!" Then he raised his glass to the light, shut his left eye, and admired the rich colour of the beverage through his right eye for a few seconds. This done, he brought back the glass to his lips in a most graceful curve, drank a few drops more, and cried out with greater emphasis, "DeLicious!!" Having repeated this performance once more, with still greater ostentation, he emptied his glass, and cried out, in a more pathetic tone still, "Most deLicious!!!"

The whole company complimented Emerson, who was the punch-maker, on his wonderful art, and pronounced him to be one of the greatest benefactors of humanity.

"Well," replied he, "I guess it is not bad; but if you want to know all its beauty, you ought to taste it on a hot summer's day, when the thermometer, for a couple of weeks, has never gone down below 90°. Then take it with ice, and you will find that it really is, as the German count says, *most delicious!*"

As every one insisted on knowing how it was made, he gave the recipe for it. I remember it well, for I have not forgotten any incident which occurred on this eventful evening.

"This is really a godly drink," said a very stout gentleman, whose red face, covered with pimples, bore testimony to his liking at least two of the good things recommended by Luther in his famous verse:

*"Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang."*

"This is really a godly drink! I enjoy it the more, begad, when I think that, if I had not had my wits about me yesterday, I might have had to drink water instead of punch to-day!"

"Weally, Chawley?" asked the handsome swell, "And what has been youaw last spwee?"

"Capital one!—got into trouble at the York races—lost eight hundred pounds on Black Mare. Confound you, Muggles, you swore she would come in first."

"Yes, I swore so, —," replied the gentleman with the gold eye-glass, putting in an oath after every two words. "I had taken the best information, —, and spent fifty pounds in tipping grooms and stable-boys. Hang that jockey! He told me for certain that his Brownie was not fit to run, but, —, she ran, after all, and our Black Mare came in second. Never mind, luck is coming back. From what I have found out, —, we cannot fail to win a tremendous lot at the Ascot races next week, and I'll be dashed if we don't make up for past losses."

"I hope so, else . . ." The stout horse-racer finished his sentence with a look more expressive than words. "Well," continued he, speaking to the whole company, "after losing the £800, I felt rather vexed, and spent a lot o' money in liquoring up, and frequenting the most fashionable places in the town, to wind up my spirits. Within a couple of weeks, all money was gone—had put up at the Red Lion, very nice hotel, good dinners, excellent wines, very pretty servant girls—lived in grand style, chiefly because had very little cash—but tipped servants regularly every day—excellent thing to do, when you mean to cheat the landlady. So I got on splendidly for a couple of weeks, but finally hadn't even a shilling left for the servants. Next morning, stout landlady sends up bill—I look at it—was twenty-two pounds odd—and light my cigar with it. Two days after, another bill—landlady brings it herself, and asks for payment;—put her off with a glorious lie, and go on in the same style for several days; at last, bill again for the third time,

with imperative demand for cash,—place gets hot for me,—I order a bottle of cham, but no cham—order dinner for two, my friend Muggles comes, but no dinner. Have never been treated so shamefully in my life!—never!! never!!! Swear to have my revenge, and teach the landlady how to behave towards a gentleman. With the assistance of Muggles, I carry out my design most splendidly. Next morning, before daylight, throw my leather portmanteau, with all valuables, out of the window—the faithful Muggles is there to catch it, and runs with it to the station, where he takes two third-class tickets for the first morning train.—Then I wait until about a quarter of an hour before the train is to leave, open my door carefully, and creep down on tiptoe. But, alas! down in the hall, the landlady bars my way. Was in a frightful fix! But only for a moment—pull out my empty pocket-book, telling her the gentleman, who saw me late last night, had paid me an old debt of £45. She immediately takes the bait like a fool, becomes all smiles, and politely asks me to follow her into the little parlour next the taproom. Happily, the key was in the door—a glorious idea strikes me :—Instead of going in after her, I gently lock the door outside, and then run away like the dev. . . . Well, —, the train was late, very late, frightfully late, so that one of the best and cleverest tricks ever performed by man was in great danger of being spoiled through the bad management of that confounded railway. At last, when I had exhausted all my stock of curses against the engine-driver, the stoker, the guard, and all the passengers, the train came. In we jump, and are just off, when I perceive the dear old landlady rushing wildly upon the platform, gesticulating and screaming frantically; and, to the immense amusement of all standers-by, and to our own infinite delight, shouting

with all her might, 'Stop the train! Stop the train!' It was a glorious sight, not to be paid for with gold. . . . I have done a good many hotel-keepers, but I have never enjoyed a trick more than my last one!"

This shameful piece of roguery was received with shouts of laughter; and, above all, you could hear the German count shouting: "Most chawming! chawming! chawming!"

"It's too good a joke," roared that excellent friend Muggles. "Let's fill up, and drink to the health of the stout landlady!"

The toast was received with immense pleasure, and, to my great sorrow, I noticed that Herbert joined in it most heartily.

As the glasses were filled over and over again, the company got noisier, and I felt more and more uncomfortable. The German count spoke in most glowing terms of all the pleasures he experienced in certain elegant circles in town, the shabby gentleman sang a few comic songs not fit for any decent company, and the sickly youth related one or two love-stories too highly flavoured to be reproduced.

I seriously began to think how I could best take my leave.

"What on earth would your governor say," asked the parson, "if he heard you using such ungodly language?"

"My governor?" was the answer. "I don't care a — about my governor. Why on earth did he wish to bring me up like a saint? and why the d—l did he paint the D—l so d—lish black? If he were here, I should tell him he knows no more about real life than an unborn child. . . . At home we had a lot of praying, and singing, and sermons, and moral lectures. For a change, I had the pleasure of reading Sophocles, and making Latin verse. I scarcely ever associated

with any young men, before I was sent to Cambridge. That was a life at the Rectory! Bless my soul! it makes me shudder when I think of it!—Then, to prepare me for real life, my father never got tired of telling me how wretched all those must be who pursue worldly pleasures . . .”

“What an excellent joke!”

“How bitter remorse must poison their gayest hours in day-time!”

“Chawming!”

“How they must pass their sleepless nights in washing their beds and watering their couches with bitter tears, like old David, you know . . .!”

Roars of laughter drowned for a moment the speaker's voice.

“Well, thus prepared against the assaults of the devil and all his creed, I was sent to Cambridge. The excellent results of my father's training soon appeared. I fell in with a very fast set, and within a week after my arrival I tasted the forbidden fruit, not without some fear or trembling. But I found the fruit very nice and my remorse quite bearable; I soon got into full swing, within six months I was rusticated, and now I think I have about as great experience of real life as any of you.”

Hereupon the young libertine was impudent enough to propose his father's health, and they all drank the toast with tremendous cheers.

When the cheering was over, the parson took the word. Everyone listened in silence. Even those wild fellows acknowledged his superiority.

“Your story, Sanders, proves a great truth, which men are only too fond of ignoring: the devil is the most susceptible of all beings, he hates nothing so much as to be deprived of his real character, and he never forgives those who have been guilty of slandering

him. Your father will, I feel sure, admit it by this time.

“Far from being that nasty fellow, that black, melancholy wretch, or that shameless, awful villain which righteous fools represent him to be, the devil is a perfect gentleman, the most affectionate and charming companion, and very frequently the most devout and orthodox Christian. Wherever we look, we shall find him in the best company and in the most eminent places. It is his greatest ambition to be seated on the throne, for he knows that one king-devil is worth thousands of little devils. Wherever he does not occupy that exalted post, he is sure to be found at least very near it, being a perfect courtier and the most faithful friend of crowned heads. That he has a strong party in all legislative assemblies is proved by history; even nowadays he knows how to disguise himself so advantageously, that both Houses pass his bills with the utmost *prévenance*.

“He has his *entrées* in the most fashionable *salons* of every capital, and is one of their chief ornaments. Never was there a more admirable *homme du monde*. He talks most learnedly with the learned, most wittily with the witty, most sentimentally with the sentimental, most piously with the pious, and most wickedly with the wicked; he sings like an angel, dances like a nymph, plays all sorts of instruments with consummate art, and his beautiful external appearance makes him a perfect god of the drawing-room.

“But if you think that he only delights in appearing in the white neck-tie, you are grievously mistaken, for he likes nothing so much as exchanging, at times, the tail-coat for the surplice. Knowing what power the Church has had for so many centuries, he is sure to be found in the Church. He is a distinguished preacher, speaking most eloquently on things he does not believe, and

moving his audience to torrents of tears on things they do not understand. Of course, as he courts fashion and popularity, he belongs, in England, to the Church of England, although he is generally known to be a sound Catholic and staunch Ultramontane.

"It cannot be pretended, however, that the Reverend old gentleman always feels at home in the Church, for he is not naturally given to devotion. On the contrary, what he likes best in this world, is to appear in his loosest dress, as a jolly companion, full of life and full of fun, mad after gambling, mad after women, mad after all the wildest debauches, and, especially in England, mad after horse-racing and still more after drinking. In our beloved country, the bottle is indeed his greatest source of power, and there is nothing he hates so intensely as a teetotaler. If I had to represent the devil in his popular English apparel, I should represent him on horseback, racing down to hell, swinging a bottle around his head, with thousands of little John Bulls, of all classes and all sizes, running along with him at full speed, holding a bottle in one hand and his tail in the other.

"Such is the devil. I think this picture is far more faithful than the one generally sold in religious shops. Of course, he never disdains putting on his dirty clothes, when it gives him a chance of catching some low fellow. But in that attire he is unknown to us. If our devil, that of good society, were really such a low cad and abominable blackguard as some pious lunatics suppose him to be, he would certainly not occupy such a distinguished position, nor have so many followers, nor exercise such an easy power over the most powerful rulers in this world!

"So, gentlemen, allow me to propose, as our next toast, the great ruler of humanity, his Imperial Majesty the Devil!"

If ever the old gentleman has rejoiced in his heart in the course of his long career, it must have been that evening; and when some day these great admirers of his go down to pay him a friendly visit, he will, no doubt, remember them kindly, and assign to them the warmest place in his infernal empire.

The cheers were still resounding, when I escaped through a door in the back-ground of the room, and found myself on a little verandah, alone in the silent, gloomy night.

CHAPTER XII.

ALTHOUGH the toast was not to my liking, I could not help admiring the clever, sharp, and amusing way in which the parson knew how to present deep thoughts and solemn truths, and how to make of a caricature of the devil a biting satire of our present society. The whole discourse formed a striking contrast with the ambiguous songs and immoral stories I had heard in the course of the evening. "What a pity," said I to myself, "that such a man should thus waste his powers! He might have aspired to become, some day, one of the leading celebrities in England; whether as a writer, an orator, or a mathematician, he seemed to be destined to shine like a star of first magnitude, and yet he prefers the pleasures of a wild, dissipated life to all the honours of a noble and glorious career!"

But what was still more painful to me was to see Herbert associating with such reprobates! Less than a year ago, the slightest licentiousness of speech would have shocked him, and the mere thought of debauchery would have filled him with sacred horror! And now he loudly applauds the most immoral story

of this disgraceful set! Thousands of times I had thought of what might be the cause of such a lamentable change, but always in vain, until this evening. And yet I could scarcely believe that his father's obstinacy in wishing to send him into the Church could have brought it about.

I felt very much puzzled. By-and-by, leaving the past and looking into the future, I saw all the temptations that lay in his way, all the dangers from which escape was impossible, and I took a silent but solemn oath that there should be no rest for me, before I saved him from slow but sure degradation!

I was making dismal reflections on the mysteries of the human heart, when the door opened, and Bertie stepped out.

"Well, Lionel," said he, in a merry tone, "a fine set of fellows, eh? Rather too boisterous for you, perhaps, but you will soon get used to them."

Here he stopped a moment, as if to give me time for an answer. I did not say a word. But he did not understand my silence, and went on carelessly:

"As you are likely to meet with them more frequently, I think I ought to make you better acquainted with them.

"You know the parson. What a splendid fellow! To pass senior wrangler and third classic at twenty-two—by Jove, it is not done every day! What a pity that he should have got into such rows! And three times for the same thing! It looks as if he were persecuted by fate You must remember the last affair No? Really not? Well, I must tell you then. When the first two rows were forgotten, he took holy orders, and soon after got that fine living at Gaisford. There he seemed to have begun quite a new life, and the reputation of

his eloquence in the pulpit and his religious zeal out of it was already spreading all over England, when he got into a greater row than ever. It was really awful. All the papers spoke of it. It happened about three months ago. I am astounded that you should know nothing about it.

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"Well, poor Mansfield was suspended, and since then he has gone to the deuce. . . . And yet he is so different from all other wild fellows.

He is by far the most moral of us, and I know he has performed many generous deeds, quite worthy of his former reputation. He is a living enigma. I sometimes fancy he frequents our company from philosophical motives, like Eugène Sue, when he wrote his famous work. There must be some sad mystery in his life; we have frequently tried to find it out, but it is useless. He is as silent as an Egyptian sphinx!

"Emerson is a fine specimen of a Yankee; clever, outspoken, as cool as a cucumber, as bold as the righteous in the Old Testament, and one of the pleasantest and most entertaining companions in existence. You would probably take him for the son of some great American politician, or at least of some money-lord or railway-king. But no! His father is one of the richest farmers in the far West, and Emerson will be a farmer himself. If he were to be President of the United States, he could not be prouder of his position. For the last three years he has been travelling all over Europe, to complete his education, studying in all countries the habits and customs, politics and religions, the state of education, of science and arts, mixing in all societies, and frequenting both the most refined circles

and the lowest hells. That's what he calls a study of real life. It is a fine existence, far more interesting than vegetating in our stiff, formal, moral and orthodox English society.

"Young Sanders, with the pale face, is, of course, a parson's son. That's saying enough. His father, like a fool, wished to make a saint of him too soon, and now Sanders is one of the fastest youths between the pole and the equator. Poor boy, at the rate he is living, he will soon pass the Rubicon!"

He said this in a most careless way, as if to pass the Rubicon was a matter of no consequence whatever to anyone.

"As for that fellow with the gorilla-face and the gold eye-glass, he is a cad. I believe he was a jockey, until he met with a bad fall; he has passed most of his life with grooms, stable-boys, horse-racers, and book-makers, and is up to most of the tricks in racing matters. He is a good hand at finding out what is going on behind the scene of the race-course, and whatever secrets he discovers he is ready to sell to anyone who cares to pay for them. I kept him myself for some time, but I lost a tremendous lot by following his advice, and so I gave him up. At present he is in Barnett's pay. But how much longer he is likely to be or not to be, that is the question, as Shakespeare says.

"Stout Barnett is the son of a colonel; he spends his time and money in horse-racing, drinking, and making love. I have never seen a man so fond of excitement. He must have a constitution of iron, for what is killing young Sanders seems to agree with him wonderfully. He is a very jolly fellow, who believes in neither God nor devil, and means to enjoy life as long as there is a sovereign in his pocket, a drop of wine in his glass, and . . ."

"All the others you know, except the swell. He is, of course, no more a German count than I am a mandarin. What nationality he belongs to no one knows, for he speaks several languages like a native: I am told so, at least, for I am not the best judge myself. He lives in very high style, and spends a tremendous lot, but no one knows where his money comes from. He is the only one in whom I was mistaken. I took him, at first, for a harmless sort of a fool, but I think I have found him out at last, and I'm afraid he is a *rum* one. If I am not mistaken, he makes it his business to allure young noblemen and gentlemen into those fashionable hells where they lose, in a very short time, their innocence and virtue, and their money into the bargain. Curse the fellow! he got me in once, but he sha'n't again."

These were the first words which Herbert spoke with any sign of displeasure.

"If he did nothing worse than that, I shouldn't mind, though; for after all, an Englishman, at twenty, is generally able to take care of himself. But I fear that elegant personage is engaged in a nasty trade. I shouldn't be astonished if he were paid to . . ."

I looked up, for I did not understand the meaning of the words he added.

Herbert went on without noticing it, as if speaking to himself:

"I wonder how many . . ., before he could afford to buy that splendid diamond ring of his!"

Now I saw what he meant. So far I had not interrupted him. My sorrow was too great to allow me to speak. But now, when I understood the awful meaning of his last words, I could not restrain myself any longer, and I cried out in a voice of reproach, trembling with emotion:

"And yet, Herbert, you associate with such an abominable villain! . . ."

What I added is impossible for me to repeat. I only remember that I spoke to him with all the fervour and eloquence of a man whose most ardent wish is to save his friend from sure perdition.

I must have moved him, for long before I finished, he had seized my hand, and, in the dim glimmer of a distant light, I could read grief and repentance in his drooping countenance.

And then, forgetting all that surrounded us, he related to me the cause of his mysterious change. It was a sad story. I must have misunderstood him before, for religion had nothing to do with it. He had fallen madly in love with a young and noble lady of incomparable beauty, but whose treachery had broken the heart of more than one lover. Fearing my remonstrances, Herbert had decided never to breathe a word about it, and he kept his secret so well that I never had the remotest notion of it. Passionate love is essentially selfish, and will frequently stop the sources of all other affections. He found out only too soon, or rather too late, that he had been most shamefully betrayed by the lady of his love; for when the renowned Lord Sandcliff offered her his heart, together with his great name and enormous fortune, she gave up Herbert with a coolness and *sans façon* that could not have been excelled by the cleverest fortune-hunter in England.

After receiving this blow, poor Bertie, instead of confiding his sorrows to me, sought to drown them in dissipation, and thus I was made to understand those mysterious words of his: "There are circumstances in life when the best thing we can do is to get gloriously tight, to play high, and to give our hand to the devil, for fear of his taking us altogether."

I tried to console Bertie with all the gentle words with which my affection inspired me ; but I had not gone far when he interrupted me :

" Dear Lionel, the worst is over, and I think I shall soon recover from the blow altogether. I wish I had had more confidence in you in days gone by ; I might have avoided this sad life. But all is not yet lost ; I may still show myself worthy of your friendship. Your consolation is the sweeter to me, as you have been as cruelly tried as myself. And when I think that at this very moment your trials have reached their climax, and yet you forget your own misfortune to share that of a friend, I cannot tell you how deeply grateful I am to Heaven to have given me a friend like you."

I was going to answer that I considered my own trials far more bearable than those of an unhappy lover, when we were interrupted.

" Where the deuce are they ?" cried half a dozen voices.

" Are they shedding floods of tears over the inconstancy of their sweethearts ?"

Their sweethearts ? What could they mean ?

But before I had time to think of it, I was seized under my arms, and we were both brought back into the room in great triumph.

" Hurrah !" cried the parson ; " now let them drink each a whole bumper over the treachery of women."

" Curse them all !" said Herbert, in a fit of anger, probably meaning his companions, and not the women.

Here, amid shouts of laughter, the following dialogue took place between the parson and young Sanders :

" Their throat is an open sepulchre, they flatter with their tongue."

" Under their tongue is ungodliness and vanity."

"The poison of asps is under their lips, their mouth is full of bitterness, their feet are swift to shed blood."

"They are venomous as the poison of a serpent: even like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears, which refuseth to hear the voice of her charmer, charm he never so wisely."

"Why," interrupted a voice, "don't you curse them a bit, as Cavendish wants you to do?"

So the past and future parsons went on:

"Let them consume away like a snail, and be like the untimely fruit of a woman."

"Let hot burning coals fall upon them, let them be cast into the fire and into the pit, that they never rise up again."

"Let their children be vagabonds, and beg their bread, let them seek it also out of desolate places."

"Blessed shall he be that taketh their children and throweth them against the stones."

"Well," cried the Yankee, "I have heard a good many curses, but that last one, I calculate, beats anything that even the lowest and most blackguardly Irish rowdy in New York could ever imagine! Let's give three groans for the author of those curses."

The groans were given with a mighty voice that shook the whole room.

When the last one was over, the German count, who was standing near me, pulled his cuffs, passed his hand majestically three times through his hair, and then addressed me:

"You awe vewy quiet, Mistaw Twesyllian, faw too quiet! Why don't you gwoan like one of us?"

The fellow inspired me with a strange horror. Impelled by a sudden, irresistible feeling, I looked him straight in the face, and gave a tremendous groan. But he, as well as his companions, misunderstood the

meaning of it. The whole room shouted with laughter, and above all you could hear the swell roaring :

"Haw! haw! haw! haw! . . . beautiful gwoan! haw! haw! haw! . . . Chawming gwoan! haw! haw! haw! haw! . . . Delicious gwoan! haw! haw! haw! haw! haw!"

When he had recovered from his fit of laughter, he went on :

"I was just going to tell you that if you caaw faw it, I'll intwoduce you into the jolliest company of ouaw high awistocwacy. Nothing but fellows of our sawt."

Here he touched his breast with the tips of the fingers of his right hand, which he waved most gracefully towards me, and added :

"Young dukes, mawquesses, earls, viscounts, etcet-waw; nothing but tip-top swells, you know, the quame d'law quame (*crème de la crème*), as the Fwench say. Isn't it so, Sanders?"

"Quite so," replied the sickly youth, "and you will be *en pays de connaissance*, Tresyllian, for some of them know you better than you would imagine. Fancy, the other day you were the subject of a very interesting conversation. One of them was relating the row your disappearance caused at Trinity College. All sorts of ludicrous rumours, it seems, were afloat at the beginning. That you had had a row with your father was beyond doubt. But why? That became the subject of a long discussion. Some said you had been in love in Germany with a clergyman's daughter, who could not forget you; others that you had lost an immense deal in secretly gambling; others that Lord St. Ives wished you to marry a young and rich widow of forty-five. In fact, no supposition was absurd enough not to be brought forth by some one; but the most ludicrous of all was that you had renounced

a splendid career in the Church, simply because moral and religious scruples prevented you from taking holy orders."

This piece of news was received as a splendid joke, and created a good deal of merriment.

"Glorious!" cried the parson, "glorious indeed! As if either faith, piety, holy zeal, or even simple common sense were required for the business. Look at the fellows that nowadays take holy orders:

"When a man has failed in every other profession, what do they do with him? They send him into the Church.

"When a man is too lazy for anything else, but wants to be a gentleman, where does he go to? He goes into the Church.

"When a man has neither taste, nor talent, nor vocation for religious life, but happens to be a younger son of a poor nobleman, what will they do with him? They will send him into the Church.

"When a man is kicked out of the army for drunkenness, or turned out of his profession for immorality, what do they do with him? They kick him into the Church.

"Such is our great and much-beloved Church of England. No wonder that some people whisper that it is going to the dogs. . . . I wonder who was the great thinker that imagined Tresyllian would refuse the certainty of one of the fattest livings in England from religious scruples or want of strong convictions? Really it is a glorious idea!"

I let the parson speak and the others laugh: I had too much sense to throw my pearls before swine.

"Well, Tresyllian," went on Sanders, who was getting the worse for the punch, "when you first left, no one knew the real cause of your departure, in spite of all suppositions; but it transpired soon after."

I began to feel rather curious to know this supposed cause, so I said :

"And may I ask you what this mysterious and long debated cause is in reality?"

"Why, the whole town knows it, so you need not try to conceal it: your love affair with Lady Harcourt."

"And the whole town knows that?" asked I, with the most benignant smile.

"The whole town."

"Well," continued I, in the same complacent and self-assured tone, "the whole town would perhaps be sorry to hear that it is a mistake, and that Lady Harcourt has nothing whatever to do with it."

This declaration caused a great sensation; so great, indeed, that I was very much astonished at it. I had said the simplest thing in the world, and yet they looked at me as if my words were perfectly astounding.

"Really, Tresyllian," said the parson, very seriously, "your coolness is beyond anything I have ever seen. If you were a stoic philosopher, you could not play your part to greater perfection. Herbert has frequently told us of your strength of mind, but what we see now is really marvellous."

What could he mean?

Here he turned towards the company, saying:

"Whilst Lady Harcourt is carried off to the continent to put a stop to all intercourse between the two lovers, Tresyllian is quietly writing a philosophical treatise. Isn't it admirable?"

"Admirable!" repeated they in a chorus.

I listened with something more than interest.

"Whilst Lady Harcourt is being courted by that paragon of stupidity, the wealthy Lord Singleton, Tresyllian is dreaming of nothing else than becoming a great writer. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Wonderful!"

My heart began to beat with suppressed anxiety.

"Whilst Lady Harcourt's engagement is published in all the fashionable *salons* in London, Tresyllian is thinking of nothing but finding a publisher for his great work. Isn't it sublime?"

"Sublime!"

A cold shiver ran through me. I wished to speak, but my tongue was paralysed. I wished to rise, but my strength had gone. While I was falling back in silent terror, the parson, whose face was turned away from me, went on:

"And now he mentions Lady Harcourt's name with that philosophical calmness and dignity which strike us with astonishment and admiration, whilst to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, Lady Harcourt is going to be married at Baden. Isn't it . . ."

I jumped up like a man shot through the heart, and fell back again in speechless agony. In an instant I saw it all. I remembered Herbert's compassionate look, Mansfield's strange admiration, the whole company's sympathy when I first entered, Emerson's toast, Herbert's story, and a thousand little incidents which had struck me during the evening as strange and unaccountable, and which all pointed to the same awful truth. I threw one long, wild look around the company, who stared at me in sorrow and dismay.

I met Herbert's glance. . . . And when I saw two large tears glistening in his eyes and running down his pale cheeks—when I saw him clasp his hands with grief—when I heard him mutter in despair, "He knew nothing about it!"—then I felt that I was not the object of an infamous joke, or the victim of a horrible nightmare: I felt I had been robbed of my love, robbed of my greatest treasure, robbed of my brightest dreams and sweetest hopes, I felt that henceforth all was

gloom, despair, and boundless misery for me, and I rushed through the door with a low cry of anguish breaking forth from my torn heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ ‘TO-MORROW she is going to be married !’ . . . Thousands of times have I repeated those words, and yet I do not understand them. They are like an awful secret told in an unknown tongue, they strike my ear, but convey no meaning to my mind : and yet I feel as if my everlasting happiness depended upon them. . . . It seems to me as if centuries had passed since I began to enquire into this impenetrable mystery. . . . Will the time ever come when I shall cease to think of it ? This question fills me with despair. Oh ! what an existence, to be condemned to repeat for ever : ‘ To-morrow she is going to be married !’ . . .

“ Madly do I long to forget this horrible to-morrow ; but it is all in vain. I have tried over and over again to think of the past, in order to connect those words with some dismal remembrance ; but whenever a light begins to dawn upon me, whenever I feel I am about to find the key to the enigma, suddenly the chain of my thoughts is broken, a dark veil is thrown over my eyes, and an irresistible power compels me to repeat those words, so barren of meaning and yet so terrible ! . . .

. . . “ I feel so sad, so tired of this life ! I wish I could fall asleep for ever. If I knew where my grave is to be, oh ! what happiness to go and dig it with my

own hands, and lay down my weary limbs, never to rise again either in this world or another. . . . Death is the greatest benefactor of man: it is an angel of kindness sent by God to those he loves best. Blessed is he who dies as soon as born, for life in this world is a punishment! . . .

. . . "How many times have I not called death to my rescue! It is so near at hand. Not far from here the river is running silent and gloomy. A leap,—and all is over! It seems so easy to take one step from the bridge into eternity: but the same power that compels me to repeat those terrible words, holds me back and forbids me to die. . . . But if I died, would they die with me? . . . A firm conviction tells me that I should revive again in another world, as I died in this, with the same words upon my lips: 'To-morrow she is going to be married!' . . .

. . . "I will try once more to forget them, I will try the only means by which I hope to solve at last the mystery. In spite of so many failures, I may succeed at last. . . . What have I done with the portrait? . . . Let me think! . . . Yes, here it is, near my aching heart! . . . Come out, you sweetest of the sweet, and in your eyes let me find my only consolation! . . .

"It is she! the fairest maiden ever seen by an artist in his most glorious vision, and painted in his hour of highest inspiration. There she is sitting in all the freshness and beauty of youth; her luxuriant chestnut hair hanging in ringlets down to her knees; her little snow-white hands folded in her lap; her soft, dreamy, hazel eyes, shaded by long, dark, curved eye-lashes, looking at me in unspeakable tenderness. Around her delicately chiselled mouth there is playing her sweet, loving, heavenly smile: sweet like the first smile of a child when he first recognises his mother, loving like

the first smile of a virgin who has just received the first kiss of love, heavenly like the first smile of an angel taking his first step amid all the splendours of Paradise. Although she bears upon her brow the purest stamp of child-like innocence and modesty, her graceful form already shows the rich and noble lines of early womanhood. All that is delightful in the maiden and enchanting in the woman is blended in her in the most exquisite harmony. Oh! happy, a thousand times happy, the man who would worship her in soul and body, with body and soul! . . .

"Whenever I look at these beloved features, my mind wanders back to a past as bright and happy as the present is dark and wretched. But my recollections are so vague and intricate, they assume such fantastic and ever changing forms, that it is a hopeless task for me to try to understand them. Among all those recollections, there is but one which always remains clear before me: I have been in love, madly in love.

"But the moment I begin to inquire into the object of my love, I get lost in such a crowd of contrary convictions, that I give up all hope of ever finding out the truth.

"Is she a real or an imaginary being? . . . She must be real, she must have existed and exist still, for the deepest conviction tells me so. Many and many a time I have felt her lips upon my lips, many a time I have seen her smile in silent happiness when I overwhelmed her with the proofs of my love, many a time I have found ineffable bliss in the assurance of her undying faith. Yes, there ought not to be the slightest doubt left in my mind that she is a real being, enjoying at present all the greatest blessings of life: youth, beauty, high birth, nobility of mind, and generosity of soul. . . . And yet, I do not know why, but I feel she

dents of that happy day. . . . But then, if she gave it to me, she must have been more than a portrait, she cannot have been buried last century, she must have been still alive a short time ago, and probably is now. . . . And yet I feel that she is no more, and, if I can trust my former conviction, she can never have existed in reality. . . .”

. . . . “But what is the good of reasoning: I have tried a thousand times to get out of this vicious circle, and yet, after the greatest exertions, I always find myself again at the starting-point. . . . There is somewhere in my mind a blank, a great blank. If I could only fill it, I am sure that all the perplexing evidences which at present baffle my reasoning powers would soon agree, the truth would appear to me in all its glorious simplicity, and the great secret would be discovered. . . . But how can I fill this blank? . . .”

. . . . “I will begin once more, and proceed with mathematical accuracy. This certainly is a portrait, a real, tangible portrait, neither the creation of a deceitful dream, nor of my bewildered imagination. I worship this portrait: this is no dream either, for I am wide awake now. How long have I worshipped it? . . . As long as I can remember. There was no time, it appears to me, when I did not worship it. . . . And who am I? . . . To this question there is but one answer: a poor author, devoured by ambition, who has all his life been aspiring to the honours of this world, and . . . who is likely soon to be buried in a pauper’s grave. If this is not true and evident, there can be nothing more evident to me in this world. No doubt, all those ideas about a great hall, and ancestors, and a noble lady-love, must belong to that happy ideal world

in which poor authors are so fond of roaming about. How could I otherwise live as I do, in a modest apartment at twelve shillings a week? Why should I be so anxious about my future? Why should I despair of ever meeting with the fame I am aspiring to? . . . Yes, a new light begins to dawn upon me. As far as I can now clearly remember, I have always lived here, a poor, unknown writer, and all the remainder is mere fancy. . . . Besides, I have only to look at her to see that she could never have existed. Like all masterpieces of painting or statuary, she is too beautiful to be real, too admirable in her innocence and tenderness to be the image of a human being. . . .

. . . "And yet it must be more than a picture, for why should I grieve when I look at it now? Why should I still, in spite of myself, return to my old idea, and think that the object of my love was, after all, a real being? . . . Ah! I cannot help it, the conviction is returning stronger than ever: yes, darling, you are my living love, the one I called my own long before I knew you, the one I am now yearning after so madly. How I wish I could fly into your arms, bury my face on your breast, and cry myself asleep! . . . Ah! why should I be so wretched when thinking of you? . . . Why should I feel as if I had lost you for ever? . . . Why should that horrible question arise once more within me? . . ."

"What is the matter with me? . . . Why did I hurl the portrait against the ground? . . . I see a black veil before my eyes, I feel like a heavy weight upon my brain, a strange horror chills the blood in my veins . . . Oh! those awful words! . . . But I will resist, I will fight with the courage of despair against the invisible power, I will die before I allow my tongue to move and my lips to utter the

first syllable. May Heaven assist me in this terrible struggle! . . . But the power is increasing a hundred-fold, the indomitable desire will conquer me in spite of myself, my strength is giving way, I shall succumb once more. . . .

. . . "Oh! . . . if the words must come out, I will shout them with all my might: To-morrow she is going to be married! . . . Cruel fate, are you not yet satisfied with the torments of your victim? To-morrow she is going to be married!! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Had I a thousand tongues, I should shout a thousand times more: To-morrow she is going to be married!! . . .

. . . "The struggle is over. I have been conquered again, and I am doomed to begin anew the task of solving the mystery. . . .

"I will take this portrait once more: the frame is shattered to pieces, but *she* looks as lovely as ever. As long as I held my eyes fixed upon her, I was not exposed to temptation. I will make one more attempt, perhaps after a thousand trials I shall succeed at last. . . . The veil is falling from my eyes, and I can think once more, . . . think much more clearly than I have done for a long, long time. . . . My ideas are growing wonderfully clear, . . . their wild fantastic nature is disappearing by degrees. . . . Is it possible that after the last crisis, the worst of all, the spell which was cast over me should be broken, and my trials should at last come to an end? . . . I feel as if I had just awaked from a strange dream. . . . Every incident in this dream appears to me suddenly in bright characters: the drawing-rooms at home, with their crowd of distinguished men, my life at school, my stay abroad, the anxious scene at Perran, my studies in Germany, my

college life, the quarrel with my father, and . . . How did that dream end, if it was a dream? . . . I suddenly lost sight of all those who were dearest to me, and was abandoned to myself in this dismal world. . . . I felt lonely, and ill, and unhappy, very unhappy! . . . How clear and true all this seems to me! . . . Can it really have been a dream? . . . Suddenly I took courage again, and went across countries and seas in search of my love. . . . I did not find her. . . . Then back, across seas and countries, to my modest abode. . . . Then I worked hard, and was full of ambition and hope, and felt deeply happy for a short time, only to fall, immediately after, into a lower depth of despondency. . . . And it ended. . . . Yes, it must have been a dream in spite of all, for it ended in the most ludicrous fashion . . . with a *jolly* bachelors' party." . . .

. . . "A bachelors' party! . . . In what vivid colours is not the whole scene now passing over again before me, that scene which heretofore had always been a great blank in my memory! Their looks were full of sympathy; but I did not know why. They advised me to drown black care in the purple liquid; but their words were a riddle to me. . . . I can scarcely believe that the whole scene was not acted in reality. I hear him again, the sad sarcastic libertine, who spoke of me in such words of praise. . . . His admiration frightened me! . . . What did he say? . . . He spoke of Lady Harcourt! . . . Lady Harcourt?! . . . The darkness is dissipating, what I took for a dream was all reality, distorted by my terrified imagination. At last I shall solve the mystery! . . . He said she had been taken to the Continent! . . . He said she had been courted by a nobleman!! . . . He said she had been engaged!!! . . . He said . . . Oh! . . . Why was I ever born? Why did I ever cast my eyes upon her? Why did I

ever gain her love only to make her and myself wretched for ever? . . . I have at last found out the mystery: . . . It is she, . . . it is Emmeline, . . . my Emmeline, . . . and . . . now . . . she is . . . married!" . . .

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

WAS it a dream? Or was it a reality? It looked so much like reality, and yet I felt sure it was but a dream.

I was reclining in an armchair near the open window: the sky was bright, a gentle breeze was freshening the evening air. Down in the garden I could see my mother examining her flower-beds. I watched her. Our eyes met, and she scanned me with a sad, enquiring look. I smiled. My smile caused her dear face to lighten up all at once, and she hastened into the house.

I looked around. I was at home in my study. How I came back into my father's house I had not the faintest recollection, and yet I did not wonder at it. On the table there stood an open birdcage. The little inmate, a canary, had left his prison, and was flying about, rejoicing in its freedom. Although it passed the open window many a time, and seemed to look out with great curiosity, it never attempted to fly out. It was Emmeline's bird. I felt sure it was. How it came here I could not tell, and yet I found it quite natural to see it here. I called it. It came, sat down upon my finger, and began to chirp, sometimes in a sweet,

melodious undertone, sometimes with a powerful voice. Now and then it stopped, looked at me for a moment out of one eye, as if to ask whether it was not a lovely song, and then began again sweeter than ever.

I felt happy, very happy. Why, I could not say. A mysterious voice told me I ought to be wretched, and yet I was not. Everything around me made me cheerful: the very air I breathed, laden with a delicious fragrance, seemed to possess the secret virtue of increasing my happiness.

The door opened. Emmeline entered. I was not astonished to see her. Is one ever astonished at anything in a dream?

She remained standing near the door, her large hazel eyes fixed upon me.

"Doesn't your birdie sing beautifully this evening?" said I to her.

She did not answer, but came near, knelt down by my side, put her arms around me, and looked into my eyes with an expression full of love, anxiety, and hope.

Then I took her into my arms, pressed her tenderly to my heart, and shut my eyes. I felt unutterably happy.

And when I opened my eyes again, I saw she was thin and pale, and large tears were running down her cheeks. All at once I felt as wretched as I had just been happy. Her sobs and tears increased my sorrow. I would have given my life to mingle my tears with hers, but my eyes remained dry, and I could only exclaim: "Darling, would that I could weep with you! . . . Oh! darling, why can I not weep?"

Then I felt a weight upon my brain, I saw a black veil before my eyes, and I fell into a kind of lethargy. How long it lasted I could not tell. But suddenly I heard a noise like the roll of distant thunder: it be-

came louder, and died away . . . resounded once more . . . stopped . . . and began again. I listened.

And as I listened, the solemn strains of a sacred hymn reached my ears. The music was grave, severe, and almost supplicating, wonderful in its depth of feeling, sublime in its grandeur, and overpowering in the intense sadness of its expression. It sounded like a chorus of angels asking the Almighty to have pity upon mankind. Its deep religious fervour awoke similar feelings within me, and a prayer rose to Heaven from the bottom of my heart: "Lord, send tears into my eyes; O Lord, send me tears!"

After an unexpected and magnificent modulation, the music stopped quite abruptly.

I had not yet recovered from my emotion, when a simple and graceful melody broke the silence. Strange to say, it recalled in a moment the dearest recollections of my boyhood: I saw myself, in imagination, once more at Perran, I rode along the coast, climbed over the cliffs, and braved the roaring waves in my gallant little yacht with the maiden of my heart by my side. The melody became brighter and brighter, and with it my thoughts assumed a more and more glorious hue. Every incident which marked the progress of my love recurred to me in such vivid colours as if all had happened but the preceding day. The music became more and more seductive and fascinating, until a most touching transition introduced the first notes of a movement which sent a thrill of intense delight through me.

It was the prelude of a sonata which Emmeline had composed at a time of deep inspiration, on the eventful evening when I lost and found her again at Perran.

But now the music, heard in a kind of trance, seemed to me quite superhuman in its beauty, as if a divine

composer had come down from his celestial abode to play it himself. Passing through all the notes of human joy, and displaying both marvellous simplicity and elaborate combinations, it was by turns spirited and stately, joyful and solemn, dreamy and majestic; it expressed child-like gaiety and heartfelt devotion, ideal tenderness and passionate love; and, after going through ever new and richer variations, it finally reached such a triumphant climax and rolled on in a stream of harmonies so jubilant in their character, so exquisite in their sympathetic power, so perfectly expressive of the boundless happiness of a maiden in a first love, that tears . . . oh! happy tears! . . . rose from my heart into my eyes, and I felt transported into a sphere of unspeakable bliss, which I longed never to leave again.

The music ended with a slow, calm, imposing peroration.

The last harmonies had died away, and I was in great expectation of what might follow, when the roll of distant thunder struck my ears once more.

Then a short prelude introduced the same sonata again. But its joyful character had vanished altogether, and the music seemed to express ever-increasing affliction. This sudden passage from inexpressible joy to sadness, grief and despair, had an irresistible effect upon me: my tears began to flow, first slowly and in silence, then more and more abundantly. If, before, all the brightest recollections of my boyhood had been awakened, now I remembered all my late misfortunes: the terrible scene with my father, my illness and despair, my useless wanderings in search of my beloved, my solitary and studious life, my brilliant illusions, followed by disheartening failures.

The music assumed every moment a more pathetic tone: wild and plaintive, entreating and passionate, it

sounded sometimes like the voice of a wailing child, sometimes like the lamentation of a maiden in anguish, sometimes like the fierce imprecations of a woman in despair. I sobbed and groaned aloud. And as the music became more heart-rending, my recollections also became more terrible. I saw myself again in the midst of those libertines; I saw their looks; I heard their speeches. Suddenly the awful truth flashed upon me, and I jumped up with a loud cry: "To-morrow she is . . .!" when a tremendous discord, which shook the whole house, paralysed my tongue, and kept me rooted to the ground. I looked wildly around and saw Emmeline, deadly pale and trembling all over, seated at the piano. Then the veil fell from my eyes, and I also began to tremble violently, for an unspeakable terror had taken possession of me. I remembered the awful life I had led since the catastrophe, that life of madness, rendered the more horrible by short periods of lucidity. A thousand questions, one more awful than another, crowded upon my mind. Was I not perhaps mad even now? Was not the music I had heard the fancy of a madman? Was not the image of my beloved, now before me, the sole creation of my distracted brain? After all my trials and misfortunes, after being disowned by my father, disappointed in my ambition, and robbed of my love, was I to fall to a still lower depth of misery? After being proud of my birth, proud of my intellectual powers, and proud of the works I intended to leave to posterity, was I to fall below the level of animals, become an object of horror to my fellow-creatures, and be locked up among grinning, howling lunatics, a grinning, howling lunatic myself? And was that the reward for all my perseverance and hard work, for all my devotion to my calling, and for all my love? Oh! this last blow was too much for me! Why did I live to be condemned to

such degradation? Why did not death come to my rescue, and spare me this horrible fate? Overwhelmed by the immensity of my misfortune, I threw myself on the floor, and covered it with a flood of bitter, burning tears.

In that hour of supreme agony, I heard a voice, trembling and tearful, saying the words:

"Lionel, weep no more, your love has been faithful to you."

But how could I help weeping? Was not my misfortune beyond consolation? Could an angel even, have alleviated the excess of my grief?

And the voice said again in a sweeter tone:

"Lionel, weep no more, your love has come back to you."

And *Hope*, that divine messenger who had abandoned me for so long, and, as I thought, for ever, Hope came back to me, and presented to my lips her chalice overflowing with magic drink; and I drank deeply, and I drank long, and it filled me with a strange foreboding of inexpressible happiness.

And the voice, after a short silence, said for the third time:

"Lionel, my own Lionel, weep no more, . . . ah! weep no more, . . . your love will never, . . . never part from you."

I rose, took a few steps, and fell upon my knees; and when I saw Emmeline, my Emmeline stretching out her arms towards me, when she pressed me to her heart, and covered me with countless kisses, when she told me, amid smiles and tears and sobs and caresses, how she had been faithful to me, how she had suffered and longed in vain, how she had led a life of incessant and useless struggles, how she had broken down in utter despair, and at the last moment found strength, and escaped from her imminent doom;

when I heard that sublime story of faith and love, then my tears began to flow afresh, but they were tears of joy and fervent gratitude! For in that moment of ineffable bliss, I forgot all the trials and sorrows of the past, and only remembered that I had found my love again, that I had found her still as pure and innocent as ever, and that henceforth, whatever might be our fate, she was my own, my own in body and soul, my own in grief and joy, my own on earth, my own in Heaven, my own to all eternity.

CHAPTER II.

AN hour had passed, and the night was slowly approaching, when Emmeline suddenly got up saying :

“Forgive me, Lionel, I am afraid I have been very selfish, for there are two more beings who have been as anxious about you as I have been myself, and who will rejoice to hear the good news. Be calm, my darling, and collect your strength . . . Do you think you can bear still greater happiness ?”

I understood what she meant, and assented with a nod.

Emmeline went out, and came back a few minutes later with my mother and sister, who vied in eagerness to express their joyful feelings, and lavished upon me, in a few hours, all the treasures of tender affection they had stored up during so many months of uncertainty and sorrow.

Reader, allow me to draw a veil over all that passed on that memorable evening. Although fate reserved for me many more happy, very happy days, I shall always look back upon that evening as the happiest in my life. . . .

. . . It was late at night when we had to separate. As I cast upon Emmeline a last look, more expressive than any words, she put a roll of paper into my hand, and said—"Read it."

After every one had retired, I hastened back into my study, opened the roll, and began to read. And I read on and on, with ever-increasing interest, until I reached the end of the last page. The first rays of daylight began to pierce through the blinds when I put the papers aside with a long, deep sigh. What emotions I had just gone through the reader may imagine if I tell him it was Emmeline's story, related in a series of letters, from the day I left my father's house to the day when I found her again.

How I should like to put this story before the reader in its full beauty and its full sadness, so that he might feel as I felt, weep and rejoice with me, and learn to appreciate still more the supreme excellence of Emmeline's character! But I cannot. The manuscript contains over two hundred pages; it is, therefore, impossible for me to give it a place in my "*Life and Adventures*." Some day, perhaps, I may place it before the reader in its original form.

Meanwhile, I will relate it as shortly and simply as possible.

It may be remembered that I wrote a long letter to Emmeline on the day I left home, and that I dreaded the moment when she would receive it. That letter reached her safely. But, strange to say, its effect was different from what I expected. For the preceding two years, Emmeline had had a foreboding of what was about to happen. Girls who love truly and deeply are only too fond of imagining all sorts of catastrophes that may befall their lovers: their fears may

generally be foolish, and their forebodings chimerical, but now and then they seem to be endowed with a kind of second-sight, and foresee things to come with strange clearness. Emmeline was convinced I should some day quarrel with my father; so, when her fears were realised, she was ready for the struggle. Far more, she was not only ready for it, but in her innermost heart she was glad it had begun. Until then the course of our love had been almost too smooth and quiet for her; like many other true-hearted girls, she had longed to see difficulties arise, in order to have a chance of giving me some striking proof of her love. Unfortunately, the difficulties, when they actually arose, assumed a character for which she was not prepared.

The reason why I did not receive an answer to my letter is simple enough. In my bewilderment, I had forgotten to send her my new address; so she wrote back to my old one in Cambridge, hoping her letter would find me. But it must have been forwarded to my father's house, for, a few days later, Lord St. Ives returned it to her unopened.

Not in the least discouraged, she repeatedly tried to see my father, to implore his forgiveness for me, but he absolutely refused to receive her.

Shortly after, her aunt started with her for Paris. My father must have informed Miss Carrington he had disowned me, but I very much doubt whether he advised her as to her subsequent course of action.

Scarcely had Emmeline arrived in Paris, when she wrote to me again, and this time through the porter, of her residence in Belgrave Square, for she was sure I should call there. The reader already knows that the porter returned her letter, as well as all that followed, to her aunt in Paris.

For my own part, after recovering from my illness,

I wrote several times to her address in London ; but, as she did not hear from me, we may surmise, without being uncharitable, that the porter sent my letters to her aunt, as he had done with hers.

This long silence was not without effect upon Emmeline's spirits. She was indeed ready for any hardship or any sacrifice, but this trial of useless patience, disappointed hopes, and dreadful uncertainty, took her quite unawares. Still she did not lose courage.

Having found that writing was useless, she had recourse to another means, and advertised in the chief Paris and London papers. But the advertisement had not appeared more than twice, when Miss Carrington saw it. So far she had scarcely ever mentioned my name; but now she spoke out. She did not do so with any show of anger, as Emmeline might have expected, but in that calm, sneering, peremptory tone which is far more painful to a loving heart already bleeding.

"I have seen your advertisement," said she ; "you are foolish, very foolish. That you should have forgotten what you owe to yourself may be pardonable, but what is not quite so pardonable is that you should forget what you owe me, and try to allure this misled young man whilst you are still with me and under my care. I shall, therefore, simply tell you I do not mean to be, not even indirectly, an accomplice in his disgraceful behaviour. On the day you allow him to meet you, we shall have to part. No doubt he will easily console you for my loss ; he will marry you immediately, and you will both sail on that sea of ineffable bliss called love, as novelists say. But just remember that, for the present, you are as wholly dependent on me as he is on his father, and that to live on love alone is very poor fare. Remember that, my dear !"

The very next day they started for Nice ; but they

did not stay there long. Miss Carrington must have feared I might see the advertisement, otherwise she would not have taken so much trouble to leave everywhere a false scent. Instead of going to Venice, Florence, and Rome, where I went in pursuit of them, they stopped at Milan. And there her aunt unfolded a new plan of action.

To undermine her love for me, to shake her courage, to insinuate in a thousand ways—by looks, and hints, and remarks, and speeches—that our marriage was altogether out of question, and that the sooner Emmeline bestowed her heart upon a more suitable lover, the better it would be for all parties: that was her plan.

One day she was sanctimonious, launched forth against that dreadful sin, disobedience, and represented in the blackest characters all the dreadful consequences thereof. The next she was sarcastic, and kept up an incessant fire of witty remarks about the fickleness of mankind. Then she displayed her worldly wisdom in trying to impress upon Emmeline that marriage was, after all, a matter of convenience, and that happiness in married life consisted in a comfortable house, a good table, and plenty of cheerful company. Again she was kind-hearted, and tried to soothe Emmeline by telling her that grief was useless in this world, and that true philosophy taught us to make the best of everything. As Mr. Tresyllian had abandoned his own sphere of life, and probably given up his sweetheart at the same time, she had better make up her mind to be happy without him, and not cast away her future chances.

Emmeline's only consolation was to weep with her faithful maid, to cultivate her musical art more and more, and to write to me letters which, alas! she could not send. She spent hours at the piano whenever she had a chance, and expressed her feelings in sad and

wild, tender and passionate melodies; and when she was prevented from playing, she used to retire into her room and write to me long, long letters, in which she poured out all her love and all her grief.

Still Miss Carrington persisted in her plan, and every day showed new resources in open and covert attack, until Emmeline could stand the mental torture no longer, and broke down completely.

What could have been the cause of Miss Carrington's cruelty? She hated Emmeline, and longed to be freed from her. To understand this, her character ought to be more fully described.

Miss Carrington was eminently a woman of the world. She worshipped the world, and lived only for the world. To be admired by the world was her sweetest pleasure, and to have an exalted position in the world her highest ambition. Her commanding appearance, her brilliant wit and alluring manners, called around her a large circle of admirers, and strengthened her natural tendencies. As she concentrated all her powers on cultivating to the utmost extent all those external qualities which impose upon the world, she naturally neglected all those softer qualities, and more sterling virtues which are woman's most beautiful ornaments. In the world she was charming, delightful, fascinating; she made a great display of exquisite feelings, of refined sentiments, of all that was good, true, and beautiful; in short, she was a consummate actress, who loved her *rôle* so much, and played it so well, that she finally forgot it was only a *rôle*, and fancied that all the tinsel she cast upon her surroundings was real, pure gold. But in private life she took off the mask, gave up her magnificent ways, and appeared what she really was—a cold, mean, ill-tempered, selfish woman; who, in the midst of so many admirers, had never made a single friend in life, who

had not one kindly, noble, or generous feeling in her heart, and who was as wretched and despicable in reality as she was admirable in appearance.

A woman like Miss Carrington could not of course appreciate a being like Emmeline. On the contrary, when the orphan was left to her care, Miss Carrington saw in her only an obstacle which would prevent her from following her regular course, from travelling almost all the year round, and always visiting fresh scenes wherein to play her *rôle*, and find new admirers. When Emmeline grew old enough to be introduced into society, Miss Carrington's jealousy was roused, and her dislike for her niece was turned into hatred. For the modesty, candour, and *naïveté* of the young lady, joined to her beauty, prepossessing ways, and rare talents, soon put the pomposity and stateliness of the elder lady into the shade. From that time, Miss Carrington longed more than ever to get rid of her. As long as I had a brilliant career before me, I was well received at her house, although there was no love lost between us. But when she heard my father had disowned me, that moment I forfeited her good graces. Week after week passed, and Emmeline's chances of ever marrying me became more and more problematical. This did not suit her aunt; she was not the woman to wait for a reconciliation which might not take place for years to come. So she made up her mind to force Emmeline into some other match, and prepare the way for her own liberty. In this endeavour every means seemed fair to her; if Emmeline could not be converted gently, her aunt was quite ready for stronger measures, and she had recourse to them, as we have already seen. She did not perhaps mean to be cruel, and, most likely, had no idea of all the sufferings she inflicted upon Emmeline; but her very ignorance and blindness increased her cruelty.

Emmeline, worn out by sleepless nights and days of worry, grew so thin and pale, that even Miss Carrington could not help noticing it. So a change of air was decided upon; and they went from Milan to Baden. This was early in May. But there Emmeline's troubles increased; they met Lord Singleton, whose immense wealth and prominent position in the fashionable world, caused him to be looked upon as a splendid match by every mother who had a daughter on her hands. He saw Emmeline, who, with all her sorrow, could not always help going into society . . . Alas, how many girls have to submit to a similar fate! . . . He saw her, and, struck by her remarkable beauty, still more enhanced by her pallor and sadness, he fell madly in love with her. Miss Carrington thought such a splendid chance was not to be thrown away. She received him with open arms, and immediately set to work to prepare Emmeline to receive him as her accepted lover. How she had recourse to threats and entreaties, how she was by turns fierce and gentle, bitter and coaxing, how she subjected my poor Emmeline to endless torture, I cannot repeat; my pen refuses to write; for even now, after very many years, I am trembling with anger when I think of it.

At last, exhausted by her useless resistance, broken down in health, and worn out by despair, Emmeline could bear her agony no longer; and one evening, after a terrible scene, when Miss Carrington had one of her awful fits of anger, and terrified her beyond expression, my poor, loving, broken-hearted darling gave way, and consented to become Lord Singleton's betrothed.

But her weakness did not last long; the coming danger roused her almost as quickly as she had given way. The very next day she told her suitor, in unmistakable terms, and in Miss Carrington's presence, that she would never marry him. Her aunt smiled,

and made some witty remark on the eternity of a first love.

However, she may have feared some unforeseen accident, for she hurried on the approach of the wedding as much as she could. It was fixed for Emmeline's twenty-first birthday, which took place in the middle of June. All the fashionable world hastened to congratulate her on her happiness; but Emmeline remained silent. The dressmakers came, and Emmeline let them work to their hearts' content. The local papers spoke of the coming event, and even some fashionable London papers took up the news, and Emmeline smiled at their reports. The wedding breakfast was ordered, and Emmeline looked on with supreme indifference. Miss Carrington congratulated her intended nephew most fervently, on the quiet way in which her niece had become reconciled to the idea of her marriage, and Emmeline allowed them both to rejoice in their hearts.

And when the evening before the wedding came, Emmeline carried out a scheme concerted with her only friend, her old and faithful maid, and matured during the last six weeks. At half-past six she went out for a walk, as she was in the habit of doing. Her walk lay in the direction of the railway station. There she took a ticket for Strasbourg. The train was ready to start. She took her seat by the side of her maid who had preceded her. The train went off, and—the next morning the noble lord did *not* marry Lady Emmeline Harcourt on her twenty-first birthday.

I have no time to describe the commotion her sudden disappearance created in Baden. Two days later she arrived in London, and drove straight to my father's house. Lord St. Ives was abroad on a diplomatic mission, but my mother received her with open arms like a long-lost child. And then the fatigue of the

journey, the fearful strain on her nervous system, joined to the endless worry she had gone through, brought on a dangerous illness. She was prostrated for several weeks. Thanks to the tender care of my mother and sister, as well as of our eminent family physician, she recovered at last.

The first advice given by the physician on the first signs of her recovery was, that she ought absolutely to see me. Without waiting for Lord St. Ives' approval my mother endeavoured immediately to find out my whereabouts. She learned my address from Miss Carrington's porter in Belgrave Square, and hastened with Lilian to Mrs. Carlisle's house. I shall not describe her feelings on finding me in such a sad condition.

I was immediately removed to my father's house. Lord St. Ives, informed of all that had happened, was, of course, only too glad to approve of my mother's doings. My mother and Lilian took every possible care of me, and Emmeline was soon able to join them. From the moment she came near me, I became calmer and more cheerful, the paroxysms ceased, the moments of lucidity became longer and more numerous, until one evening Emmeline called to her help the power of her sublime music to complete the work of my recovery, and succeeded in dissipating for ever the cloud which for weeks had enveloped my mind.

The above is an outline of Emmeline's story, such as I read it during the night which followed the happiest day in my life.

After putting the papers aside, I walked up and down my study for a long time in deep meditation: and suddenly I stopped, raised my hand towards Heaven, and, with a throbbing heart and tears in my eyes, I swore that I would love my Emmeline as she had loved me, that my life should be a life of boundless devotion to her, and that I would cause her to

forget all her past misfortunes in the blissful existence I was about to prepare for her.

CHAPTER III.

*“Des Lebens ungemischte Freude
Ward keinem Irdischen zu Theil.”*

IN the midst of my happiness, I could not help remembering those lines of Schiller, and I felt every day more deeply impressed with their truth.

When I left my father's house on that cold and stormy February morning, I had taken a silent, but solemn oath that I would never return home as a repenting sinner. By an extraordinary run of circumstances I was now at home again in spite of all. But it was not as a repenting sinner: my return had been altogether independent of my will. I was thus placed in a delicate position, which, to say the least, made me feel very uncomfortable. But how was I to get out of it? The question puzzled me a great deal, and filled me with considerable anxiety.

My mother, whose favourite I was, let me know in her own loving way, that her most fervent wish was to see me reconciled to my father. Lilian joined in her gentle entreaties. Emmeline also longed for it for my own sake: she knew that my estrangement from my father was the only cloud on the horizon. And finally, Herbert Cavendish himself, who came to see us almost every day, insisted upon my writing to my father to bring about an understanding.

“Let us talk it over seriously,” said he to me one evening, whilst we were smoking together in the garden over a bottle of port. “This life cannot go on much longer. Emmeline has come back to you: well,

she cannot stop here for ever. Sooner or later you will have to marry, and the sooner the better."

"I quite agree with you. I should have been married already if the doctor had not opposed his veto. But she has so much improved of late, that his objection will soon be removed. Before two months are over I hope she will be my wife."

"And an excellent wife, too!" said he silently. . . . "I should gladly go through all your late trials in order to . . ." He turned away his head, but I could see he had turned pale. Poor Bertie! my happiness brought back to him the recollection of his own wretchedness; he had not yet recovered from the blow which that beautiful and treacherous woman had inflicted upon him.

"But never mind," continued he, fighting down his grief almost as quickly as it had arisen. . . . "You intend to marry. Very well. But what next? That is the question."

"Yes, that is the question."

"You must let me speak on this point with perfect frankness. To marry, you must have something to live upon."

"Quite so!"

"Now, you have not a penny of your own, and Emmeline, since she came of age, has a hundred and fifty pounds a year, as you told me, not a penny more!"

"You are right."

"Well, you cannot live on a hundred and fifty a year."

"Of course not; and if I could, I would not!"

"Well, then, you ought to find some means of making Emmeline comfortable."

"I agree with you."

"The best and simplest means, as I have told you

over and over again, is to write to your father. I do not advise you to submit to him blindly : I know my advice would be useless, for you are terribly obstinate. But still you ought to write, in order to see if you cannot possibly agree. Whether you agree or not in the long run is here out of question ; you must write in any case, simply to get out of a false position, which is painful to everyone here, and to you more than to anyone else."

" You are quite right, Bertie : but just there lies the difficulty. I know I ought to write. As long as I do not, there is a kind of cloud overhanging this house, and I feel very much grieved at it. But how can I, and what am I to say ? You do not know how many hours I have spent in trying to write. I have begun twenty different letters, and torn them all up : if I began twenty more, I know I should have again to destroy them. You see, I cannot hit upon the right tone in writing to my father ; . . . probably because I have no intention to submit to him, and because I fear he will not give way himself. You know both of us : I am terribly obstinate, as you have just said ; so is he, and I should really not like to say which is the more obstinate of the two. But, remember, on my part it is not mere obstinacy : I do not resist my father simply because I resisted him once, and because I am too silly or proud to confess my mistake. I have resisted him, and I must resist him still, because I cannot help it. Examine the point yourself, and judge between us :

" My father wished me to go into the Church. Well, I could not obey him, you know for what reasons. Those reasons are as strong now as they were six months ago. If I had to face my father again, I should tell him now as I told him then : ' Father, I cannot, I must not, I will not ! '

"Besides, my father objected to my following the career of letters. He gave me three days to change my mind. Those three days I spent in close and careful self-examination, but instead of shaking my resolution, this examination only confirmed it, and now my resolution is as strong as ever. There is only one case in which I could change my mind, that is, if Emmeline's happiness imposed that duty upon me. But it does not. I feel I can be a writer and still make her perfectly happy: far more, I feel sure she would not be perfectly happy if I were to give up writing, for she knows I should then not be happy myself. She has for years shared all my dreams and hopes. My ambition is her own. If, therefore, my father asked me again whether I had made up my mind, I should say, as I did then: 'Father, I have. . . . I feel I was born to be a writer; I have never had any ambition but that of being a writer; and, happen what may, I *will* be a writer!'"

A long pause ensued.

"You see," I continued, after some time, "no reconciliation is possible, unless my father gives way. But will he?"

"I very much doubt it!"

"So do I, and that is the reason why I cannot write to him. I feel that writing is useless, and although I am not in the habit of believing in presentiments, I must confess a presentiment tells me that the day for our reconciliation is still far distant."

Another pause followed.

"But, after all, you want to marry, and must marry!" said Bertie, with an expressive gesture.

"Certainly!"

"Then you must have something to live upon."

"Decidedly!"

"What are you going to do then?"

"I do not know."

"Then you had better think of it seriously."

"So I do every day."

"And come to a decision."

"So I should like to. But . . ."

Here we were interrupted. Emmeline and Lilian came near. I excused myself a few minutes after, and left Bertie alone with them.

This was, I must confess, a little artifice of mine. I had told my beloved that Bertie was unhappy, and I asked her to be very kind to him. Need I say that she took every possible opportunity to cheer him up and treat him as the fondest sister would treat her favourite brother? Lilian, too, whom she had taken into her confidence, joined in her efforts, and of the two it would have been difficult to say which was the kinder. Perhaps it was Lilian after all, for . . .

But I am anticipating future events. For the present, let me simply say that their efforts were crowned with success. With me, Bertie was generally serious and frequently despondent; but with them he brightened up wonderfully. On this very evening, when, an hour after, I joined them again in the garden, I found him so cheerful and happy, and Lilian's eyes were glistening with such a peculiar, indescribable, soft, and yet brilliant light, that I no longer doubted his final recovery.

During that hour I had taken a sudden resolution. Better than that, I had carried it out.

I had written a letter, and posted it, too. It was not addressed to Lord St. Ives, as the reader might perhaps have fondly hoped, but to my late private tutor in Paris, M. de Saint-Amand, professor of French literature at the Sorbonne, with whom I had remained in correspondence ever since I left France.

I put the whole case before him, and asked for his candid advice.

I must say I added a postscript: it contained only two lines, but those two lines were, in my eyes, the most important part of the letter. They ran as follows:

"P. S.—Si la réconciliation ne se fait pas, il faut que je songe sérieusement à trouver de quoi vivre. Dans ce cas, croyez-vous que je puisse trouver une place de professeur en France?"

I expected the answer with some uneasiness. But before it arrived, another letter came which filled me with far greater anxiety.

It was just before breakfast. Emmeline and myself were alone in the room. I found the letter near my plate under a few others. On reading the address I turned pale. It was in my father's handwriting. Emmeline, who saw my emotion, came near and smoothed my hand, as if to calm my feelings. I tore the envelope, and we began to read together.

My father regretted most deeply that I should have been exposed to any hardship and sorrow, and sincerely trusted I had derived some wisdom from my sad experience. He spoke in general terms, never mentioning our last interview at all, as if he wished to avoid every painful recollection. Then he congratulated Emmeline in the highest terms on her courage and escape, and said he would be proud to call her his daughter. Finally, he expressed a wish that the marriage should take place as soon as possible, and hoped that his diplomatic mission would not prevent him from returning home to be present at the wedding.

The whole letter was written in such a kind tone, and so full of real affection, that I was quite overcome, and Emmeline embraced me rapturously.

"Oh! Lionel," said she in exulting accents, "now the sky is clear, and we may rejoice to our hearts' content."

We spent five minutes in perfect bliss. Then, as was natural enough, we took up the letter again, in order to read it for the second time. But on opening it we saw, on the fourth page, a postscript which we had not noticed before. It contained the following few words :

"P.S.—Of course I expect you have made up your mind to go into the Church."

I was thunderstruck, and Emmeline turned pale.

In that moment we both felt with equal certainty that our troubles were not yet over, and that new storms were brewing.

Emmeline seized my hand, and pressed it without saying a word; but in her eyes I could read her feelings:

"I will stand by you, Lionel, whatever may happen. Trust me, and I will trust you. Together we shall be strong, and ready to brave all the dangers of the future."

What trouble it cost me to answer that letter I can scarcely express. It was a sad and painful ordeal. My heart was bleeding when, after all my father's kindness, instead of overflowing with joyful gratitude, I was obliged to tell him I felt bound to disobey him still. But I looked upon it as my duty, and I did my duty.

When the letter was posted, I felt as if a heavy weight had been taken off my heart.

Two days after, I heard from M. de Saint-Amand. In the kindest terms he expressed his sorrow at what had happened, and implored me to make my peace

with Lord St. Ives, using every possible argument to prove it was the best course for me.

"I need scarcely say," added he at the end of his letter, "that I am ready to do anything in my power for you. If it were absolutely necessary, I could easily find a very decent post for you, the more so as the Minister of Public Instruction is a personal friend of mine. But I most earnestly hope I shall never have to render you such a service. The son of Earl St. Ives was not born for the humble career of a *professeur de lycée*."

I wrote back by return of post to thank M. de Saint-Amand most heartily for his kind advice.

My father's answer did not come for a whole fortnight. It was a period of great suspense. At last it arrived. It was short and almost stern.

Lord St. Ives felt much astonishment and pain on hearing I had not yet recovered from my blindness. But he did not yet give up all hope. He still wished to see us married as soon as possible, and said that, if the wedding took place in the first week of September, he would be able to come to London. As it would be very unkind of him to let Emmeline suffer for my folly, he had endeavoured to find provisionally some post for me, and after a good deal of correspondence, he had at last secured one which was worthy of any nobleman's son. It was that of Chief-Secretary to the Governor of the Cape!

I did not read further.

Chief-Secretary to the Governor of the Cape! I might just as well be sent to Patagonia or the Fiji Islands! What a place for a man who has undertaken to relate the progress of the human mind during the last two centuries! Of course, from a social and pecuniary point of view, the post is brilliant. But what advantage is that to an author who is condemned to

live six or seven thousand miles away from his source of inspiration? It would be far better for me to be a professor in the smallest French college, and work zealously at my great work, than to waste my life in the fashionable society of the Cape!"

I made up my mind immediately not to accept the post. Emmeline agreed with me entirely, and even my mother was not sorry to hear of my refusal. My elder brother, Reginald, was already thousands of miles away; if I had followed his example, she would have been broken-hearted.

To refuse was easy enough, but to find another post was not so easy. I spent two days in great trouble of mind. At last I could bear my uncertainty no longer. I took a sudden resolution, wrote to M. de Saint-Amand, and, after telling him what had happened, I asked him again—this time in positive terms—whether I had any chance of a decent professorship in France, and whether he could help me in securing one.

His answer arrived within a week.

On receiving my letter, he had immediately called upon the Minister of Public Instruction, who, with much *obligeance*, put a place at my disposal. It was a professorship of the English and German languages at the Lycée of Strasbourg, that was to be vacant on the following second of October. The stipend was two thousand francs (£80) a year, and the duties consisted of twenty hours' teaching a week. This was the most suitable post at the Minister's disposal for the present. If I were successful, he had no doubt he would soon be able to promote me.

I must say my first feeling was not one of great delight. Now that a professorship was offered to me, I felt almost inclined to refuse it. My family pride was roused, and revolted against the notion of the Honourable Lionel Tresyllian, son of the celebrated Earl of

St. Ives, becoming an insignificant professor in a provincial town. This was certainly not what I dreamed of in my younger days! I had aspired to the laurels of Voltaire, Goethe, and Macaulay, I had trusted that before I was twenty my name would be in every man's mouth, and hoped I should spend my life in conversing with all the greatest literary celebrities in Europe; and now I was over twenty-three, my fame was not greater than on the day I was born, and I was going to spend the best years of my life in teaching careless pupils to conjugate the verb *to have*, and to pronounce the English *th* decently.

It was a terrible fall.

Then, again, I thought of the other post. Would it be better for me to accept it after all? I felt terribly perplexed.

But between family pride and an author's duty, I could not hesitate long. If my career imposed upon me any sacrifices, I ought to be ready for them, and bear them cheerfully. After all, the post in France was quite acceptable; I had plenty of time left for my literary work, and Strasbourg itself, with its five *facultés*, two high schools, learned societies, and especially its famous library, was a most suitable place for a student like myself.

The more I thought of it, the more attractive I found the post, and the more also I felt convinced that at the Cape I should be in the wrong place.

Of course I consulted Emmeline before coming to a final decision, for her good sense equalled her love. Besides, her wishes were to be considered as much as my own. Her answer was exactly what I had anticipated:

"You know, darling, wherever you go I shall gladly follow you; wherever you are happy, I shall be happy with you, for your happiness is mine. I have not

forgotten that your highest ambition in life is to become a great writer, and my only ambition is to see yours fulfilled to its fullest extent. The way to a glorious name in literature cannot possibly lead through some far-off country, beyond the reach of that intellectual life which is absolutely necessary to you. So you must not go there, not even for my sake. Besides, if my own wishes were only to be consulted, I must say I should rather go to Alsace than to the Cape. As, for the present, we have no other choice, let us go to Strasbourg. Perhaps you will soon win a more brilliant position. Let us hope for the best. Meanwhile, if, in following your career, my love can make you happy, I feel sure that we shall both be as happy in Strasbourg as anywhere else."

Having once made up our minds, we had to break the news to my mother. It was a difficult task, which required a good deal of tact and delicacy. Thanks to Emmeline's assistance, it succeeded better than we had hoped for. I must say that two great reasons were invaluable to us: if I refused the post at the Cape, we all felt sure my father would certainly not offer me another. There was, therefore, no hope in that direction, and I had for the present no alternative but to accept the place offered me by the Minister of Public Instruction. The second reason was this: if I went to Strasbourg, I remained, so to speak, in the neighbourhood, and my mother could, in case of necessity, come over to see us, if we could not go and see her.

One by one her objections gave way, until she finally became quite reconciled to the idea, and we all began to plan future meetings and build castles in the air.

The moment my mother was won over, I wrote two letters, to accept one post, and refuse the other.

What my father thought of my letter I cannot say,

for I never received an answer. But I have only too good reasons for thinking he neither forgot nor forgave me.

A week after I received from Paris a very bulky letter, with a large seal. It was my nomination as *Professeur de langue anglaise et de langue allemande au Lycée de Strasbourg*.

CHAPTER IV.

TIME has been flying, alas ! with only too great speed. My dearest wishes have been fulfilled : Emmeline is my wife, and we have spent two weeks in delightful solitude at my mother's country-house near Perran.

When I look back upon those two weeks, I can scarcely believe I have not been living in a dream. During the wedding-service, I felt as if I was present at somebody else's wedding, and I only realised the importance of the step I was then taking, when I pronounced those moving words, so awful in their solemnity :

"I take thee, Emmeline, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part."

At these words, the most beautiful in the English liturgy, I was so overwhelmed by my emotion, that my tears choked me, my voice gave way, and I could pronounce the last words only in a whisper.

The wedding was very quiet. There was no one present, beside the bride and bridegroom, except my mother and sister, Bertie, and a few intimate friends. Lord St. Ives was not among us. But for him, our happiness would have been perfect.

Now I feel as if our wedding had taken place years ago. It is marvellous how soon we get used to the greatest changes in life!

After receiving our mother's blessing, we departed, amid a shower of rice and slippers, for our wedding trip. The reader already knows what place had the greatest attraction for us.

To visit the spot where the happiest days of my childhood had been passed, where I used to run about with a darling sister, and where my mother first taught me to admire nature in its wild beauty and imposing magnificence,—to visit the spot where I felt the strange and exquisite emotions of a first love, and where I received the silent confession of love from the quivering lips of the maiden of my heart,—to visit that spot again with her as my bride, after we had both thought we had lost each other for ever,—to loiter on the same paths, to ride along the same tracks, to climb over the same rocks, to brave the same roaring sea, and to admire with her the same glorious scenery,—could there be for me and for herself any purer joy, any greater delight, or any more perfect happiness?

The two weeks we spent in Cornwall were indeed happier than the most glowing terms could express: there is a degree of human joy beyond the power of the human tongue to describe. Before marriage, Emmeline thought she could not possibly love me more than she did, or be happier than she was; but now she confessed in words and proved in deeds that she loved me a thousand times more, and was a thousand times happier than ever!

Towards the end of September, my mother and Lilian came down to Cornwall, to be with us during the few days that remained before we should leave England. It was for all of us a very happy time, alas! too short for our wishes.

At last we had to get ready for our departure. Everybody set to work packing, or helping to pack. The villa was for a day or two in a state of great commotion. In the midst of the servants, I stood like a general surrounded by his faithful soldiers, giving orders, looking everywhere, and directing everything.

At length, the portmanteaus were strapped, the boxes nailed down, the addresses put on, and everything was in order, except a few things which I had collected here and there whilst packing, and placed on a side-table. They were too dear to me to be put away carelessly. As they form, so to speak, an intimate part of my life and adventures, I must give them a little place here.

There was, first, my old and almost forgotten friend, that "*Discours sur l'Homme*," which I wrote in Paris, and which I hoped would astonish the universe. My private tutor, M. de Saint-Amand, had advised me to put it aside for a year or two before publishing it. I obeyed him only too well, for I had never opened it since. When I saw it now, after five eventful years, I could not help smiling, and I said to myself in a whisper, so as not to be heard by anyone: "After all, Lionel, you were then a young fool!"

Although this work had thus fallen considerably in my estimation, I took as much care of it as if it had been a master-piece in no ways inferior to Buffon's *Discours sur le Style*.

Next came a voluminous manuscript. It was the first part of my great *Essay on the Progress of the Human Mind during the last two Centuries*, at which I had been working nearly five years. I must say, before putting it aside, I looked upon it for a few moments with affection and pride; for, in spite of my recent failures, I firmly believed in its excellence, and trusted

it would some day be an object of admiration for the whole civilized world.

Upon it lay *Emmeline's letters*, which I valued more than all my other treasures put together. Do not laugh, reader, if I tell you I kissed the manuscript repeatedly before placing it upon the table.

Around these three manuscripts were arranged several smaller articles, which had all a peculiar interest for me.

There was, first, Emmeline's portrait, as Mademoiselle de Briancourt, in an oval frame of purple velvet with a golden rim inside: it had been the greatest source of consolation to me during our long separation. On looking at it in loving admiration, I felt that even now it exerted upon me the same influence as the portrait of her ancestor, suspended in the great hall of St. Ives' Castle, had in the days of my childhood.

Then came two penholders, a black 'one and a red one. These were very old friends of mine, with whom I should indeed have been very sorry to part, for I had used them in writing both my *Discours* and my *Essay*, and I intended to use them for all my future works.

Close by was a silver match-box, beautifully engraved, a present from Bertie, which he gave me when I left Eton to go to Paris. It had the more value for me, since our boyish affection had grown into a deep and lasting friendship.

Next to the match-box was lying a little black, round and smooth stone, long and thin in shape: it was one of those pebbles commonly found in the beds of rivers. The reader will probably wonder what this stone meant. It was Emmeline who brought it, and asked me to keep it for her with particular care, as she would lose anything in the world rather than this stone. I had sent it to her several years ago, when

making a delightful excursion to the waterfalls of Allerheiligen, in the Black Forest, during my stay in Germany. Whenever I took a pleasure-trip and felt particularly happy, I was fond of sending Emmeline some little remembrance—a flower, a piece of carving, a photograph, a curious stone, or any other trifle, to let her know I was thinking of her. My excursion to Allerheiligen was one of the most delightful I ever made: so, before leaving, I picked up the stone in question out of the stream at the bottom of the waterfalls, and sent it to her with a glowing description of the magnificent scenery all around. Emmeline had kept it ever since more sacredly than any other *souvenir*, because she looked upon the letter which accompanied it as the most loving I ever wrote during my three years' absence.

Finally, by the side of the manuscripts I had placed a splendid gold chain of exquisite workmanship, to which was attached a diamond heart of prodigious size and marvellous beauty. It is scarcely necessary to say this was Lilian's most precious jewel, which I found in my coat-pocket on the day I took rooms at Mrs. Carlisle's. I looked upon this token of her sisterly love as some believers will look upon a relic, with a kind of veneration. On my return home, I wished to give it back to her, but she always refused to take it: she begged me to keep it for her sake, and let Emmeline wear it in remembrance of her. Emmeline finally consented, on condition that Lilian would accept a diamond necklace, which she was to wear at least once a month, on a certain day and a certain hour, when we were far away, so that we might feel sure she was then thinking of us as we would be thinking of her.

These were my treasures.

When I saw them all neatly put together, I felt a little perplexed. Where could I find a suitable box to

keep them safely? Emmeline, who stood near me, noticed my embarrassment, went out, and soon came back with the very thing I wanted.

It was a solid ebony box carved all over. The figures upon it reminded me strongly of some antique bas-reliefs I had seen in the British Museum. It was a foot and a half long, a perfect cube in shape, and showed no traces of either lock or hinges; the lid could only be recognised by a little silver handle.

Emmeline let me spend ten minutes in trying to open it. When my patience was at an end, she gently pressed the handle, and the lid opened in the middle, like a folding-door.

The sides of the box, as I could now see, were very thick and strong, and it was itself in every way most suitable for the purpose required. I asked Emmeline how it came into her possession, and she replied that it had been in her family for very many years, since her mother had it from her own grandmother, who, in her turn, called it a very old box, the history of which was unknown to everyone.

After examining the box for some time, and trying to make out the strange characters upon it, I took my treasures and placed them in it, with as much care as if they equalled the Regalia in value. Then I closed it, and put upon it the address:

LIONEL TRESYLLIAN,

Passenger to London, Dover, Paris,

and Strasbourg, (Alsace).

The same evening, when the sun approached the horizon, Emmeline asked me to go out with her. It was our last walk at Perran. Before two days were over, we should be hundreds of miles away. We walked along slowly, without saying a word. Allured by an irresistible attraction, we directed our steps towards the coast, stopped a few moments at Mussel-

rock, then went along the cliffs as far as the place where, for the first time, Emmeline confessed her love to me. The sea was quiet, not a single wave broke its smooth surface, a deep silence reigned over its immensity. We sat down on the rock, both plunged in solemn thought. The sun disappeared and the full moon began gradually to rise on the opposite horizon. We did not move nor speak. Emmeline had turned her face away from me, but I could see she was sad. I took her more closely to my heart and pressed her gently, but she did not return my tender embrace, and still kept her face away from me. The evening was getting cold, and the moon in the twilight was slowly transforming the scenery around us into a fairy-like spectacle, indescribably strange in appearance, and of wonderful magic beauty, when I spoke for the first time :

“Darling, let us go !”

She turned round, and I saw she was deadly pale, her eyes were wide open, and had an expression I had never seen before, an expression awful in its fascinating power. She put her arms around me, held me tightly as if she wished to keep me back, and said in a plaintive tone :

“I wish we could stop here for ever ; I feel, Lionel, as if I should never come here again.”

Her words moved me deeply, I do not know why. I felt almost frightened, for I saw that, in spite of her sadness, she did not shed a single tear. After a few moments, she added in a slow, impressive, solemn voice :

“Lionel, if ever you come back here . . . without me, . . . will you think of your Emmeline . . . who loved you . . . more than she could express, . . . more than you could believe, . . . and who so much longed to make you happy ?”

I did not answer, a cold shiver ran through all my body, and a vague terror overpowered my senses. I pressed Emmeline more closely to my heart, and involuntarily raised my arm, as if to protect her against an invisible foe, who was about to snatch her away from me.

But the next moment she was herself again, an inexpressibly sweet smile brightened up her face, and she became more cheerful than she had been for the whole day. I soon recovered from my sudden terror and forgot her words. . . .

But when next I visited this spot, and stood upon this same rock, I remembered her words, . . . I remembered them but too well.

CHAPTER V.

FOUR days have passed. The painful separation is over. We have crossed the Channel, rested a couple of days in Paris, and now we are approaching Strasbourg with that slow but steady pace for which French express trains are noted.

During our short stay in Paris, I had called on M. de Saint Amand to thank him for the service he had rendered me. He invited me so pressingly to stay at his house, that I could not refuse. The same evening, the Minister of Public Instruction came to spend a few hours with him in a friendly way. He was wonderfully pleasant, and seemed to be much pleased with my conversation. As for Emmeline, she altogether enchanted him. He was passionately fond of music; so she gave him a perfect musical feast. I have seldom

known her display her powers in a more brilliant way than on that evening. When the Minister left, he shook hands with me very cordially, and expressed his hopes I should find Strasbourg a nice place. Then, turning towards my wife, he said :

“Madam, I have rarely spent a more delightful evening. Whenever you return to Paris, I hope you will not forget to see me. I shall deem it an honour to receive you at my house.”

On the day before my departure, I had a long conversation with M. de Saint-Amand on success in literature. His advice is too valuable not to be reproduced here, for it applies to most young writers as well as to myself.

“My dear Lionel,” said he, for he had adopted this familiar term years ago, “there is one point on which I must find fault with you ; you are too sanguine, too hopeful ; you imagine that merit in literature is necessarily rewarded, and that the reward is adequate to the merit of the author. That is a grave error. Leaving your own personality out of the question, let us examine the point calmly and impartially.

“Most good authors, especially if they are young, fancy that because excellence is the condition of fame, fame will necessarily be the reward of excellence ; because what they write is good, they fancy it must naturally be successful. They generally forget that if excellence in literature is the result of talent or genius, success is often simply a matter of business ; and that an author may possibly produce a masterpiece without equal, and still remain unknown, not only in his life-time, but even afterwards. And yet, if they would only open their eyes, they would easily find out their mistake. The world is badly arranged, it is naturally indifferent, selfish, and ungrateful ; this applies as much to literature as to any other branch of

human activity. The world may be proud of its great writers, but it certainly takes very little trouble to find them out; it may be glad to reward talent, but it cares very little whether the most talented receives the best reward; it may deeply regret that any writer of merit should ever lead a life of misery, and perhaps die in despair, but while his misery lasts, and his despair is growing, it rarely thinks of stretching out a helping hand to him. Such is the world. Men who devote themselves to a literary career, ought always to bear that in mind.

“An author ought to feel as a righteous man feels: he must not expect to be rewarded for his works in this world, and he must seek his best reward within his own sell.

“Of course, it is only fair that an author should aspire to be successful, not only to gratify that love of fame which is natural enough to man, but far more still to contribute, in the fullest measure possible, to the enlightenment, improvement, and welfare of mankind. And it is not only fair, but as a matter of duty he ought to do everything in his power to be successful. For this purpose, he ought to be endowed with a perseverance *à toute épreuve*. The longer he perseveres, the better chance he will have of ultimate success. But still he must remember that, although perseverance is a condition of success, it is not an infallible source of it. He may persevere all his life-time, and still not be rewarded. If he could only persevere long enough, he would be sure to succeed, in the same way as a gambler who plays methodically at the green table, is sure to succeed in breaking the bank, if he plays long enough. Unfortunately an author may die before his perseverance has gained its end, in the same way as a gambler may be ruined before his method has been thoroughly carried out.

"It may be sad, very sad indeed, for an author to toil for years and perhaps for a life-time, and then find his patience and perseverance have been useless; but such a fate is not uncommon in any other branch of human activity; disappointed artists and scientific men are probably as common as disappointed authors. Disappointment is truly the lot of the immense majority of mankind. The great point is not to give way to it.

"The greatest danger for young authors is to indulge in hopes which must necessarily end in disappointment, and to follow a course which will necessarily lead to despair. Despair is indeed the rock against, which poor authors must especially be on their guard.

"The chief cause of despair is not want of success but misery. As long as an author, though poor, has enough to live on, he cannot despair, however frugal his meals may be, and however hard his bed; for the pleasure he derives from his writings makes up abundantly for any privation he may have to impose upon himself. But when hunger once begins to knock at the door, when the anxieties about the daily bread unite with the mental anguish caused by disappointed hopes, then despair seizes the wretched author with its sharp claws and teeth, and his agony offers one of the most terrible spectacles to be witnessed in this world, so rich in terrible spectacles.

"The first and foremost care of an author, especially if he be poor, is to find the means of making a livelihood independently of his writings. Let him engage in any profession, be it ever so humble, that will shield him from the worst enemy of the human race, hunger; but let him never trust to his literary works to make a living. However excellent, admirable, sublime they may be, they will not prevent him from dying of hunger.

"That is just what most poor authors will forget, and their forgetfulness is the cause of much misery among them. They only look at the bright side of everything; they only see in the history of literature the story of authors who, after struggling a long time in vain, and undergoing a thousand privations, succeeded at last in winning fame, and perhaps riches. But they forget altogether the other side of the question, and do not think of all the authors who, after struggling a long time in vain, and undergoing a thousand privations, did *not* succeed, and died of starvation, committed suicide, or ended in a madhouse. For every Chatterton or Gilbert known to the world, there may perhaps be ten unknown. If we could only have a look into that awful unwritten history of unsuccessful authors, the number of them would be greatly diminished. Such a history is really needed, and I think that he who would write it would not only deserve an eminent place in literature, but an eminent place among the benefactors of humanity.

"Of course all this does not apply to you, Lionel, at least, not for the present. You have a very fair salary, your wife has a nice little income, and you are really in better circumstances than the immense majority of professors in France. But I have still deemed it advisable to show you what may be the fate of a poor author, for one great reason: there is just a possibility of your wishing to make any sacrifice for the sake of literary success. You may be ready to give up your salary to have your works published, and your wife may be only too willing to give up her income for the same purpose. Now I tell you, Lionel, beware of it. It would be foolish; far worse, it would be criminal. Never spend a penny on publishing when you require it for anything else. Publishing is an expensive luxury, and when you once begin, you

never know when to stop. It is a kind of gambling, and perhaps more dangerous than ordinary gambling, because it is undertaken for a good cause. If you have any money to spare, spend it on publishing to your heart's content: *si non, non !*" This *non* was pronounced with tremendous emphasis, and accompanied with a powerful gesture. "That is the reason why I have called your attention to the fate of some poor authors.

"There is one more reason which ought to prevent you from entering into any publishing speculation, and it is this: you are no longer your own master. If you were single, you might have a right to spend your last penny in publishing, and starve afterwards; but now that you have a wife, you have no right to starve, not even for what you may call a noble cause, and especially you have no right to let her starve herself!

"But I think there is little fear of your going to such an excess, for I have always found you a sensible young man, and I know you love your wife too much to expose her to any anxiety, especially to any anxiety about money matters, which is the worst of all. What you have to guard against is being too hopeful at the start, and finding yourself only the more disappointed in the end. If you should really be one of those unfortunate authors doomed to failure, you must still not give way to despondency. In the midst of your disappointments you will have many sources of consolation. Remember there are many 'mute, inglorious Miltons,' as Gray calls them in his beautiful elegy. It is certainly a misfortune to be a great writer and not to be appreciated; but, after all, the misfortune may be borne with equanimity. If the world is blind enough to ignore you, so much the worse for the world. It is the loser, not you. If you are really a great writer,

you will easily console yourself for not being appreciated, for you know your own excellence, if others do not; and if you die unknown, neither you nor the world will be the worse for it, for you will die with the conviction that you have done your duty, and in the hope of receiving your reward in a better world; and the world will not miss you, for it cannot grieve over a loss of which it has no idea. If Shakespeare had taken all his glorious works with him into his tomb before any mortal had seen them, England would certainly not have missed him. The only difference is that the glory of other writers of the same period would have shone forth more brilliantly. Besides, remember that no man, not even the best and greatest, is absolutely necessary here below. If he dies before he has accomplished his task, others are sure to accomplish it for him. There is in this truth a good deal of consolation for a man who is a true philosopher.

"My last advice to you, therefore, is this: work hard, Lionel, be patient and persevering, develope the talents which nature has given you, and let them bear good fruit. But if, after all, your perseverance is not rewarded, if your ambition is disappointed, if your works do not give you the name to which you aspire, do not grieve too much over it; do not try to force the hand of success by engaging in risky speculations, do not think of incurring any sacrifice for the sake of your works, do not ruin yourself; and always remember that a good writer must find his greatest reward within himself, and if his works are not appreciated in this world, he will be rewarded for them in the other!"

Whilst we were travelling towards Strasbourg, I thought a long time of all the advice M. de Saint-Amand had given me, and impressed it deeply upon my mind.

At length we reached the Vosges, passed through

one tunnel after another, and entered fertile and beautiful Alsace, where we were to spend perhaps many future years.

New ideas rose in my mind. I could not help feeling anxious; not about myself, for I had made up my mind to bear my fate cheerfully, whatever it might be, but about Emmeline. So far she had lived in abundance and luxury: her life with her aunt had not indeed been a happy one, but she had at least been spared all the little troubles and annoyances of a housewife. Surrounded by numerous and attentive servants, she had only to move a finger to have her wishes carried out immediately. Now she was about to enter a new sphere of life, which, at the best, could not be without a certain amount of vexation and worry. How would she bear such a complete change?

I had still another cause of anxiety: Emmeline had so far been used to a good deal of society, and to the best society. What circles would she henceforth have to frequent? Would my standing at the *Lycée* be good enough to give us a place in the best society of Strasbourg? Should we have to put up with commonplace people, honest but unrefined? Or should we be compelled to live in solitude, shunned by one caste of society, and ourselves shunning the others? All these questions made me feel uneasy. I spoke to Emmeline on the subject, so that, if the worst came to the worst, she might at least be prepared for it. But she told me, with a cheerful countenance, that I had no cause for anxiety, since she would always be perfectly happy as long as I loved her as much as I did now. I must say, without doubting Emmeline's words in the least, I felt convinced that, in married life, something else was required besides love to ensure perfect happiness.

At length the mighty spire of Strasbourg Cathedral

appeared in the distance. Ten minutes after we passed through the massive fortified gates, the collector took the tickets, the train stopped, and I helped Emmeline out, saying to her, with a sad smile :

"Oh, darling, I wish the first month was over, and we were settled down comfortably !"

CHAPTER VI.

As I was looking after the luggage, a man approached, took off his hat very politely, and asked me in the Strasbourg dialect :

"*Pardon, Monsieur, sin' Sie nit d'r Herr Tresyllian, üs England ?*" ("Excuse, me, sir, are you not Mr. Tresyllian, from England ?")

I stared at him in blank astonishment. Who was he ? And how did he get to know my name ?

He probably thought I did not understand his *patois*, so he repeated the same question in pure French, still holding his hat in a courteous manner on a level with his head :

"*Pardon, Monsieur, n'ai-je pas l'honneur de parler à Monsieur Tresyllian ?*"

"*Oui, Monsieur,*" replied I, without the slightest hope that my answer would solve the mystery.

"Very well," answered he, in French ; "your cab is ready for you." And without waiting further, he told one of the porters to bring the luggage.

A sudden thought flashed upon my mind. I knew that travellers, on arriving at foreign places, frequently fall into the hands of impostors or thieves, and are liable to lose half their luggage while they are looking after the other half. So I asked Emmeline to stay near the van, and followed the porter, who had taken

away some of the boxes. True enough, the cab was in attendance, and the boxes were placed on the top. For fear of accident, I remained near the cab, whilst the porter and the polite stranger went back. They soon returned, followed by Emmeline. The remaining luggage was put up with some difficulty, and I placed the valuable ebony box inside. Then we entered, the stranger took his seat by the side of the driver, and off we went.

Where were we going to ? And what was the meaning of the whole occurrence ?

We drove through the town, passed the cathedral and the *château*, crossed a bridge, went along the *quai*, and stopped at last in front of a newly-painted house of very neat appearance.

"Here we are !" cried the stranger, on opening the carriage-door.

"Yes, here we are !" repeated I mechanically, looking about me with a suspicious eye. If we had stopped in front of a hotel, I should not have wondered. But this was, to all appearances, a private house. The mystery was getting more and more complicated. But before I had time to ask a question the door of the house opened, a lady of about forty-five, dressed in black, made her appearance, bowed gracefully, and said, with a very pleasant smile :

"*Bonjour, madame ; bonjour, monsieur !*" Then she added, in French : "Would you kindly take the trouble to come in, my husband will look after the luggage. . . . I hope you will find everything *comme il faut*. . . . Perhaps you would like to go upstairs before dinner ? . . . Lina, will you show *monsieur* and *madame* the way ?"

Lina was a handsome girl of about eighteen, with lovely blue eyes, and very long light-chestnut hair, twisted in thick plaits around her head in the Alsatian

fashion. Judging by the likeness between them, she must have been the daughter of the elder lady.

My suspicions were groundless. I had only to look into their kindly faces to see that I was with honest people. We both followed the Alsatian girl upstairs.

"*Voici, monsieur !*" said she, modestly, in opening a door ; " will you please have the kindness to ring when you are ready for dinner ?"

The door was shut, and my wife and myself remained standing, and looking at each other in astonishment and wonder. A new idea crossed my mind. I saw a smile lurking in the corners of Emmeline's mouth. Taking her hands into mine and looking fixedly into her eyes, I said :

"Emmeline, you wished to prepare a surprise for me ?"

"No, dearest, I did not. If I smiled, it was because I could read your thought before you expressed it. I assure you I was as little prepared as yourself for this reception. What the mystery means I have not the faintest notion ; but I have no doubt it will soon be solved. One thing is certain, we are not in the hands of impostors : we have only to look at these people to see they are honesty itself. Another point is equally certain : there can be no mistake about our identity. We were expected, that is clear enough : but why we were expected, how we were recognised, and what our presence means in this house, are all riddles to me. But, no doubt, it will all come right in the end. Meanwhile, let us get ready for dinner, since we are to dine here."

I could not help looking around, and thought that, if this was the place where we were going to settle down, I should decidedly not regret it. The room was furnished with great elegance. A large bed and a small one, a dressing-table, a marble washstand, a chest of

drawers, a large wardrobe, and several minor pieces composed the furniture : the whole suite was of carved oak. Emmeline admired it very much, especially the massive bedstead, which was carved very artistically. The Alsatians are particularly proud of that article of furniture, and spend a good deal of money upon it. Through an open door I penetrated into a kind of dressing-room, smaller than the bedroom, and furnished in a similar style. Both overlooked the river. I began to feel quite at home, and said to myself: "This is really a delightful place! I most sincerely hope no mistake has been made, for I should be dreadfully sorry to have to turn out again."

To put an end to my uncertainty, I decided to have an immediate explanation with the man who brought us here. When we were ready, I rang. The lovely Lina appeared, and informed us that dinner was ready.

"Mademoiselle," said I, "will you please tell your father that I should like to speak to him?"

"I am sorry, monsieur," she replied, "he is out. He has gone to inform M. Schönfeld, the advocate, of your arrival."

An advocate, a lawyer! What could it mean? Emmeline and I looked at each other, and she said: "No doubt we shall hear some unexpected news before the day is over."

We followed Lina into the dining-room. The delicious fumes of an Alsatian *Fleischsupp* filled the air. We sat down to table, and, before five minutes were over, we forgot the mystery of our present state, and only remembered that we were hungry travellers who had spent over ten hours in a train. The soup was excellent, and Emmeline said she had never tasted anything better in her life. After the soup we had some beef with dark-green mustard. The beef was eatable, although it had lost some of its taste in the soup, in

which it had been boiled, *à la mode alsacienne*. Then came a dish, beautiful to behold: it was a *filet de veau* swimming in a rich gravy, and surrounded by a whole army of little brown roasted potatoes. It was really a lovely sight! But, if the sight was lovely, the flavour was still better, and the taste was best. The salad which accompanied this dish was not so much appreciated, at least not by Emmeline, who had yet to become reconciled to the notion of putting into it two spoonfuls of oil to each spoonful of vinegar. I must not forget two bottles of old Rhine wine, one white Traminer and the other red Obergeringheimer, in those thin long-necked bottles celebrated all over the world. Ample justice was done to this favourite drink of mine. After the veal came a splendid plum-tart: the best London confectioner could not have made anything better. And finally Lina brought the coffee, filled two miniature cups with the fragrant, steaming liquid, poured out two *petits verres* of Black Forest *Kirschwasser*, one for Emmeline and the other for myself, placed a box of cigars near me, and then retired.

I could not restrain my joy any longer, and cried out:

"Emmy, darling, isn't all this really delightful? . . . What a splendid reception! . . . If the whole body of University professors had turned out to meet us, I could not have been so much pleased. . . . A couple of hours ago, I little thought that on arriving here we should find everything ready for us: a splendid set of rooms, a capital dinner, a delicious glass of wine, a box of first rate havannas, and, above all, two polite people to wait upon us with such eager readiness! If we lived in wonderland I could really not have wished for anything better. . . . What it all means, I cannot tell; but, after all, I am not astonished at it. I knew that, from the day I married you, luck would always follow

our steps and a kind fairy always watch over us. No doubt this is her first great favour! . . . Ah! my own sweet little one, wherever you are you spread happiness around you!"

I took up my little wife into my strong arms, and carried her around the room in the joy of my heart. Then I placed her gently into a *canapé-fauteuil* near the open window. This piece of furniture, half sofa and half arm-chair, seemed to have been invented by a man who had made comfort the chief study of his life. Within ten minutes Emmeline was sound asleep. Her last words, before closing her eyes, had been: "Darling, I am so happy!"

I watched her for some time in silence, then I got up, uncorked a bottle of Marcobrunner, which bore the magic number 1834, placed it on a little table near the window, lit a cigar, and sat down, opposite Emmeline, in delightful dreamy *nonchalance*.

The cloudless sky was of that beautiful deep blue never seen in England, and the sun made everything look bright and cheerful. In the distance I could see the point of the lightning-conductor on the top of the cathedral, sparkling like an immense diamond. From that point, my eyes wandered down the magnificent, transparent, aerial spire, and I wondered how that elaborate piece of network could ever have been raised to such a towering height. Then I looked back into the dining-room, and examined, with much interest and pleasure, the fine mahogany furniture, the *faïence* stove, with its elegant pipe, a perfect masterpiece of the tinsmith's art, the polished floor inlaid with oak, and the steel engravings, which adorned the walls. Then again, I cast my eyes upon the river below, gliding along noiselessly, and followed its gentle undulations for a long time. An indescribable feeling of comfort, peace and happiness, overcame me. Now

and then I emptied, à *petites gorgées*, a glass of that exquisite Rhine wine, and thought what a glorious gift God bestowed on man when he gave him that noble drink. Then again I threw back my head, smoked a few seconds, and, with the art of a consummate smoker, made little circles of smoke, which increased in diameter as they rose towards the ceiling. I forgot everything in the deep enjoyment of the present. By-and-by my recollections went back to the time when I studied in Germany and would have liked to settle down as an old-fashioned philosopher. Now my youthful desires were realised, and I could lead the calm, studious, happy life of a literary man who forgets the whole world over his books and writings. I was just drawing, in imagination, a glowing picture of my future life in Strasbourg, when somebody knocked at the door.

Madame Schneider, the lady in black, entered and asked with an inviting smile whether *monsieur* would not like to see the house. I was ready for it immediately.

We went first into the *salon*. On entering, I could not refrain from an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. What a lovely room! It was carpeted in the English fashion. The carpet, the cornices, hangings, and *écru* lace curtains were all of a beautiful pattern. The furniture was of polished walnut, richly inlaid with enamel. A splendid piano by the best Paris makers stood opposite the windows. "How Emmeline will be delighted," thought I, "when she sees it!" The pictures all around were most lovely. There was first a splendid old engraving of the cathedral in a gold frame. It was of an immense size. I had never before seen a finer picture of the same kind. I admired it with that secret delight felt by a *connaisseur* who has a weakness for old engravings. Then, all around the

room, I saw very large photographs of the principal Strasbourg views: the portal, the nave, and the famous astronomical clock of the Cathedral; St. Thomas's Church, and the Mausoleum of the *Maréchal de Saxe*; the *Château*, and the statues of Gutemberg and General Kleber. All these were in massive oaken frames with a thin golden rim inside. They were set off to advantage by several engravings representing sceneries in the Vosges and Black Forest, and by some carved Swiss brackets supporting busts of Goethe and Schiller, and miniature copies of celebrated statues.

From the *salon* we went into a nice, quiet, snug little room overlooking the garden behind the house. It was fitted up as a study. On approaching the book-case, I saw with a mingled feeling of joy and gratitude that it contained about a hundred handsomely-bound volumes: they were all the most important works in French, German, and English, referring to the subject of my Essay. I could not repress my curiosity any longer, but turned towards Madame Schneider, and said:

"Madam, allow me to ask you a question."

But before I had time to put it into words, she replied:

"Monsieur, I am sorry not to be able to answer any question you may ask. I have been requested by M. Schönfeld, the advocate, to refer you to him for any explanation you may want. My husband has called on him this afternoon, and M. Schönfeld will be here in the course of the evening. Meanwhile, if it is your wish, I will show you the remainder of the house."

So we visited on the same floor another room, which, I thought, would be Emmeline's *boudoir*, and two bedrooms beside those already mentioned. Then we went into the cellar, where I saw, to my great delight, two

large casks of Rhine wine, and about twelve dozen bottles of the choicest French and German wines.

In one word, the whole house, from the *mansardes* under the steep tiled roof, down to the cellar, was fitted up so completely, and with such utter disregard of expense, that a man could not have spent a *sou* to make it more complete.

I thanked Madame Schneider and returned into the dining-room. Emmeline was still asleep. I did not wake her, for I knew that, after our journey, a long rest would do her good. But I could not help kissing her forehead in the exuberance of my joy. I had a secret presentiment that the lawyer, who was shortly to call on me, had some splendid piece of news for me. What that news might be, the reader may imagine. And yet I did not like to be too sanguine, for fear of being dreadfully disappointed.

I filled another glass with the famous 34, lit another cigar, and waited for Emmeline to awake or the lawyer to arrive. The latter was announced at last.

When I entered the drawing-room, he got up, made three very low bows, and said in French :

“My name is Schönfeld. I am a barrister-at-law, and belong to the Strasbourg bar. I have called on you on business, at the request of a person who takes great interest in your comfort and welfare. In accordance with the wishes of that person, I have to present you what that person calls a wedding-present. This wedding-present consists of two documents and a pocket-book. The first document is a lease of this house for one year. At the end of the year, you are at liberty to renew it, or take another house, if you do not find this suitable. The rent of it is already paid : here is the receipt. Next year, at Michaelmas, and every following year as long as you remain in Strasbourg, I will hand over to you a receipt for the rent of

this house, or any other you may choose to live in. The second document is a deed by which all the furniture and household goods, linen, books, pictures, ornaments, wine, etc., in this house, are given to you without reserve or condition. Finally, I have to hand over to you a pocket-book containing the sum of 5,000 francs' (£200), to complete the furnishing of the house, if anything should have been forgotten. I have to add only another word: M. Schneider, the man who met you at the station, as well as his wife and daughter, are in your service, and I hope they will give you complete satisfaction. In return for their services, they have the ground floor of this house rent-free, besides a very handsome remuneration, which I shall pay them regularly every quarter, according to orders received. Their stay in this house is absolutely dependent on your own free will. You are at liberty to dispense with their services after three months' notice, but I sincerely trust you will be pleased with them. They are most respectable people. M. Schneider is an old soldier who distinguished himself at the storming of Constantine, and is now an *employé* at the *préfecture*; his wife is a most good-natured person, an excellent cook, and a splendid house-wife; and their daughter Lina is a charming girl who will, I hope, make herself most useful to *madame*.

"You will perhaps ask me who is the person that has made you such a handsome wedding-present. I am sorry not to be at liberty to satisfy your curiosity. The person wishes to remain unknown and, of course, a lawyer never betrays a secret. Excuse me, monsieur, I am a busy man and my duties call me elsewhere. As you may perhaps want to consult me, I will call again in a few days, or, if you prefer, you might see me at my office. *Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer.*"

Hereupon he bowed himself out of the room and disappeared.

"For ten minutes I walked up and down the drawing-room with a mixed feeling of astonishment, delight, curiosity, and gratitude, sometimes looking at the two documents, sometimes at the bluish French bank-notes, sometimes at all the elegant things around me, and I said to myself repeatedly, as if it were all a dream: "And all this is mine, and I have such a comfortable home for my wife, and she will be so happy!"

When I had recovered a little from my emotions, I hastened back into the dining-room. Emmeline had left it. I found her in the bed-room in great admiration over a magnificent dressing-case, richly inlaid with silver, gold, and jewels. On seeing me, she put her arms around my neck and cried out: "Isn't it beautiful! And it is my own? a wedding-present from some unknown friend." At the same time she gave me a small card which she had found in the dressing-case; on it were written the following words in English: "A wedding-present for Lady Emmeline!" "And I have another wedding-present for you, dearest," cried I in a joyful tone, "far more beautiful still than this costly dressing-case." Then I showed her the documents, and told her all I had seen and heard during her sleep.

And when I had finished speaking, she knelt down by the side of the bed and offered her silent but fervent thanks to the Lord for all his mercies, and asked him, from the bottom of her heart, to lavish his choicest blessings upon our generous, unknown benefactor.

CHAPTER VII.

WHO was our benefactor? This question formed the subject of our conversation for the remainder of the evening. Among Emmeline's friends and relations there was no one who could deserve that title. Her aunt, the Hon. Miss Carrington, was, of course, altogether out of question; and her second cousin, the present Marquis of Carrington, who, being the next male heir, had inherited the whole of the entailed property of the family, together with the title, was equally out of question, as he was not even personally acquainted with Emmeline. On my side, I knew of only two persons who could possibly have made us such a munificent wedding-present: it was either Lord St. Ives or Herbert. I do not mention my mother, because she could not have acted without my father's knowledge and consent. Between my father and Herbert I must say I did not hesitate, nor did Emmeline: and yet we disagreed. She enumerated, at full length, all the reasons Lord St. Ives could have for secretly taking care of us, whilst he was openly at variance with me. But all her ingenuity could not convert me to her opinion. I knew my father better. Although he was well known for his liberality, I felt convinced he would not show me any kindness, simply because he would have feared to encourage what he called my disobedience. On the other hand, the more I thought of it, the more I felt strengthened in the belief that it must be Bertie to whom we owed such a heavy debt of gratitude. Although he never indulged in any protestations of friendship, I knew he was attached to me with the truest and deepest affection. I was well acquainted with his generous nature, and could quote many instances when he had

proved it in his own quiet, unpretending way. As I was his best friend in the world, I was sure he would be ready for any sacrifice to help me. Besides, he was rich. On coming of age, he had inherited several thousand pounds a year from an old bachelor uncle whose favourite he had been, and as he was an only son, he would some day come into his father's immense property. In one word, everything I knew of Bertie's character and private circumstances confirmed my conviction that *he* was the generous friend who had made our first day in Strasbourg so happy.

To clear up all doubts, we both wrote home the next morning, Emmeline to Lilian, and I to my mother. Then I addressed a long letter to Bertie himself in which I gave him a graphic account of our arrival at Strasbourg and an elaborate description of the splendid home we found there. At the end, I let him understand how greatly we appreciated the liberality, forethought, delicacy, and discretion of our unknown friend. If *he* was that friend, he would see from the tone of my letter, that he had not bestowed his kindness upon ungrateful people.

Finally I wrote one more letter. It was to the kind old lady who had taken so much care of me during my illness, who had never ceased to comfort me when I was in despair, to cheer me up when I felt lonely and despondent, and to share all my troubles although her own were far greater than mine. I mean dear Mrs. Carlisle. Indeed I had not forgotten her. Far from it. Before our marriage, I had repeatedly visited her with Emmeline, and, to her great delight, we had had tea at her house two or three times. And the last thing I did, before leaving Perran, was to recommend her to my mother in the warmest terms. I had already acquainted my mother with Mrs. Carlisle's history and character, with all her past

misfortunes and present trials, with her gentle and cheerful disposition, with her disinterestedness and sympathy for other people's misfortunes, with all her great and noble virtues concealed by her modesty and simplicity of heart. My mother assured me she would henceforth make it her task to take care of Mrs. Carlisle, and to surround her with every possible comfort for the remainder of her life.

Before the answers to these letters came, a new incident took place, which for the present absorbed all my thoughts.

This incident was neither unexpected, nor in itself very remarkable. It was simply the reopening of the *Lycée*, which took place two days after our arrival. But it was an incident of great importance to me, because I felt my happiness for years would perhaps to a great extent depend on what would occur within the next few weeks.

I felt decidedly nervous when thinking that, before two days were over, I should have to appear before my English and German classes. And when I thought of all that might happen, my nervousness increased considerably. How would the boys behave? Would they not look upon the appointment of a new Foreign Master as an excellent opportunity for indulging in their mischievous propensities? Did I possess the power of imparting sound knowledge, and would my pupils take an interest in my lessons? These questions and a thousand others made me feel very uncomfortable. But my anxiety was raised to the highest pitch when I was told by the Head-Master that my predecessor had not only been a poor teacher, but a still worse disciplinarian: thus, within the last year, there had arisen among the boys a spirit of insubordination towards their Foreign Master which it would be my duty to smother at the very beginning.

This piece of news made me feel almost despondent, especially when I thought of the bad system of French public school discipline.

French boys at public schools are subjected to a discipline which to our English notions is simply abominable. In school and out of school, at meals, in the playground, during their walks, from morning till night, and, what is more astounding, from night till morning, they are never left to themselves for a single instant: the convicts in a *bagno* could not be watched more strictly. It would be easy to point out the dismal effects such a system must have from a moral and social point of view, and how young men are only too ready to give themselves up to all sorts of excesses, the moment the gates of the *lycée* are closed behind them. It would be equally easy to show how bad this system is from a political point of view, and how difficult it must be for children brought up in such foolish and cruel restraint to grow into a nation of free men. But I doubt whether this is the right place to discuss such a subject. Still I think it can never be discussed enough, until France learns that she must get rid of her present disciplinary system and rebuild it on a firmer basis, before she can attain that liberty to which she has vainly been aspiring for several generations.

I shall here simply call attention to one bad result of that system, which appears even before the boys leave school, and which therefore affected me personally. If ever French boys get a chance of breaking down the barriers which surround them on all sides, they will do so with the keenest delight, and make up for their usual restraint. Woe to the master who has then been cast in the midst of them! His life will be one of endless, unspeakable worry.

Of all the professors of a *lycée*, the foreign language

master naturally has the greatest trouble in keeping the boys in order. No wonder, therefore, if I feared I had a very disagreeable task before me.

But when the day came and I had to appear before my classes, I felt strong, and the boys could plainly read my resolution in the peculiar expression of my eyes and firm outlines of my mouth. For I had made up my mind that I would master them in spite of all difficulties, and teach them that an Englishman was not to be trifled with, not even by the wildest French boys.

Before the month was over, my resolution was rewarded, and the head-master had to congratulate me, not only on the love with which I had inspired my boys for their work, but also on the excellent manner in which I had restored discipline throughout my classes.

My success must be ascribed to the following causes :

First, I had decided never to lose my self-possession for a single moment, happen what may ; and although the boys might shout and sing, dance and fight, I should always remain as cool as an old general in the midst of the din of battle. Then, in the course of my lessons, I always spoke in a quiet, subdued tone : the boys had therefore no chance of making any noise themselves. Besides, I had resolved never to have recourse to violent measures. I have always thought that boys who cannot be managed without the cane ought to be removed from school, and masters who cannot keep up discipline without it ought to renounce a profession for which they are not suited. I managed my classes altogether with my eyes. That strange, magnetic power of the look, which most men possess over animals and many men over their fellow-creatures, I found I could exert

upon my boys in an eminent degree. I cultivated this power so much and carried it to such perfection, that within a few weeks I never had to say a word about discipline: a single look sufficed to impose silence, command attention, and prevent even the slightest disorder.

But the safest means of preventing any mischief was to keep my boys very busy. From the beginning of the lesson up to the last moment, I made them work so hard, that they had no time to think of anything else.

I must add that I always treated them with much kindness and courtesy, and let them understand that I expected the same treatment from them. It has always been my opinion that the sooner you treat boys as gentlemen, the sooner they will act like gentlemen. My pupils had become so much accustomed to my predecessor's rough ways, that they were quite startled at the change. But the beneficial results of this change soon became apparent. In a short time I did not only restore perfect discipline, but created a polite and gentlemanly tone, and called forth a spirit of cheerful obedience among those very boys who had proved so unmanageable under my predecessor.

As regards my teaching, I may say I soon had good reasons for being equally satisfied. Of course, I had first to feel my way and invent a method adapted to the circumstances. I soon found out that the knowledge of German was on the whole very satisfactory, although grammar and composition had been neglected as much as English grammar and composition generally are in our public schools at home. As for the knowledge of English, it was in such a hopeless state that it could scarcely be worse. To use scholastic terms, translation was indifferent, grammar bad, and, as regards reading, it was worse than abominable, it

was simply ludicrous. I was not astonished at this: my predecessor was a German.

Germans form perhaps the majority of foreign language masters all over the world: as a rule, they may be clever and well versed in their subjects, but what they can manage but very rarely is good pronunciation. Their accent is generally bad, often vile. No doubt there are exceptions. In the course of many years, I have met with two or three Germans who spoke English almost as well as natives; but I have never met a single one who could speak French decently. Indeed, I do not think there is one in a million who can speak French. This may rather astonish some readers in England, where there are thousands of Germans who rejoice in the title of French masters. I do not mean to draw a parallel between the French and the Germans as masters of foreign languages. Frenchmen may safely be called the worst linguists among civilised nations: but at least they know it, and have the good sense scarcely ever to attempt to teach anything but their own tongue.

With regard to the bad accent, I must say I struggled against it a long time, but, alas! in vain. It is easier to pull up a mighty oak, three or four hundred years old, than to root out a bad accent which has been allowed free growth during three or four years.

In every other respect, I had the best reasons for being pleased with the results of my teaching. And as I may not have any further opportunity to speak of my duties at the *lycée*, I may add *en résumé* that the head-master seized every opportunity of showing me his satisfaction, that I became a great favourite with the *lycéens*, and that the nervousness which I felt at the opening of the school had vanished altogether before the first month was over.

By that time, my only remaining anxiety had also been removed. It will be remembered that, before my arrival in Strasbourg, I was very uneasy about the society we should meet there. Was it not possible that I should experience in Alsace the same contempt, indifference, coolness or at least reserve, as foreign masters only too frequently meet with in England, even when they are perfect gentlemen? Besides, was not the society of Strasbourg proud, stiff, formal, exclusive, and *cliquish* like that of many places in England, especially cathedral towns? All this was possible. But still I was hopeful. I had too good an opinion of the French character, and French society in general, to think there could easily be found a place in France where English folly would regulate social intercourse. And I was not mistaken. Within a fortnight after our arrival, the Dean of the *Académie de Strasbourg* called on us with *madame*. They were both exceedingly pleasant. I learned afterwards that the Minister of Public Instruction had personally recommended us to their kindness. Shortly after, they invited us to a party where we met the *élite* of the city: professors of the five *faculties*, all more or less celebrated in literature and science, the prefect of the Bas-Rhin, the commander of Strasbourg, with several superior officers, two or three Alsatian noblemen, and several artists and literary men who had come from a distance. The party indeed reminded me very much of the society I used to meet at my father's house. I did my best to be agreeable to every one. As for Emmeline, she enchanted the whole company so much with her charming manners, her brilliant conversation in different languages, her sprightliness and wit, and still more with the strange, fascinating power of her music, that, before we left, I knew we had taken

a firm footing in the best society of this ancient city.

And now I must return to the subject of the letters mentioned before. Within a week after writing home, we heard from my mother, Lilian and Mrs. Carlisle. My mother was delighted at the good news I had given her, and shared Emmeline's belief that Lord St. Ives must have made us such a splendid wedding-present. Still I did not agree with her. Lilian wrote a very long and affectionate letter to my wife. At the end, there was a postscript. As is frequently the case with ladies' letters, the postscript was the most important part of the letter. She informed Emmeline that, since our wedding, Herbert had *not* been seen again at their house. This, she thought, was *very, very* unkind of him, the more so as he knew how they were *all* so fond of him. If ever we heard of him, she begged us to let her know, as she had become *very* anxious about him. When Emmeline gave me Lilian's letter, she smiled significantly.

Mrs. Carlisle sent us a glowing description of the delightful home my mother had given her at the villa near Perran. She could not thank me enough for recommending her so warmly to my mother, nor Lady St. Ives for treating her with such kindness and generosity. God, she said, had granted one of her dearest wishes in allowing her to finish her life in comfort and happiness. The fear of dying at that terrible place, the workhouse, was once for all removed. If only she could see her dear boy's face once more before she closed her eyes for ever, she would be the happiest woman in the world.

This letter made a deep impression upon us, and we both felt that the greatest pleasure here below was to

make others happy, especially when they deserved it as much as Mrs. Carlisle did.

Bertie's letter came last of all, and many days after the others. Strange to say, he scarcely alluded to the wedding-present. But when I had finished reading his letter, I was no longer astonished at his silence. The news he gave us filled us with so much dismay that we forgot the wedding-present ourselves.

Lady Sandcliff had met with a terrible accident. She was the beautiful but heartless creature whom Bertie had loved so passionately, and who so cruelly jilted him. It seems that she led Lord Sandcliff a wretched life. One morning, after a terrible quarrel, in which her husband told her some disagreeable truths, she went out for a ride. No attendant followed her. A few hours afterwards she was seen riding furiously over fields and hedges, gates and ditches. Those who saw her fancied she must have gone mad. Shortly after, her horse, bleeding, panting, and covered with mud, returned alone. Lord Sandcliff, at the head of his household, started at once in search of her. But it was not until night that she was found, lying insensible near a very high stone fence. She was immediately taken home, physicians were telegraphed for, her wounds were dressed, but all efforts proved useless. Three days after, she succumbed to her injuries, without ever recovering her consciousness, or being able to forgive her husband and receive his forgiveness.

What effect this sad news had on Bertie's mind may be more easily imagined than described. Although she had behaved most shamefully towards him, he remembered there was a time when he would gladly have given his life for her. It was a cruel blow to him. If he had been her husband, he could scarcely have felt it more.

His letter formed the chief subject of our conversation for several days, and we discussed the means at our command to alleviate his sorrow. That he would finally recover I had not the least doubt, but meanwhile I knew he would feel very wretched.

When, some time after, I had regained my usual calmness, I wrote to Bertie a letter full of the tenderest and most sympathetic feelings I could find in my heart. At the same time, Emmeline wrote to Lilian to tell her that Bertie was found again, but that he was unhappy, and wanted consolation.

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A few weeks after, Bertie appeared again in my mother's family circle, and Lilian did her best to console him.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIX weeks had elapsed since our arrival in Strasbourg. Already for a fortnight I had experienced a vague longing to resume my literary work. I could not pass the valuable ebony box without noticing that it exerted a secret attraction upon me. This attraction increased day by day, and finally became so powerful that I could resist it no longer. So, after eight eventful months, I decided to set to work again.

It was a Thursday, a whole holiday in French public schools. We were in November. The sky was beautifully clear, the air cold, brisk, invigorating. A cheerful fire was sparkling and crackling in the white *faïence* stove. I was alone in my study. Emmeline had gone out to visit her dearest friends—the poor.

I took my long German pipe, filled the immense

bowl to the very brim, as I usually do when I am about to plunge into meditation, lit the pipe carefully, and began to walk around the study. Within half an hour I had smoked myself into the proper frame of mind. Then I opened the ebony box, took out the Essay, sat down, and began to glance slowly over it, smoking all the time.

I do not know of any greater, deeper, and more exquisite pleasure in this world than that of an author looking over a work upon which he has spent some of the best years of his life, and which he regards as the source of his future fame. It was indeed for me a real literary feast which I enjoyed for several hours with ever-increasing delight. But if the Essay excited my keenest interest as a literary work, how much more did it not interest me as the silent record of my past life? I remembered, indeed, the circumstances in which every part, every chapter, and almost every page, had been written. Thus, in perusing it, all the chief incidents of the last five years passed before me with striking vividness. I often stopped reading, and, with my eyes shut and my forehead resting on my hand, thought of times gone by.

When I first began the Essay, I was still under the influence of that blind, excessive ambition which had been the most remarkable feature in my character ever since the time when I envied the laurels of the Admirable Crichton. I longed at that time to become a celebrated writer before I came of age, and trusted, with perfect good faith, that I should some day be called the Socrates of the nineteenth century: this Essay was to be the corner-stone of the monument of my future fame. As I grew in experience and wisdom, and became better acquainted with the enormous difficulties of my task, my ambition became more reasonable, and I learned to love fame no longer for

itself, but as the reward of men of talent or genius who devote their lives to the improvement and welfare of mankind.

For nearly three years I worked at this Essay in Germany, and nearly two more at Cambridge University.

I shall not repeat here how, many and many a time, while engaged in this great work, I passed from inexpressible joy to gloomy despondency, and again from the very verge of despair to boundless confidence. Most writers are acquainted with these painful vicissitudes in a thinker's life.

For the sake of my Essay I neglected my duties as a student, and incurred the displeasure of the Master of Trinity College; for its sake also I refused a splendid living in the Church of England, and was disowned by my father. After my short but dangerous illness, and my useless wanderings after my beloved, I set to work once more, and gave the first part the finishing touch. The time I thus spent was one of the happiest in my existence. Then followed three months of intense anxiety, during which I passed from the most splendid dreams and the most brilliant hopes with which the wildest imagination could inspire an ambitious young man, to the lowest depth of despondency which an author could feel after numerous and disheartening failures. I need not recall the startling event which suddenly distracted my thoughts from what I looked upon as the injustice of publishers and the partiality of Fame.

As I was now perusing the manuscript, and all these recollections were returning in vivid colours, I could not help thinking of the change which, in many respects, had come over me since the time when I first began my Essay. It was certainly a change for the better. I was, indeed, still very ambitious, for I had not

renounced the hope of some day deserving an honourable place among the favourite authors of England, France, and Germany, but as for becoming the Socrates of the nineteenth century, I smiled when I thought of it. It was almost a smile of pity at my former conceit and foolishness.

Besides, I was no longer in such haste to become celebrated as I used to be before I was twenty. My great aim in life was no longer to finish my Essay soon, but to finish it well. I knew it would take me at least three or four more years' hard work to complete it. But this I did not mind. Even if I required as many years as Gibbon took over his masterpiece, I was quite ready for the task. Provided I won fame in the end, I was satisfied.

But if I found a decided change in my ambition, I found a still greater change in my literary abilities. When I first began, I had to struggle against enormous obstacles raised by my want of experience as an author, by the defects of my method, the difficulties of composition, my too great anxiety about my future success, and finally by the caprice of inspiration.

As may naturally be expected, in the course of four years' incessant study and continual practice, I acquired a great deal of experience in dealing with my subject generally, in finding the best sources and making the best of them, in compressing into a few pages the substance of many days' study, in recognising what was essential and what incidental, in always placing in the fullest light the great idea which was to pervade my work, finally, in grasping my subject fully, and giving it a more and more perfect expression.

As a good method is essential in dealing with any subject, and only one method is perfect, I exerted myself to the utmost to find the best method for my work.

After about a year's more or less successful attempts, I found it at last, and, having found it, I always followed it rigorously.

With regard to the difficulties of composition, the more I practised the art of writing, the less formidable they became. They had indeed been for me the chief source of despondency. No wonder! To think is natural to man, but to think well and express one's thoughts well is an art which must be learnt, and is very difficult to learn.

To meditate over a subject deeply, to find out all the ideas it contains, to choose between the rich, the common, and the worthless, as a jeweller will choose between a mass of stones in their rough shells—to keep only the best, and brighten them up until they are as pure, transparent, and brilliant as the finest stones which the jeweller has chosen and polished to perfection—to give them all their right places so as to form an harmonious *ensemble*, perfect in its symmetry, admirable in its beauty, and powerful in its expression, as the jeweller will set his stones with a masterly hand into a crown of supreme magnificence: that is what may be called to think well and express one's thoughts well. It is an art which even the greatest thinker has to learn, and which he can only master after careful study and long practice.

As I had found this art so difficult at first, I concentrated all my attention upon it, and cultivated it for several years with the utmost zeal. My perseverance was rewarded. I do not mean to say I mastered the art of writing perfectly: far from it—no man ever does. Even the most accomplished writer will find he can always improve, and surpass himself. But I found that art much easier. My ideas came more naturally, they assumed of their own accord clearer outlines, they settled down in methodical order, and I found more

easily the best terms in which to express them. I rarely had to write the same chapter more than three or four times. In one word, after nearly five years' hard work, I had overcome the chief difficulties of the art of writing.

Finally, as I have already said, I was no longer anxious to hasten the approach of the day when I should deserve the world's admiration, and no longer disheartened by the freaks of inspiration. I had learned from experience that there are moments when even the best author is unfit to write a single line, and that the *feu sacré* will die out and burn up again, according to laws little known to man, and under circumstances over which he most frequently has no control. So, whenever inspiration left me, I calmly shut my books and put down my pen, sometimes for days or even weeks. Then I took to riding, walking, or athletic exercises, or turned my attention to some new subject, studied the literatures of France and Germany, or practised French and German composition.

Thus a considerable change had taken place since the time when I first began my Essay, and I had every reason to feel happy at this change. It was, therefore, with a light heart, a cheerful spirit, and firm confidence that at length I set to work once more, and began the second part of my Essay, treating of the Progress of the Human Mind in the Nineteenth Century.

One year passed. The whole history of that year may be related in a few words. Emmeline and myself were perfectly happy, she in loving me and always extending farther the circle of the poor she delighted to visit, and I in loving her and working vigorously at my Essay. Guided by my past experience, reaping the fruits of my excellent method, improving every day more and more in the art of writing, and altogether

more confident in myself, I was pleased with the result of my labours. One page after another was added to the manuscript, and, by the end of the first year, I could say to myself with satisfaction and pride that I had made good use of my time, and was not a worthless member of humanity.

It would be an injustice on my part not to add here that, if I worked successfully, it was greatly owing to Emmeline herself. When we married, I knew indeed I had gained an invaluable treasure, but I scarcely could expect she would possess all the best qualities of an author's wife.

That an author's wife should be kind and loving, good-tempered and cheerful, thoughtful and sensible, patient and unselfish, is to say very little, for every girl who wishes to marry ought to possess these qualities. But much more is expected from an author's wife.

She must willingly give up many of her rights, and not resent it if her husband does not fulfil all his duties towards her. For authors only too often make poor husbands, and sometimes the best are the worst. This is not to be wondered at, for a true author, however fond he may be of his wife, is first an author, and only next a husband.

She must altogether forget herself, and think only of him, although he may seldom think of her. Often, when she longs to sit on his knees and fondly talk to him, he will lock himself up in his study and leave her to herself for many hours. Or if he does not object to her presence, she will at least have to be silent, and her only pleasure will be to look at him. If she speaks, he does not listen; if she draws near, he will become restless; and if she is unlucky enough to touch him or steal a kiss, he will fly into a fit of passion. This life will often go on for days, if not weeks. If, in his study,

he ignores his wife altogether, he often forgets her even out of it, for his work is his great love and usual companion. It is not of much use for her to redouble her efforts, and do for him all that the fondest wife could do for the best of husbands. He will frequently be blind to her kindness, swallow the choicest morsels like an automaton, and be made wonderfully comfortable without knowing it.

A good author's wife must especially take care not to worry him with the petty troubles of everyday life. A commonplace, domestic, unintellectual wife is a terrible curse to an author. When he is revolving in his mind some great, noble, magnificent thought which some day will be the admiration of thousands of readers, she will, for instance, ask him with a loving smile whether he would like chutney or pickled cabbage at dinner; when he is anxious not to lose a single idea, and writing at full speed, so that the pen burns between his fingers, she will suddenly request him to take the servant to task for making the soup too salt, or forgetting to order the mutton chops; when he is carried away by brilliant, lofty inspiration, or rejoices in the most glorious views revealed to him by his fertile imagination, she will tell him with a sad countenance that the milk has turned sour, or that poor pussy is very unwell. These instances might be multiplied to any extent.

A good author's wife must not only avoid troubling him with such trifling details of the household, but she must often remain silent even when she should speak out. When she is sad, when she grieves, when she is suffering from mental anguish, she has a right, and it is her duty, to look to her husband for consolation. And yet frequently she will have to keep her grief to herself for fear of putting an end to his joys as an

author. In short, she must carry unselfishness to a degree rarely attained in this world.

Such are the troubles of an author's wife in the family circle. In company they are just as great, if not greater. She has to watch over him like a child, and prevent his numerous eccentricities. For he will listen without hearing, talk without thinking, ask questions and forget them, hear the answers and not understand them; he will walk about in the full drawing-room as if he were alone, talk to himself, laugh, gesticulate and stare unwittingly at any person near him; if he is still more absent-minded than usual, he will put his arm around a lady's waist, look at her with a vague, loving smile, and let her go again without being aware of his mistake; or if a stout old lady happens to have taken his favourite arm-chair, he will calmly sit down on her lap, and wonder for an instant how his seat can have become so uncomfortable.

His wife must always watch him to prevent such accidents, or, if he has fallen into an awkward position, to help him out of it in a quick, easy, and clever way.

But all these qualities, however great and rare they may be, are not sufficient to make a good author's wife. She ought, above all, to understand him, feel with him, take the liveliest interest in his literary work, revive his spirits when he is dejected, share his enthusiasm, always keep before her own eyes the great aim he has in view: in one word, be of one soul and heart with him.

Emmeline displayed most of these qualities. This was not altogether a subject of surprise for me. Already before she knew me personally she had been filled by my mother with an ardent admiration for me, and learned to look upon me as *the* great writer of the future. Whether my mother was right in impressing such

notions upon her I need not discuss. I simply state a fact. From the day we confessed our love to each other she knew she would be an author's wife, and cultivated with the utmost zeal all the qualities with which she thought she ought to be endowed. Her intense love for me made her task easy, and she became a model author's wife.

There are women whose greatest happiness in life is to forget themselves altogether for the sake of the one they love: to them self-denial is a pleasure and the greatest sacrifice a source of delight. Emmeline was one of those noble women. I often accused myself openly of being an indifferent, selfish, ungrateful husband to her, but she was always ready to seal my lips with a kiss and to say:

"Lionel, do not think of me, think of your great work. I know you are perfectly happy when you are studying and writing: you may, therefore, be sure I am perfectly happy myself!"

Then she would put her arms around my neck and, amid tears, and kisses, and endless caresses, impress me deeply with the truth of her words.

At such moments I felt almost sad. There is a kind of happiness so great, so deep, so overpowering, that it almost frightens us: for we cannot help thinking it is too great to last long. Often, after a heavy day's work, when I held Emmeline in my arms and she whispered sweet words of love gently into my ear, I asked myself silently, with a feeling akin to awe:

"What have I done to be loved so much and to be made so happy?"

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Was it only a passing thought, or a foreboding of some awful calamity?

CHAPTER IX.

DURING the first year of our stay in Strasbourg an event took place which must be mentioned. It is connected with one of the most dismal recollections in my life, and is in itself very lamentable. I shall, therefore, speak of it as briefly as possible.

The reader will remember the bachelors' party which had for me such a terrible ending. I had rarely thought of it since, for obvious reasons. Most of the libertines present at it were hateful to me, and my sincerest wish was never to hear of them again. Suddenly the remembrance of them was brought back to my mind quite unexpectedly through the columns of the English newspaper I read daily in Strasbourg.

A great trial took place and went on for a whole month. It was the famous "Turf Swindle." I am not in the habit of following similar cases. But, one day, the names of three of the accused caught my eye and roused my deepest interest in a moment. I have no time to give full details about the trial. Suffice it to say that the prisoners, seven in number, were charged with forgery, having placed assumed names to many cheques drawn on a bank which had no existence. The circumstances of the case were briefly these :

The prisoners had caused thousands of circulars to be printed, and then scattered them broad-cast among betting-men abroad, especially in France and Russia. The chief object of these circulars was to extol a fictitious individual called the Honourable Harold Stevenson, who had been so lucky in his bets that English bookmakers were afraid to back horses against him. The people who received these circulars were informed that a society of gentlemen of high social standing and

of great influence on the turf had been constituted under the secret direction of the Honourable, for the purpose of using his remarkable knowledge in racing matters and backing horses for him ; and betting-men were advised to invest money with the society, with the certainty of deriving immense profits from such investments. In spite of the numerous frauds discovered every year in connection with horse-racing this new fraud was eminently successful. For several weeks the society received every day hundreds of letters with numerous and sometimes heavy sums of money. The speculators who parted so easily with their hard cash were informed, in due course, what horses had been backed for them, and, if successful, they were paid after some delay by cheques. These cheques were in themselves quite perfect, they had only one disadvantage : they were drawn on a London bank which could not be found.

Of course such a swindle could not remain long undiscovered. But the swindlers did not mind that. They knew that if it was successful but for a few weeks, it would bring them in a golden harvest. Once the harvest gathered in, let the fraud be discovered : they would know how to take care of themselves, baffle justice, and start some new scheme in a safe place. Unfortunately for them, they let the harvest come in a few days too long : the detective force received a clue to their doings, they were found out, arrested, and committed for trial. What made this trial particularly interesting for the English public was not only the cleverness, daring, and great success of the swindlers, but also the social position and superior education of four amongst them. However, I should scarcely have taken notice of the trial, even under these circumstances, if it had not had a special interest for me.

Three of the prisoners had been at that eventful punch-party.

One of them was Barnett, the stout horse-racer, who played upon the landlady of a hotel the disgraceful trick which was received by his audience with thundering applause; another was Muggles, the shabby-genteel individual with the prodigious moustache, the many-coloured neck-tie, and the gold eye-glass; and the third was a rusticated Cambridge undergraduate.

All I have to add is that the swindlers were convicted, and sentenced to various terms of penal servitude, from five to fifteen years. Barnett and Muggles were each sentenced to ten.

It is scarcely necessary to say that, for many days after the trial, I made sad reflections on the dismal fate of those poor wretches. It is a strange feeling to find that men with whom you have shaken hands and been assembled round the same bowl were doomed to become convicts. The reader may imagine what I felt.

As I have been speaking of that punch-party, and have very little desire to refer to it again, I may be allowed to add here what I have since learned about the other men I met there.

Bertie informed me that Emerson, the Yankee, who had been the moving spirit of the company, had returned to the United States, and prevailed upon Mansfield, the former clergyman, to accompany him. On hearing this news, I could not help expressing a fervent wish that Mansfield might begin a new life in America, make better use of the great talents with which nature had endowed him, and gain the distinguished position for which he seemed to be born.

The handsome *swell* who called himself a German count had not been heard of since. It may, perhaps, be wicked on my part, but I must confess that when I

saw the names of Barnett and Muggles in the "Turf Swindle," I almost regretted not seeing his also. In any case it would have been better for the world if that infamous scoundrel, engaged in the most abominable trade which a fiend, not to say a man, could undertake, had been sent to prison for life and been watched there more closely than a wild beast.

As for Sanders, the sickly youth who was so fond of quoting Scripture, he continued his wild career more madly than ever. The predictions of his friends were fulfilled. His health was broken, his constitution shattered, and he died before he was twenty-two years old. There are young men who will rush into perdition with open eyes.

When he was on his death-bed he telegraphed for Bertie. The latter obeyed his call immediately. But it was too late. On arriving he found the broken-hearted old Rector weeping over the loss of his only child, and, in a frenzy of despair, asking God in a loud voice what he had done to deserve such a blow and to be made so wretched in his old age, after setting all his life an example of true devotion and uprightness.

Although Bertie was overpowered by the old man's despair, he could not help being also struck with his blindness. If the latter had brought up his son more rationally and better prepared him for real life, his son would most likely have been saved and he would himself have been spared this terrible trial. But most men are alike. They all make mistakes. Fate has ordained that some should do so with impunity, that others should be punished lightly, and others cruelly. But those who are punished, especially if they are good and just, are only too fond of reproaching Providence with unkindness and injustice, while they are simply suffering the consequences of their own mistakes.

CHAPTER X.

Two more years passed. I spent them, like the first year, in working at my Essay with indefatigable ardour and unremitting perseverance. No incident of much importance happened during that period. From time to time I took up some new subject to refresh my mind. Among the minor works I thus wrote I shall here simply mention a *Complete Treatise on German Declension*; an *Essay on the French, Italian, and Spanish Languages before the Twelfth Century*; and a *Dissertation on Descartes' "Demonstration of the Existence of God."*

But by far the most important work was a political pamphlet, which I wrote in French, and published towards the end of my third year in Alsace, under the title: *La voix d'un Étranger, par un Anglais.*

It may perhaps astonish the reader that I should write a pamphlet on French politics. An explanation will, no doubt, be found interesting.

When a man settles down abroad he has a right, and, in my opinion, it is his duty to take an interest in the political affairs of the country he lives in. Still more, if he has talent, time, and any opportunity, he should take an active part in them and contribute, as much as lies in his power, to the welfare of that country. He ought to do so not only out of gratitude for the protection afforded and the kindness shown to him, but to improve his political education, so that he may some day become a good and useful citizen at home; and to do honour to his own country by making himself honoured, respected, and admired abroad.

Ever since my stay in Paris I had taken the liveliest interest in French politics, and when I settled down in

Strasbourg I began to look upon France as almost my second fatherland. My interest in her public affairs was considerably increased by my new surroundings. The patriotism of the Alsatians is well known all over the world. If there is one thing upon earth which interests the Alsatians, it is the happiness of France, their Fatherland; if anything can excite their deepest enthusiasm, it is the true glory of France, their Fatherland; and if they are great and admirable in anything, it is in their intense love for France, their Fatherland.

Such a noble example could not be without influence on me. There are few things more contagious than patriotism, if I may use such an expression. I became quite Alsatian in my feelings, that is to say, *plus français que les Français les plus français de France*.

But if my love and admiration for France were great, they certainly were not blind. Here again I agreed with the Alsatians, for they are the best-educated and least prejudiced of all Frenchmen. I fully recognised the great defects of the French nation, their guilty indifference towards political affairs, their astounding ignorance, their ridiculous prejudices with regard to other nations, their jealousy, their hateful spirit of interference, their love of conquest, their mad longing after military glory, and many other weaknesses unnecessary to mention.

On considering the dark side of the French character, either in conversing with my friends, in my lonely walks, or in the solitude of my study, I thought that a man who would have the courage of his opinions, who would dare to tell the French the plain truth, and be bold enough to represent them to themselves as they appeared to foreign nations, would not only deserve the gratitude of France, but also the admiration of his own country. We were then at the time which some people called the most glorious of the Second Empire, in the year after the great Paris Exhibition.

I am a man of sudden impulse and quick decision. One day it occurred to me that I *might* be that man. This idea possessed me for some time, until, one morning, after passing a sleepless night, I said to myself that I *would* be that man. This resolution, once taken, I hastened to carry it out:

For three months I worked at my new task with a zeal, an ardour, an enthusiasm which I could scarcely describe. If the happiness of dear old England had been at stake, I could not have felt more transported.

The work finished, I put it aside for a few weeks. Then I read it over again. Without breaking the laws of modesty, I may say that I have rarely been better pleased with any of my writings than I was with this.

Now the question was to find a publisher. Although I believed in the excellence of my work both from a literary and political point of view, I doubted whether I should easily find one. My past experience had not been thrown away.

The first publisher to whom I applied informed me he did not dare to publish a work that spoke the truth so plainly. The second returned the manuscript unopened. The third said he did not deal in political literature, but advised me to apply to one of the leading political publishers in Paris. I did so, and at last met with success. The Paris publisher to whom I applied let me know he would undertake the publication of my pamphlet, on condition that I should tone down several passages which he indicated, and pay the sum of five hundred francs for the expenses of publication.

I altered the passages, sent a cheque for the sum required, the book was put into the printer's hands, and within a few weeks my first work appeared.

How can I describe the excess of my joy when the postman one morning brought the first copy? Although

I was then twenty-six years old I fear I behaved like a boy of sixteen : I was simply mad with delight. No wonder ! Reader, remember that nothing in this world can surpass the joy of an author who sees his first work in print. Remember, also, that all my life my greatest ambition had been to be an author : and now, book in hand, I could prove that at last I deserved this glorious title.

I took the parcel from the postman's hand and rushed into my study. There I took off the wrapper, and remained standing for ten minutes in perfect bliss looking at the title-page and reading over again a thousand times :

“LA VOIX D'UN ÉTRANGER

PAR

UN ANGLAIS.”

“What a glorious title ! There is something quite prophetic in it ! . . . If ever there has been a splendid title for a splendid book, it certainly is this ! . . . And how grand it looks on the light-brown paper cover ! . . . And the size of the book is so attractive, the paper so fine, and the type so beautiful !”

Having indulged in this little monologue, I began to cut the leaves with extreme care.

Then I began to read !

No orator in either house, no bishop in the pulpit, no professor in his chair, could ever have been more pathetic, more powerful, more eloquent than I was in the height of my exultation. At least I thought so. I read the pamphlet from beginning to end. Sometimes my voice trembled with tender emotion, sometimes it was smothered with my tears, sometimes, again, it resounded like thunder throughout the house, especially when I came to passages such as the following. I

may be allowed to quote them, to give a better idea of my book :

“ Français, si vous poursuivez l'ancienne route, si vous persévérez dans votre indifférence politique et que vous ne combattiez hardiment l'ignorance où végète le peuple, vous tomberez à coup sûr dans l'abîme qui vous menace de tous côtés. Si, au contraire, vous prenez tous une part active aux affaires publiques, si vous abjurez vos préjugés ridicules et que vous renonciez aux rêves superbes et criminels qui ont animé jusqu'à présent votre politique étrangère, vous vous ferez aimer des autres peuples et vous deviendrez un jour ce que vous n'avez jamais été—*la grande nation*.

“ Vous voulez être la première nation du monde, et il est peu de nations policées moins instruites que vous ! Vous prétendez marcher à la tête de la civilisation, et des millions de Français croupissent dans l'ignorance la plus grossière ! Vous voulez apporter au monde tous les trésors de la liberté, et vous ne possédez pas le premier élément nécessaire pour être libres vous-mêmes ! Français, abjurez votre grandeur imaginaire, votre faux orgueil national, et apprenez à penser à vous-mêmes avant de penser aux autres. Rappelez-vous surtout que, pour être la grande nation, il faut être, avant tout, la nation la plus instruite.

“ Oui, il est vrai de dire qu'en jetant les regards sur la France, on est ébloui d'une splendeur inexprimable. En France, la littérature a produit des chefs-d'œuvre sans pareils, et la philosophie lui doit l'un de ses plus grands penseurs ; en France, la science a trouvé un grand nombre de ses plus illustres représentants, et l'art y cueille encore aujourd'hui ses plus beaux et ses

plus riches lauriers ; en France, le monde a vu naître quelques-uns de ses plus fameux capitaines ; en France, la politique a puisé ces grands principes de la Révolution, qu'il faut compter parmi les plus nobles conquêtes de l'humanité ; en France enfin, tous les peuples ne cessent d'admirer cette exquise politesse, cet esprit vif et subtil, ce goût délicat, cette prévenance chevaleresque, ce ton noble, ces manières élégantes et gracieuses, en un mot, tout ce qui fait le charme le plus puissant de la société.

"Tous ces titres de gloire sont incontestables, les nations étrangères vous les accordent tous. Soyez donc justes à leur égard, déposez votre faux orgueil national, et admettez qu'elles ont également droit à votre admiration. Vous êtes naturellement disposés à croire que la France est la source unique de toute grandeur et, pour emprunter une tirade déclamatoire à l'un de vos littérateurs contemporains, que tout ce qui vient de l'étranger doit trouver en France son expression européenne et sa forme immortelle.

"Mais tous vos titres de gloire, quelque beaux qu'ils soient, sont insuffisants pour vous assurer la première place dans le conseil des peuples. Pour être *la grande nation*, il faut aspirer à un but plus élevé. Malheureusement, en marchant vers ce but, vous faites fausse route. En voulant devenir la première nation du monde, vous oubliez les lois éternelles qui règlent les progrès des peuples, et vous obéissez aux préceptes d'une politique aussi dangereuse que criminelle. Au lieu d'ajouter à vos autres qualités celles d'être la nation la plus instruite, la mieux gouvernée, la plus libre à l'intérieur, et la plus favorable aux progrès des autres peuples, la plus respectée et la plus aimée à l'étranger, vous n'aspirez qu'à l'honneur d'être la plus puissante et la plus redoutable. . . .

"Quels sont les fruits de votre fausse politique ?

Les voici en un seul mot : la fausse gloire. Sans doute, vous avez souvent été le peuple le plus puissant, mais vous avez été en même temps le plus turbulent, le moins libre, le plus révolutionnaire à l'intérieur, et le plus téméraire, le plus arrogant et le plus despotique à l'étranger !”

When I had finished reading the whole pamphlet, I began anew, and declaimed my favourite passages over and over again, always trying new intonations and more magnificent gestures.

Everything in this world must come to an end, even the most exalted enthusiasm of a young author. After a few hours I became calmer. Then I began to think seriously of the effect my work would produce.

That it would be *the* event of the day I had not the remotest doubt. I felt so sure of it that the same evening I ordered all the leading daily and weekly papers of England, Germany, and Italy for two months to come. My publisher was to send me the French papers himself. I was sure that they would all publish long articles on my political work.

There cannot be any sweeter pleasure, any more exquisite joy, any more perfect happiness than that of a young author who, unknown one day, finds himself celebrated on the next. I had a foretaste of this pleasure, joy, and happiness on receiving the first copy of my pamphlet; for I trusted, with boundless confidence, that, before many days were over, Fame would lavish upon me her choicest gifts.

Calm reflection strengthened still more my confidence. First, the book was written by a foreigner. This circumstance alone, I thought, was quite enough to make of its publication a public event. The French would be pleased and honoured to find that an Eng-

lishman could write French, and write it so well as I did. Such an event had scarcely ever happened before. I knew of no distinguished foreigners who had written in French before me, except Leibnitz and Gibbon. But Leibnitz was more of a *savant* than a *littérateur*, and wrote at a time when the classical German language was not yet formed, while the French was ; it was therefore natural enough for him to write in French. As for Gibbon, he certainly did a remarkable thing when he wrote his *Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature*, but it was not of a character to attract general attention. Besides, they both belonged to the past, and, to my knowledge, no one had followed their example. I stood, therefore, alone in my century as the glorious imitator of those two geniuses.

But I did not trust to this circumstance alone for the success of the book. I had a far better and stronger reason. I spoke the truth, I spoke it plainly, and I spoke it with fearless courage. The French might be angry with the author, they might curse his insolence, they might throw the book into the fire after reading it, but still they would have to acknowledge, in calmer moments, that what he said was perfectly true. And if anything ought to insure the success of a book, it certainly is perfect truth.

The more I thought of it, the more confident I became. I decided not to put my name to the book before it reached the twentieth edition. This would increase the curiosity of the readers. And when at length I became known as the author, my renown would be the more brilliant for having been delayed a little while. I was quite ready to wait a couple of months for the twentieth edition to appear. This was a wise resolution !

Once my name was known, I would make the tour of France, and give lectures upon the subject of my

pamphlet. My renown would increase at every step, France would overwhelm me with honours, and when my fame had reached its climax, I would return to England, and there gather fresh laurels and still greater honours.

Such are the dreams of a young author ! His ambition is so great, his confidence so firm, his aim so noble ! If only the public could be taught to look upon his works with his own eyes ! But, alas ! they rarely do so. They are blind. At least the author thinks they are. He cannot possibly understand that he may be blind himself. That is his great misfortune.

In the evening of this memorable day I had a long walk with Emmeline. On traversing the streets of the old city I felt three inches taller, to use a colloquial but expressive term. I fancied that people looked at me in a peculiar way. No doubt they foresaw in me a future celebrity !

During our walk, Emmeline, with remarkable foresight, tried to calm my enthusiasm with her advice full of wisdom and good sense. Knowing how terribly despondent I should be if the book did not succeed, she tried to prepare me for such a misfortune, although she was at heart almost as confident as myself.

The reader will not be astonished to hear that her advice had not much effect upon me.

On returning home I was struck with a new idea. As the success of a book is frequently a mere matter of business, I thought it might not be out of place if I acted as a business-man. Fame rides upon a chariot that often needs oiling. I decided that it should be provided with oil enough to make it go round the world.

So I wrote to my publisher and asked him to send

two hundred copies to the leading French papers, one hundred and fifty to the best English, German, and Italian papers, besides two hundred to the foremost politicians and statesmen in Europe. Lord St. Ives, of course, was not forgotten. At the same time I sent a cheque for fifty pounds to be spent in advertisements.

Then, satisfied that I had done everything in my power to insure the success of my book, I expected the result with joyful confidence.

One week passed. Every day I received whole bundles of papers in different languages, but none of them noticed my book even to the extent of a single line.

Another week passed. The same silence. I could not believe my eyes, and my astonishment was beyond expression. Surely there must be a mistake somewhere. Perhaps my publisher has been too busy to send off the copies! This certainly is the simplest explanation.

So I wrote to my publisher.

Within a few days I received a letter and a large bundle of French papers from him. He informed me that all the copies had been forwarded according to my orders, that the book was being advertised extensively, and that I would find a notice of it in the papers he sent me.

I tore the wrapper with eager delight, opened one paper, saw a blue pencil-mark, began to read, and threw away the paper with displeasure. I opened another, saw the mark, read, and dropped the paper with contempt. The third I threw away in anger, the fourth in a fit of fury, the fifth . . .

. . . But why should I go on? Reader, admire my courage. Hoping against all hope, I examined twenty

papers one after another, and all with the same result. When I had finished, I took the whole bundle, and threw it out of the window. The sight of it was too much for me.

They all indeed published a review, a most favourable, flattering, grandiloquent. review; but, alas! it was the same in all, and I knew it by heart even before I began to read it. As many English readers may not be acquainted with certain details of the publishing business in France, I shall here mention a fact which will no doubt interest them.

In France, when a new book appears, especially on politics, it is customary for the publisher to draw up a short review and send it, together with the book, to the different newspapers. If the author is little known, the editors simply publish the review without taking any further notice of the book. This, of course, saves them a great deal of trouble. Most of the works thus sent to them find their way into the hands of the editors' wives, who use them to light the fire, cover pots of preserves, wrap up cheese, and for other domestic purposes.

The review published in the twenty papers I had just received was nothing else than the one which my publisher had written himself, and subjected to my approval before sending it away. The reader will now understand the cause of my vexation.

When I thought that at this very moment some scores of copies of my noble work were perhaps being used as waste paper, I was overcome with a thousand bitter feelings. Sometimes I could scarcely repress my tears, sometimes I was transported with fury, sometimes, again, I gave myself up to gloomy despondency.

But I was not to be discouraged so easily. After all, what did it matter if a few copies were left un-

heeded? The work itself would not be the less admirable for it. Even the masterpieces of Shakespeare are used for other than intellectual purposes.

The first fit of anger once over, I soon recovered my mental equilibrium, and felt almost as confident as before. Could there be indeed any reason why my book should fail? Most decidedly not. If it failed, no other book in this world could ever be successful.

So I decided to wait a little longer. After all I may have been a little too hasty. To write a good review, such as my book deserved, a critic needs a great deal of time. He does not always feel in the right mood, and, like the author himself, has to wait for a moment of inspiration. Certainly I must have been too hasty. I will wait. My patience will be richly rewarded.

I waited, . . . and another week passed. I waited, . . . and a fortnight passed. I waited, . . . and a whole month passed. But, alas! alas! I waited in vain. No critic seemed to become inspired, no critic seemed to feel in the right mood, no critic found time to write even a single line on my poor pamphlet.

I was thunderstruck!

Why was my work not the event of the day? Why did the papers ignore it altogether? Why did the French not feel honoured by my first attempt? Why did they not recognise the deep truth which pervaded its eloquent pages? Why did not Fame grant me a reward which I so richly deserved?

All these questions perplexed me terribly. It was impossible for me to believe that my book could by any chance remain unknown. A failure was altogether beyond my comprehension. I felt convinced that my book *must* succeed, and yet, so far, my conviction was mistaken. How did it all come to pass? I could not tell—I could not understand it. Some-

times I fancied it was all a nightmare. But now and then, in calmer moments, I had to acknowledge the truth. My pamphlet had made as little noise as if it had never been published.

Still I did not give up all hopes. My confidence in the ultimate success of my work was not yet shaken. I therefore gave Fame a little more time to smile upon me.

Six months passed.

And then, when I saw that my noble intentions were disregarded, that my courage was ignored, my talent overlooked, my enthusiasm unheeded, and my eloquence wasted upon the desert air, when I saw that, in spite of all my glorious dreams and vast ambition, I was still as little known as on the day when I wrote the first line of my pamphlet, then I gave myself up to inexpressible discouragement and spent days and weeks in the most dismal considerations on the futility of high aspirations, the uselessness of generous efforts, the indifference of critics, the carelessness of educated men, the injustice of the whole world, and the capriciousness of that mean, vile, contemptible thing called Fame.

In the midst of my despair, I wrote to M. de Saint-Amand a long letter, in which I poured out all my wrath and grief. I had not sent him a copy of my book, because I wished my renown to take him by surprise. He was indeed taken by surprise, but neither by my renown, nor by my failure. His answer may be condensed into a few words:

"Your book," said he, "has one great defect, which you may safely look upon as the chief cause of its failure. You speak the truth too plainly. To Frenchmen your frankness must appear so brutal, that even the most moderate among them will throw your book away, before they have read three pages. You have

forgotten that in politics more than in anything else the tongue was given to man to conceal the truth. No nation likes to be told the truth so plainly as you tell it, and the French far less than any other. You speak in a tone which Frenchmen could not tolerate even in a great man who already possesses their respect and admiration: they would therefore tolerate it still less in an unknown writer, and least of all in a foreigner. There are several other defects in the book, which I shall point out to you by-and-by, but this defect alone is quite sufficient to damn your book at first sight, although there are many points in it which are good and beautiful, and which, for my own part, I admire exceedingly!"

This answer afforded me little consolation.

What a poor fool I had been! I ought to have known better. It might have been so easy for me to tell beautiful lies! Then, perhaps, the French would have admired my work and overwhelmed me with honours. I must indeed confess it: I richly deserved my failure; for if ever an author was foolish enough to speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, I was that author!

CHAPTER XI.

THE failure of my political pamphlet had such a depressing effect upon my spirits, that, for more than two months, I gave up all literary work. Even my Essay had no longer any attraction for me. "If truth," I thought, "is the worst feature in a book, what right have I to expect that my Essay will be more successful? I speak out in it with equal frankness and courage. Why should the English listen to me more

than the French did? No doubt, my own countrymen can bear truth with more equanimity than any other nation: but do I not, perhaps, speak too plainly even for them? Ah! life is full of sad disappointments! A man may spend the best part of his existence in working strenuously for the improvement of mankind, and when he has grown grey and is worn out by incessant toil, he may find that, after all, the work into which he has put all his heart and soul, is simply wasted labour! It is painful enough to waste one's life in pleasure, extravagance, profligacy, or crime. But is it not far more painful to waste it in a noble struggle, in generous endeavours, in unceasing but useless efforts? And yet how many men there are who are doomed to such an existence!"

Then I remembered my conversation with M. de Saint-Amand on literary success, and I asked myself with a shudder:

"Am I not perhaps one of those unfortunate authors doomed to failure?"

This question haunted me for days and weeks, and made me feel unutterably wretched.

Emmeline, who was the best and dearest of all wives, never ceased to console me during this painful crisis. The treasures of affection which she lavished upon me were inexhaustible. I felt I could never repay all her kindness. Knowing that so far, in all my trials, I had found the greatest comfort in working at my Essay, she used every means in her power to revive my love for it. At last she succeeded.

An author is a strange being. Let him be ever so despondent, let him meet with ever so many failures, he is sure to return to his work in the end. Even when he has not the faintest chance of ever seeing it appreciated in this world, he will not forsake it. It is his first love. It is also his last. And to this love he

will cling with mad ardour, boundless faith, and almost superhuman devotion.

After spending many weeks in painful idleness, I returned to my Essay. Partly to forget my bitter recollections, partly to make up for lost time, I worked with a kind of *sainte funeur*. Never in my life, either before or after, did I work so hard. If it had not been for my duties at the *lycée*, I should scarcely ever have left my study. I continued to read, meditate and write, until my eyes grew weak, my health gave way, and Emmeline became quite anxious about me. Still I persisted in my labours.

My perseverance was indefatigable, because I was slowly reaching the end of my great work. Before another year was over, it would be completed, and I would have earned the right to lay down my pen and take the long holiday of which I was so much in need.

So I worked on with ardent zeal, and the winter passed. I worked on, and the spring passed. I worked on, and midsummer rapidly approached. As the end drew nearer and nearer, I forgot everything around me; I read and studied, wrote and corrected, revised and copied, worked from morning till night, and often from night till morning, in one word, forgot everything on earth for the sake of my book.

But I had not yet given it the finishing touch, when two events followed each other closely, which are too intimately connected with my story to be overlooked.

Before relating them, I must, however, be allowed to go back for a moment to the past and mention an incident which deserves a place here.

Shortly after the publication of my pamphlet, the great annual competition between all the *lycées* of France took place. Several of my pupils distinguished themselves so much in modern languages that the Minister of Public Instruction offered me a higher post

at one of the great *lycées* in Paris. This was a most flattering acknowledgment of my success as a master. Most men in my place would have been only too glad of such a promotion, but, after due consideration, I thought it advisable not to accept the post, although I thanked his Excellency most warmly for the honour he wished to confer upon me.

We had a thousand reasons for remaining in Strasbourg. We were perfectly at home there, felt remarkably comfortable, had a large circle of friends, and moved in the best society. With regard to my literary work, which, of course, was my chief consideration, I could scarcely have found a more suitable place to live in.

Emmeline, on her own part, would have been as sorry as myself to leave. Besides the reasons already given, she had one which still more strongly attached her to Strasbourg. She had made numerous and ardent friends among the poor of the city, whose number had increased more and more every year, and who looked upon her almost as an angel sent among them. Wherever there was a family in distress, there she was sure to be found. To console the afflicted, to pray with the sick, to bring substantial help to the needy: these were her greatest joys. In this generous work she was assisted by Lina, Madame Schneider's daughter, who was devoted to her and worshipped her with all her heart and soul. She carried her love for the poor to such a point, that it became a real passion. I often saw her with tears in her eyes, because she had heard of some new misfortune which she could not relieve. Her heart was so good, the poor so numerous, and our means so scanty, in comparison with the immensity of her noble task! The reputation of her charity spread among all classes. The poor adored her, the rich and educated had a kind of veneration for her, and all

Strasbourg called her: "*D' guet' Engländerin*," or "*La bonne Anglaise!*" This seemed to her a more glorious title than any other in this world.

It is therefore easy to understand that our departure would have called forth many regrets in her own heart, and still more in the hearts of the poor whose best friend she was.

When I showed her my letter to the Minister in which I respectfully declined the post in Paris, she clapped her hands with joy, overwhelmed me with a thousand kisses, and was happier than if I had been promoted to the most eminent professorship in the University of France.

And now I must relate the two events which took place during the fourth year of our stay in Strasbourg. The first is still more astounding than the second is natural. I really do not know how to express myself so as not to startle the reader. However gently I may break the news to him, he cannot help feeling as surprised and puzzled by the first event, as we were ourselves.

The Honourable Miss Lucinda Carrington took unto herself a husband.

Her new lord and master was Colonel Augustus Fitzroy, a retired officer of seventy, who had distinguished himself in the Indian Mutiny.

When we first saw the announcement in the *Daily News* we could not believe our own eyes. Could it indeed be Emmeline's aunt? It must be, if the announcement was not a hoax: on enquiry we found it was no hoax; she had indeed exchanged her name for that of Mrs. Colonel Fitzroy. We were astounded! How did it come to pass that she had taken upon herself the yoke of holy matrimony? Never before had she shown any tendencies in that direction. And yet she was now a bride—a bride of about fifty! . . . There was something strangely ludicrous in this unexpected

event. Could any one imagine all the ideas, suppositions and contrary convictions which it called forth within us? We talked about it for many and many a day, but we could not come to any conclusion.

And yet, when I think of it now, after some years, I am no longer astonished at it. After all it is not such an uncommon occurrence to see ladies married at fifty. Perhaps the simplest explanation is the best of all. Miss Carrington was growing old, she could no longer travel about all the year round as she had been accustomed to do, and she was getting too antiquated to play much longer her imposing rôle in society. So she may have thought it was high time for her to settle down. Her marriage was no doubt one of convenience. Colonel Fitzroy was not her equal in social position, but he belonged to a very good old English family, had a very fine income, and could give her what she once told Emmeline was the chief thing in married life: a comfortable house, a good table and plenty of cheerful company.

Whether these were really the reasons which influenced her I could not tell. Woman's heart is so deep that no human eye, not even her own, can fathom its depths.

Our astonishment once over, we had no other feeling left but that of deep pity for the unfortunate old man who had been allured into her snares. Surely a warrior who had bravely served her Majesty in different countries, and who had distinguished himself in many a battle, deserved a better fate in his old age!

The other event, which took place shortly after, filled us with the greatest joy. The reader will no doubt have foreseen it. I shall therefore not keep him in suspense.

My sister Lilian became engaged to my oldest and dearest friend Herbert Cavendish.

Long before she knew him personally, she had loved him for my sake. Already as a child, when I talked to her of Bertie, or read to her my verses on everlasting friendship, she had been inspired with the deepest affection for him. Childlike love between a young girl and her brother's intimate friend is not an uncommon occurrence. By-and-by she made his acquaintance, and they loved each other like a brother and sister. As my friendship for him increased in the course of years, her own affection also became stronger. It is very difficult to name the exact time when platonic love between a girl and a young man ceases to be platonic; but that it must sooner or later happen, may be regarded as an almost absolute rule. Lilian was no exception. She was not aware how much she loved him, until she heard he had bestowed his heart upon another and was unhappy. Then her love broke forth into a mighty flame.

What followed, the reader partly knows, and may partly guess. After Lady Sandcliff's death, Bertie slowly recovered from his madness, his eyes were opened, and he saw that, while he had thrown his happiness away upon a woman who was unworthy of him, he was worshipped by another who would have made him perfectly happy. This discovery increased his sorrow. Overcome by a thousand different feelings, grieving over Lady Sandcliff's death and his wasted love, angry with himself for having been so blind towards Lilian, fearing he was unworthy of such a good, and pure, and innocent girl, and dreading still more that she might love him not for himself, but simply because he was unhappy, he decided to allow time and change of scenery to bring calmness into his troubled heart. For three years he travelled, and visited most of the countries of Europe. During all that time he rarely wrote to Lilian, and not a word of

love was exchanged between them. He tried to remain only what he had been to her for so many years,—the best of friends. But did he succeed?

His travels did him good. He came back a new man. The day after his return he called on my mother. On seeing him, poor Lillian fainted. Bertie saw at a glance that he was loved more than ever.

But why should I relate their courtship? It is always the same story, as old as the world, and yet always new. . . .

A few weeks after, my mother and sister were alone together. Amid sighs and blushes, Lillian related a conversation which had taken place that morning between Bertie and herself. Then she buried her face on her mother's breast, burst into tears, and mother and daughter wept together, both perfectly happy.

The next day Lillian and Bertie became openly engaged.

This news filled Emmeline and myself with great joy. But we were still more delighted when we heard they were to be married in a couple of months, and that they intended to spend the latter part of their honeymoon in Strasbourg.

Time has been flying. The marriage has taken place with great pomp and ceremony. Although my Essay is not yet completely finished, I have laid down my pen. All literary work is forgotten. For this is a day of rest, a day of rejoicing, and one of the happiest in my existence: to-day the bride and bridegroom have come to Strasbourg.

How happy we all were on seeing each other again after such a long separation! How the bride was beaming with smiles, and how cheerful was Bertie himself! Within a few hours I saw he had once more become what he used to be when he first went to

Cambridge, the brightest, gayest and most lively man in the world.

The amount of talking we went through on this day is something marvellous. I was astonished at myself, for I am naturally very silent. As for Lilian and my wife, their tongues never stopped for the whole day, and when we retired after midnight we found they had not yet exhausted their stock of news, secrets, protestations of love, and delightful *confidences*.

Of course, we received the happy couple in grand style. For a whole week our excellent housekeeper, Madame Schneider, had been busy making most elaborate preparations. The rooms were profusely adorned with flowers; the dinner was superlatively delicious, as Bertie called it; the choicest wines were brought up from the cellar; I got the best cigars to be found in Strasbourg; in one word, they met with a still heartier welcome than we had ourselves received nearly four years before.

After dinner, the ladies retired into Emmeline's boudoir, and Bertie and I were left alone to enjoy our cigars.

Now I went into the cellar and brought up, with a slow step and extreme care, a bottle covered with dust and cobwebs. No new-born babe was ever carried more gently. It was the last of six bottles of genuine *Johannisberger* of the famous year 1821. I had found them when I first visited the cellar with Madame Schneider on the day of our arrival at Strasbourg.

On going up stairs with it, I was suddenly struck with a splendid idea.

I decided to carry it out on the spot:

On entering the dining-room, I went straight to the table where Bertie was seated, placed down the bottle and turned the magic label towards him. Then I looked fixedly at him. My expectation was intense.

"What!" cried Bertie, in perfect astonishment, "you have not yet finished the six bottles?"

My stratagem had succeeded. Bertie had betrayed himself.

Going up to him, I seized his hand and said with deep emotion :

"No, Bertie, . . . we have not. . . . You might have imagined that we should in any case keep the last for the friend . . . who gave us such a munificent wedding-present."

He did not answer. His silence confirmed my conviction. He only pressed my hand. Thus we remained standing for a few seconds looking into each other's eyes. I did not add another word. But Bertie understood me. My silence expressed my feelings a thousand times better than the most eloquent speech could have done.

The whole of this scene did not last a minute.

Half an hour afterwards we were both seated at the window. The sun was slowly approaching the end of his course and his last rays were shedding a flood of gold and purple light upon the transparent spire of the cathedral. It was a magnificent sight. After looking at it for a long time in mute admiration, Bertie got up and began to walk around the room. He became restless. I knew his ways so well that I felt sure he had something on his mind.

Suddenly he turned round, and said :

"Look here, Lionel." . . .

These simple words made me restless in my turn. I had a foreboding that something unexpected was about to happen. But what was it to be? I had not the faintest notion. So I quietly replied :

"Well! old boy."

But, instead of giving me an answer, he became silent, smoked vigorously, and seemed to be plunged in

deep thought as if he wished to discover the best way of imparting some strange piece of news to me.

After a couple of minutes he went on:

"Perhaps I had better come to the point immediately. . . . Well, . . . I have made up my mind to make you write to your father before this day is over."

I was so startled by this sudden and unexpected remark that I could not say a word. Was it a joke? Impossible! Bertie looked far too serious.

"You see," he continued, "you cannot, you must not go on like this. It will now soon be four years since you left England. I think it is high time that a reconciliation should take place. If your own feelings were alone to be considered, I should not, perhaps, have mentioned the subject. But I have a personal reason for doing so. Your estrangement from your father has been a cause of grief to us all, but to your mother more than any one else. It is especially for her sake I am now speaking. So far she has borne her separation from you quietly enough, because she had Lily at home. But now all this will be changed. Before the year is over I shall be in Madras, where I have accepted a post in the Civil Service, in accordance with my father's wishes. Of course my wife will go with me, and . . . your mother will be left alone. Now this must *not* be! You have no idea how she dreads the moment of separation. Although she has scarcely ever spoken to me about it, I know it is a bitter trial for her.

"Now, I tell you, I consider it my duty to spare her that trial by every means in my power, because I am indirectly the cause of it. The only means of doing so is to restore Emmeline and yourself to her. She loves you both so deeply that I feel sure she would bear the loss of Lilian much more calmly if you were

given back to her. And for my part I should feel doubly happy, because I should have spared your mother that trial and contributed to your own happiness.

"But, you will say, the great question is, how can you be given back to her? . . . This question is far simpler than you would imagine. . . . Yes, you need not look so doubtfully at me. I mean what I say. And I tell you once more that it is much simpler than you would imagine. Of course, if Lord St. Ives and you were left alone to yourselves, no reconciliation would ever take place. For you are both far too proud and obstinate for either of you to take the first step. Happily somebody has had the good sense to come between you and act as a kind of mediator. This *somebody* is myself. Whether I should have succeeded alone I could not tell. But your mother came to my help, and . . ."

Here he stopped for a few seconds, and looked at me with a delightful smile. I thought, at this moment, I had never seen a handsomer man in my life. Then he went on slowly :

"And you will not regret to hear . . . that two against one . . . we finally gained the victory!"

I sprang up. My astonishment was beyond expression. But my delight was still greater. Bertie could read a thousand questions in my eyes, so he went on :

"How it all came to pass I am now going to tell you. It was a week before our marriage. Lord St. Ives was in capital spirits, for he had met with a great oratorical success the night before. I had been watching a long time for the right opportunity. At last, I thought, it had come. I followed your father into his study. And, as he looked at me inquiringly, I said :

" 'My lord, I have taken a resolution!'

" 'Do let us have it, by all means,' replied he with a pleasant smile.

"So I went on in the calmest tone imaginable :

" 'I have decided, my lord, to bring about a reconciliation between you and Lionel !'

"The effect was instantaneous. Your father stared at me in blank astonishment. He was far more astounded than you were yourself a few moments ago. His surprise made him quite speechless. Taking advantage of his silence, I told him, in terms as impressive as I could find, all the reasons I had for taking such a resolution. And finally, seeing he was not angry at my words, I went on :

" 'Now, my lord, allow me to speak frankly. You must not mind what I am going to say. Lionel is my friend. In speaking as I am about to, I shall simply fulfil my duty to him as a friend. Well, my lord, you do not know him, . . . you do not understand him, . . . you are unjust towards him. You think he refuses to comply with your wishes simply because he refused once. The motives you ascribe to him are obstinacy, pride, and folly. These motives are altogether unworthy of him. What are they in reality ? I will tell you, my lord : Lionel is an author, a real author, and nothing but an author. If he displeases you, it is because he cannot help himself, for he is doomed to be an author as much as you are yourself doomed to be an orator. He writes as you speak, simply because an irresistible power compels him to write. To struggle against that power would make him as wretched as you would be yourself if you saw England in danger and were not allowed to speak. Of course, Lionel would much rather be an author with your consent ; but, as that is impossible, he must unfortunately be an author without it. I feel sure you would have done the same in his place. You have no idea how deeply the love of writing is rooted in his heart. If you knew him well, if you were intimately acquainted with

his innermost life as I am, I feel convinced you would not only forgive him, but you would love and admire him.

"Here I stopped to take breath. On looking round I saw your mother near me. Never was I so much astonished in my life. A wonderful change had come over her. There she stood as pale as death, her eyes flashing, and her lips quivering with emotion. I had scarcely finished speaking when she took up the word. You ought to have heard her!' Impelled by her passionate love for you, and giving vent to all the feelings she had concentrated for several years, she spoke with an ardour, a boldness, a vehemence beyond the power of imagination. Never did a mother plead for her son more powerfully! It was a perfect flood of eloquence, rendered still more impressive by contrast with her usual quiet and gentle ways. Listening to her words, we remained both rooted to the ground, overwhelmed with awe and admiration. How long she spoke I cannot say. In the most pathetic part of her speech she suddenly stopped and burst into floods of tears. But her tears were still more eloquent than her words. The effect on Lord St. Ives was as great as I expected. He turned aside, and . . . I left the room.

"What took place between your father and mother I do not know. But, an hour afterwards, as I was walking up and down the garden in great expectation, Lady St. Ives came up to me. She had resumed her gentle manner. On seeing her, no one would ever have thought she had gone through a terrible crisis. She smiled delightfully, seized my hand, and said :

"'Bertie, I have been happier to-day than for the last four years. Half the battle is won. Will you help me to win it completely ?

"Then I gave your mother a solemn promise that I would do everything in my power to help her. And I made up my mind that on arriving here I should not

allow twenty-four hours to pass before telling you all that had taken place.

"And now," he added after a few moments' silence, "you know all, you know what we have done for you, you know what your mother and myself are longing for, and you may imagine what Lord St. Ives himself is expecting. . . . You have the happiness of the whole family in your own hand. I hope from the bottom of my heart that you will not throw our happiness away, that you will help us to win the battle completely, and that we shall soon all be able to rejoice over your reconciliation!"

I got up. For a few moments my feelings would not allow me to speak. I took Bertie's hand and, when I felt calmer, I said:

"Bertie, you have been the best and most generous friend to me. I should look upon myself as the most hard-hearted and ungrateful man in the world if I ignored what you have done for me. It has always been my deepest wish to be reconciled to my father. But I feared I should never be, before my great work was published and proved successful. Thanks to your kindness and to my mother's love, the day of our reconciliation has suddenly drawn near. It shall not, through my fault, be delayed a single day. I will go and write to my father immediately!"

Then I left the room and went into my study.

Three hours afterwards, I returned into the dining-room where I found Bertie asleep in the arm-chair. He awoke when I entered. I poured out two glasses of *Johannisberger*, lit a cigar, then sat down opposite him and said quietly: "The letter is written and posted!"

Bertie raised his glass and said: "Here's good luck to it!"

I never enjoyed a glass of wine more in my life.

Lord St. Ives did not write. But my mother informed me by return of post that she would herself bring his answer, and shortly be in the midst of us!

CHAPTER XII.

THE reader may imagine how delighted we all were at my mother's arrival. Everything contributed to increase our happiness: the boundless affection which united us to her, the pleasure of seeing her again after such a long absence, the remembrance of what she had just done for me, and the expectation of the good news of which she was no doubt the bearer. At first sight, I could read in her eyes that our hopes were not to be disappointed, and that the dark clouds which had been hanging over us for several years had at last disappeared.

When we had recovered from the joyful excitement caused by her arrival, she gave me a letter. The address was in Lord St. Ives' hand-writing. I took it eagerly and went into my study.

There I broke the seal and began to read. Although I could guess its contents beforehand, my heart was beating violently. When I had finished, I gave a long, deep sigh of relief.

Then, overcome with a sudden, irresistible feeling of joy and enthusiasm, I raised the letter high up in the air and gave three mighty hurrahs, which resounded like thunder throughout the house. In a moment the whole family was in my study, and listening eagerly to what I read.

Lord St. Ives wrote in a very kind tone, much kinder indeed than I could have expected. What pleased me above all was to hear that my political

pamphlet had, to a certain extent, prepared the way for a reconciliation. This was most soothing to my wounded feelings as an author. My father had received it shortly after it appeared, and was greatly pleased with it. He fancied, somehow, that I must have been the author. On writing to my publisher, his supposition was confirmed. The failure of the book did not influence his opinion. On the contrary, it strengthened it. He gave the pamphlet to read to several of his political friends, and most of them spoke of it in high terms of praise. From that time, he began to think differently of me, and to look upon my literary aspirations in a more favourable light.

When therefore Bertie stood up in my defence, Lord St. Ives, far from resenting his boldness, was pleased with it. And when my mother came to his help and pleaded for me so nobly, my father gave way altogether. My letter completed a work so well begun, and the reconciliation for which we had been longing for nearly five years, had at last taken place.

Lord St. Ives hoped I should soon be able to return to England, if possible with Bertie and Lilian, and he assured me I would meet with a warm reception. At the same time, he wished me every success in the literary career, and hoped I should some day do honour to my name, and deserve an eminent place among English authors.

But his kindness was not expressed in wishes only. At the end of his letter, he considered my future position from a pecuniary point of view and told me what he intended to do for me. His liberality went far beyond anything I could have expected. And, to show me that our reconciliation was complete, he enclosed a cheque for several thousand pounds, amounting to my allowance for the last four and a half years.

I leave the reader to imagine with what demonstra-

tions of joy this splendid news was received by the whole family.

When calmness was restored, we began to discuss the immediate consequences of this happy event.

Every one understood that we should not be able to return to England with Bertie and Lilian, in two or three weeks' time. First, I doubted whether I could send in my resignation to the Minister of Public Instruction at so short a notice. We were then at the beginning of September, in the middle of the summer vacation. Besides, I did not like to leave Strasbourg before my Essay was finished. The sudden change, the troubles of the journey, and the excitement following our return, would naturally have an unfavourable influence on my frame of mind as an author. This would have been a real misfortune. For an author's mental equilibrium ought never to be disturbed during the important period when he is giving the finishing touch to a great literary work.

But we had still a far stronger reason, which made it an absolute necessity for us to remain in Strasbourg for some months longer. My mother had scarcely been an hour in the house, when Emmeline asked her in a whisper to go up stairs with her. If the reader had quietly followed them, he would have discovered the chief reason why we could not leave. For Emmeline displayed, with infinite delight, the tiniest, prettiest, and softest little garments imaginable, and then threw herself into my mother's arms, crying out: "Oh! mother, I am so happy! . . . so very happy!"

The whole day, I had longed for a quiet *tête-à-tête* with my mother. But no opportunity presented itself until after dinner.

"Mother," said I, towards the end of the dessert, "you have not yet seen our garden. Come with me. It is really lovely!"

So we went down together, but, although the garden *was really lovely*, neither of us took any notice of the flower-beds. We understood each other. In the back-ground of the garden, there was a pretty little summer-house covered with climbing plants. There we sat down. I had so much to say to my mother, and yet remained silent: I longed to tell her how I loved her more than ever, how much I had missed her during our long separation, how her dear features had always been present to my mind, how I could never thank her enough for winning such a glorious battle for me, and how I should henceforth strive with all my might to make her perfectly happy! But I could not utter a word. There I sat, with her hand in mine, speechless with emotion! But, as she looked at me, an inexpressibly sweet smile lightened up her face and told me how well she could read my feelings.

She was equally silent. Her emotion was as great as mine. Thus we remained seated near each other for some time. The smile vanished from her face, and I saw two large tears glistening in her eyes, and rolling down her cheeks. Now I spoke for the first time:

"Mother, do not weep. . . . I cannot bear it. . . . Mother, do not weep!"

"Ah, my own Lionel," she cried, and her tears began to flow abundantly, "let me weep, for now I am happy! . . . Let me weep, for I have seen your dear face once more! . . . Let me weep, for now we shall never part again in this life!"

And she put her arms around me, rested her head on my shoulder, and wept for a long time.

Then I could restrain my feelings no longer, my eyes grew dim, and, drawing her more closely to me, I overwhelmed her with the tenderest tokens of love which a son could bestow on the best of all mothers.

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The days which followed were real *jours de fête*. Although I longed to finish my Essay as soon as possible, for the present all literary work was put aside. I spent those days in showing my mother, Lilian and Bertie, all that was worth seeing in the ancient and picturesque city of Strasbourg, as well as in the environs : the *Cathedral* and its famous astronomical clock, where the cock is crowing, Death striking twelve, and Christ blessing the disciples; *St. Thomas's Church*, with that master-piece of statuary, the Mausoleum of the *Maréchal de Saxe*; the *Broglie* with its splendid military band; the *Contades* with its magnificent avenues of gigantic chestnut-trees; the *Orangerie* with its beautiful gardens; the bridge of *Kehl*, across the Rhine; and even the *Jardin Lips* dear to all true *SchTROOSBURJERS*.

But I am afraid I should waste the reader's time, if I gave a long account of all our pleasant walks and excursions.

A fortnight thus passed delightfully, and the time was approaching when the bride and bridegroom were to return to England.

One evening, as we were just rejoicing over one of those excellent *pâtés de foie gras* for which Strasbourg is so justly celebrated, Bertie put down his knife and fork, looked all around, and said :

"Before our departure, I have two wishes to express. . . . The first is this: Madame Schneider and her lovely daughter have made us so wonderfully comfortable, that both Lilian and myself would be very sorry indeed to leave without giving them some substantial proof that their kindness has been fully appreciated. Only we do not exactly know what to do."

"I know," cried my wife, her eyes sparkling with joy, "I will tell you, Bertie, what would give them more pleasure than anything else. Lina is engaged.

Her *fiancé* is a most excellent young man in every respect, as Lionel will tell you. Only he is poor and has to wait for better days before being able to marry. In assisting him, you would assist her and make the whole family happy."

"I quite agree with my wife," said I to Bertie, "Lina's *fiancé*, Emile Werner, deserves what she has said of him. He is a student at the University and will shortly take his degree of *licencié-ès-lettres*. Under a quiet, modest, unassuming appearance, he conceals a vast intellect and an iron will. I know him well, and the more I see of him the better I like him. He not only supports his mother, a clergyman's widow, but he is providing a first-rate education for his younger brother and two sisters. Of course, to do so, he has to work like a slave. His life is one of great sacrifice and self-denial. He may truly be called one of nature's noblemen. To assist such a man, Bertie, would be more than an ordinary good deed; for you would not only help the lover and his family, but you would help a man who may be destined to play some day a far more important *rôle* than his present humble circumstances might allow you to suppose."

"I am really obliged to you, as well as to Emmy, for all you have told me," replied Bertie. "Werner seems to be a splendid fellow. He shall be made comfortable and marry as soon as he likes. Happily I am a rich man and can afford to do things well. . . . Besides, you know, we are still on our wedding-tour. I want to have nothing but pleasant recollections connected with it and to do as much good as possible, so that we may always look back upon it with unmingled joy and happiness."

I was so well acquainted with Bertie's character, that I felt sure he would do one of those generous deeds for which he was so well known. My conviction

was well founded. His generosity even surpassed my expectation. Werner was made comfortable, Lina perfectly happy, and the whole family relieved from all anxiety about the future.

But were their dearest wishes fulfilled, and did the two lovers become a happy couple?

Future events alone will solve this question. Remember, reader, the end of the year 1869 was approaching, and we were in Strasbourg!

"And now for my second wish!" cried Bertie, after a new and most successful attack on the *pâté de foie gras*. "Emmy, you have been talking so much to Lilian about Allerheiligen in the Black Forest, that she says she won't return to England before seeing it. Well, you all understand it would not be the correct thing for a bridegroom to return home without his bride. She must therefore see Allerheiligen. Now, what would you say if I proposed an excursion to that delightful spot? I think Lilian would enjoy it infinitely more if we all went there together."

"We should say," replied I, "that it is a capital idea, and nothing would give us greater pleasure. After Perran, there is no spot in the world I like better. Emmy and myself have gone there regularly these last three years during midsummer vacation. It would really be a pity, if we did not go this year, especially as you are here!"

My mother eagerly approved of the plan, and Emmeline was delighted, for she liked the place as much as myself. So the excursion was decided upon immediately, and two days after we all started together, in exuberant spirits.

My mother, Lilian and Bertie were so much pleased with their first day's excursion, that they decided to spend a whole week in the Black Forest, instead of two or three days only. How much more charmed, then,

were they on the second day, when we reached the chief object of our excursion!

Allerheiligen itself, or rather what is left of the ancient monastery of that name, does not offer many attractions. The ruins are the only thing to be seen, and they are far more dangerous than picturesque. The beauty of the place lies in its little river. After passing the ruins, it flows on smoothly in a clear stream over pebbles and rocks, and its gentle murmur scarcely interrupts the profound silence of the surroundings. Nothing predicts the unexpected change. But suddenly it increases its speed, and rushes along seething and foaming, splashing and roaring, between rocks that rise to a towering height, down into the valley, fifteen hundred feet below, and forms eight or nine cascades, the beauty of which baffles description. The rugged grandeur and wild magnificence of the whole scenery is nowhere surpassed in the Black Forest, so rich in glorious and imposing views.

When my mother, Lilian and Bertie had recovered from their admiration, they expressed a wish to ascend the *Teufel's Kanzel*, one of the immense rocks rising perpendicularly on both sides of the cascades. Emmeline was in too delicate a state of health to bear much exertion. So we separated for the present, and, whilst they went up, I accompanied my wife slowly down the bank.

A short distance below the waterfalls there is a large semi-circular seat. It was Emmeline's favourite resting-place. Here we sat down, waiting for our friends' return. It was a glorious day. The sky was in parts deep blue, in others covered with thousands of white fleecy cloudlets following each other in endless succession. The air was warm. A gentle breeze was rustling through the foliage, and united its pleasant murmur with the bubbling of the river and the power-

ful voice of the waterfalls. No human sound disturbed this imposing solitude. We were alone together, alone with the sweet remembrances of the past, the joys of the present, and the brilliant hopes of the future. Plunged in delightful meditation, neither of us cared to speak for a long time. At last, Emmeline raised her eyes towards me, a heavenly smile flitted over her features, and she said in a soft, mellow voice:

"What a happy moment this is, my own Lionel! I fancy we could not possibly wish for anything that would make us happier. Those whom we love best are with us in these mountains, which have already so many charming recollections for us; the reconciliation for which we had been silently longing, for several years, is an accomplished fact; all our anxieties about the future have vanished; we may almost call ourselves rich and shall be able to do more good than ever; your career as an author lies before you free from all obstacles; your great work will soon be finished; within a year, your fame will most likely have reached the remotest corners of all civilised countries; even before this glorious event takes place, we shall once more see the spot which I like best in this world, the spot where we first confessed our love to each other, and where we spent such blissful days after our marriage; and, to crown our happiness, my own, loving Lionel, we shall not visit that sacred spot alone, for Heaven will have sent us the sweetest and dearest little darling ever beheld by the happiest of all mothers!"

Here she buried her face on my shoulder, and, overcome by the ineffable tenderness of her feelings, she shed abundant tears of joy.

I do not know why, but, in the midst of her happiness, I began to feel sad.

Was it her tears? Was it my anxiety as a husband?

Or was it the thought of Perran which filled my heart with secret anxiety?—I could not tell.

I earnestly wished the next six months were over, and we were both settled comfortably in Cornwall. Never before did Perran exert such an irresistible attraction upon me. I could not account for my feelings, and was almost frightened at the change which, in a few seconds, had come over me. For a moment, I had these words upon my lips: "Darling, let us go; if we do not make haste, we shall never see Perran again!"

I try to avoid certain painful recollections. But my efforts are useless. Impelled by an invisible power, I go again, in imagination, over my last walk with Emmeline, along the rugged Cornish cliffs. I see the sun slowly disappearing in the ocean, and the moon rising on the opposite horizon. Once more, with marvellous reality, I see before me that fairylike spectacle. I remember Emmeline's strange, fascinating look and her profound sadness. It fills my heart with unspeakable sorrow. Why I should grieve now, in one of the happiest moments of my life, I cannot understand. And yet I grieve bitterly.

Suddenly her last words flash upon me. Had I seen them written in letters of fire on the distant rocks they could not have overwhelmed me with more terror and anguish:

"Lionel, if ever you come back here . . . without me, . . . will you think of your Emmeline, . . . who loved you . . . more than she could express, . . . more than you could believe, . . . and who so much longed to make you happy!"

Why did she utter these words? . . . Why did I now remember them? . . . Had she a foreboding of

what would happen? . . . And was it a warning to prepare me for some imminent calamity?

Man is happy not to foresee the future. Were his eyes opened, this life, so full of misery, would be infinitely more wretched!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE end of autumn is approaching. The bride and bridegroom have returned to England previous to their departure for India. Shall we ever see each other again? . . . My mother is staying with us and actively assisting Emmeline in her work of love. Never was *la bonne Anglaise* happier, nor the poor of Strasbourg more comfortable!

As for myself, I have returned to my Essay. For several weeks I have been working at it assiduously, and now it will only be a few more days until I shall write the last line.

The last line!

What pleasure, what delight, what enthusiasm have not these three words called forth within me during the last eight or nine years! I felt convinced that the day on which I should write the last line would be for me one of such exuberant joy and intense happiness, that I was almost afraid to think of it. Excessive joy may have as painful consequences as excessive sorrow!

And yet I was mistaken. The long-expected day came. It was the 18th of November, 1869. Even then I still fancied that on writing the last line my hand would tremble with emotion. But no! I came to the final sentence, and . . . if ever a line of my great work was written with perfect calmness it was certainly the last of all.

When it was written I quietly put on my hat, left

the house, went down the *quai*, passed the *Porte des Pêcheurs*, and directed my steps slowly towards the *Contades*. There I spent a couple of hours in deep reverie, walking up and down the darkest avenue.

I almost wished I could have worked myself into a state of fervid exultation, but I could not. I was happy, very happy, unutterably happy, and yet I never felt calmer in my life. A mingled feeling of intense relief and heartfelt gratitude filled my heart, and this feeling was so overwhelming that it absorbed all others, and did not allow me to think of giving way to any outward demonstrations of joy.

On my return, when my mother and wife heard that my Essay was finished, they expressed their delight in a thousand different ways. If I was not demonstrative, they were so instead of me. The whole evening they never ceased talking about it; they made me read their favourite passages, advised me to apply immediately to a publisher, discussed with the keenest interest the reception my Essay would meet with, spoke in the highest terms of enthusiasm of the name it would give me both in England and abroad; in one word, they built for me numberless castles in the air, one more splendid than another. I let them build to their hearts' content. It made them so happy! Listening to them, I spoke very little myself. That peculiar feeling of relief, gratitude, and calm happiness had so completely taken possession of me, that my enthusiasm could not be roused even by the most glowing pictures they drew of the future. It had not yet left me when they became silent, and went on building castles in their dreams.

During the next few weeks I asked myself the same question almost every hour of the day :

"Now that my Essay is finished, what shall my next step be?" As I thought of it over and over again, an

idea arose in my mind slowly but steadily, and, the more I examined it, the more it gathered strength. At last it grew into a firm resolution. The reader may be curious to hear what this resolution was. But his astonishment will, perhaps, surpass his curiosity.

I decided to allow a few years to pass before I published my Essay.

Nine years ago, when I had finished my first work, the *Discourse on Man*, M. de Saint-Amand advised me to put it aside for a couple of years. This advice almost broke my heart at the time. But I had often thought of it since, and had been more and more impressed with its excellence. Now that I had completed a work infinitely more important, I felt convinced that if I consulted my former professor he would strongly recommend me to do what I did then, and I decided to act accordingly. In so doing my Essay would reach a higher degree of perfection and my fame a higher degree of splendour.

Having made up my mind, I took the manuscript and put it into the ebony box, with the intention of not looking at it again for at least two years to come.

These two years I thought I would spend in the quiet enjoyment of life, in taking care of Emmeline, and always improving in the art of writing.

Such were my designs !

Man marks out his future career with perfect composure. He does not think of all the events which may take place. Why should he ? Were he to do so, few schemes would ever be formed, few of the noblest enterprises begun, few of the grandest works of humanity completed ! So man lays down his plans for weeks, and months, and years, perfectly careless of all that may happen. . . . But now and then Fate, with grim irony, reminds him that she also has a word to say in the matter. With one blow she destroys all

his plans, changes the whole course of his life, and transforms him in a few days so completely that he would scarcely recognise himself.

In the quiet enjoyment of life! . . . In taking care of Emmeline! . . . And in always improving in the art of writing!

I had forgotten that Fate had also a word to say in the matter!

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Now that I have to relate the cruel trials with which Fate overwhelmed me, after deluding my mind with the brilliant hopes of such a happy future, I feel I cannot! . . . My heart is aching. . . . My eyes are growing dim. . . . I can scarcely see these very words, for they are vanishing under my tears. . . . Years have passed, and I have often wept. . . . I have wept by day. . . . I have wept by night. . . . I have wept until I thought I could bear life no longer. . . . And yet I feel I have not wept enough, and that a whole sea of tears could never drown my grief.

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Many and many a time I have begun to relate the story of my trials, but I could never proceed far.

Perhaps it would be better if I laid down my pen and left my story unfinished. What right have I to grieve others with my misfortunes? Life is so full of bitterness! Has not every man his full share of it?

And yet I must complete my task. I have undertaken to give an account of my life as an author. The reader may expect to hear the end of it. Unfortunately, the history of the husband, son, and man, is too intimately connected with that of the author to be told separately. In relating the one I cannot ignore the other.

If there be among my readers any who do not care for a sad and painful story, let them close this book, for whatever follows is worse than sad and painful. I can fully enter into their feelings. Why should they have any sympathy for woes which they will probably look upon as imaginary?

But if there be any of my readers who have taken as much interest in the man as in the author, and who, after following me through the happy part of my life, would like to follow me still further, I feel I have no right to remain silent. It is for them that the following pages are written.

I will relate to them the end of my story as briefly as possible, and try to spare their feelings by not giving way to mine, however bitter my grief may be, and however cruel my trials.

It was Christmas eve. The day was bright, the weather cold and bracing. Emmeline had never felt better during the last few months.

In the afternoon she went out towards two o'clock, saying:

"Lionel, this is a day of joy and happiness all over the world. My poor must not be forgotten. I will see them all. They shall, this year, have a happier Christmas than ever."

So I wrapped her up carefully, gave her a purse full of gold and silver, told her to take great care of herself, gave her a last kiss, and accompanied her to the cab, which was waiting for her at the door.

Four hours 'passed. Emmeline had not returned. My mother and myself began to feel slightly uneasy. Half an hour afterwards, at about half-past six, a sudden change in the weather took place. The stars disappeared, a strong wind arose and soon increased to

a gale, accompanied by heavy showers of rain and sleet. In a few minutes, the streets, deeply covered with snow, were changed into streams of slush. Emmeline had not yet come back. Our uneasiness was changed into real anxiety. I watched at the window, counting every minute, every second. It struck seven. The wind was howling dismally and the rain dashing against the panes. Emmeline had not yet appeared. My anxiety gave way to an inexpressible feeling of anguish. I walked up and down the room, every now and then looking out. One cab after another passed, but none stopped in front of the house.

More than once I was about to rush out in search of her. But where was I to go? Her poor were so numerous and scattered over so many parts of the town, that I might have searched the whole night without finding her.

It had just struck half-past seven, when I heard a knock at the door. I rushed down myself and opened it. There was no cab. Emmeline appeared. She was drenched with rain, and shivering so terribly that she could scarcely utter the words:

"Oh! darling, I feel so cold!"

On seeing her in such a sad condition, and remembering her delicate state of health, I am paralysed with fear. But only for a moment. I call Madame Schneider and give her certain orders. Then I take Emmeline into my arms and carry her upstairs.

Twenty minutes later, she was in bed, and, thanks to my treatment, she felt warm and comfortable, and looked quite cheerful. I took heart again. She had always enjoyed such excellent health, that I felt sure there was no cause for much further anxiety.

"Now, darling," said I, after administering a hot

draught, "now you may speak. I can read in your eyes that you have many things to tell us."

"I am so sorry," said she, looking imploringly first at me, then at my mother, "I am so sorry to have caused you so much anxiety this afternoon, and now to give you so much trouble. But, really, I could not help it. And I feel sure that you will forgive me when you hear what I have to say.

"Well, I drove about the whole afternoon and saw all my poor, spending only a few minutes at each place, and leaving them all in great joy and happiness. You ought to have seen their kind faces, whenever I left! The parents would kiss my hands, the little ones cling to me and look up at me with delightful smiles as if they wished to keep me back, and here and there the old, white-haired grandfather, seated in his arm-chair behind the stove, would stretch out his hands, and in a deep voice call down the blessings of the Lord upon me. Ah! I have never been happier in my life! Truly there is no greater joy in this world than to do good to the poor, especially at this Christmas-time, when all men ought to rejoice all over the world.

"It was shortly after six when I finished my tour. So I decided to drive home. I did not like to keep young Arbogast, the cabman, too long, for I knew his wife and three children were waiting at home for their Christmas-tree. On passing St. Thomas's bridge, I saw a little girl, walking bare-footed in the snow, crying bitterly. The sight of her filled me with profound pity. I stopped the cab and called her. She told me she lived close by, that she had had nothing to eat for the whole day, and that several of her brothers and sisters were starving at home. So I sent the cabman away, after giving him a handsome Christmas-box for his little ones, and followed the child. The weather

was so fine, that I thought I could easily walk home, the more so as it would not take me more than twenty minutes. We entered a house not far from *Place St. Louis*, ascended to the fourth floor, entered a room and . . . never did I see a family in greater distress. The whole furniture of the place consisted of a straw mattress, a table and two wooden chairs. A few kitchen utensils were placed near the stove in which no fire was burning. By the dim light of a tallow candle, I saw four or five children in rags crouched down around a woman holding a little baby in her arms. 'Have pity upon us, kind lady,' the mother cried, 'have pity upon my little ones!' And she held the smallest towards me. I took it into my arms, and was suddenly overcome with a feeling of ineffable joy. I felt that I would give my last penny to help the poor mother."

Here Emmeline drew me near her, whispered a few words into my ear, and embraced me passionately.

After a few moments, she went on and related how she went out herself to buy some wood, and bread, and butter, and coffee, and all that was necessary to relieve the most pressing wants of the family; how she lit the fire, and made the coffee, and gave them the best meal they had had for many a month; how they all soon cheered up, and the mother looked so happy, and the little ones crowded around her and vied in proving what grateful little hearts they had; and how she could scarcely tear herself away from them, although she promised to see them again in a couple of days.

"It was not until I left the house," continued Emmeline, "that I noticed the sudden change in the weather. I did not mind it at first. My happiness was so great, that I could think of nothing else than what I had just done. But I had not gone far, before I felt it was unwise on my part to walk home in such dreadful weather. So I stopped for some time under

a projecting house, waiting for the storm to abate, or an empty cab to pass. But I waited in vain. Suddenly I felt very cold. Then I decided to brave the storm and walk home as fast as possible. On the way, I was very much frightened: I thought of what might happen, if I met with a fall or caught a cold. But I arrived safely, and you have all taken such good care of me, and acted so promptly that I feel there is no cause for much anxiety. The only thing I regret is that, instead of spending a merry Christmas together with you, I may be ordered by the doctor to keep my room for a few days. But do not feel uneasy about me: in two or three days I shall be better than ever!"

Emmeline said these last words so cheerfully that I believed her with the strongest conviction, and forgot the anxiety I had gone through during the evening.

Soon after she fell into a peaceful slumber.

"In two or three days I shall be better than ever!"

Should I live a thousand years, I could never forget these prophetic words.

That night I slept badly. I dreamt or fancied I heard sobs and groans for a long time. Suddenly I awoke. Surely what I had heard was not a dream! I sprang up, lit the gas, and went to look at Emmeline. The sight of her went through me like a dagger. She was terribly pale and trembling all over.

To my gentle inquiries she could only answer in a feeble voice:

"I have felt very poorly ever since it struck midnight, but I did not like to disturb your sleep. Do not feel anxious, darling. . . . It is only a cold. . . . I am so sorry to give you any trouble."

After a short silence, she added:

"Oh! I am so glad to see a light again, and to have

my own darling near me. I was so frightened in the darkness, so terribly frightened! . . . And yet I had no strength to get up and strike a light. . . . Do not feel anxious about me, Lionel; I feel better now, much better!"

In spite of her last words, I went to call my mother. After a short conversation with her, I hurried out of the house to call the physician.

It was about five o'clock. I did not find him, but he was expected home within an hour. I left a message for him and hastened back. The doctor came about an hour and a half after. While he questioned Emmeline and felt her pulse, I watched his face eagerly. He looked very serious, quite contrary to his habit, for he was naturally very lively and cheerful, especially in the sick-room.

He gave a prescription with the necessary instructions, and retired. I followed him.

"Doctor," said I, when we were alone, "tell me the truth: . . . is there any danger?"

"So far not," replied he, in a peculiar tone. "At least I do not think so. We must wait. Your wife has caught a bad cold. This is always a . . . a thing to be particularly avoided in such delicate circumstances. I will come back this evening. Meanwhile, do not lose heart!"

His words gave me little consolation. The whole day I never stirred from Emmeline's bedside. We gave her the medicine, and shortly after she became very feverish. My mother watched as anxiously as myself. Within a couple of hours the fever abated and Emmeline began to shiver with cold. Then the fever returned, and then the fits of shivering. Thus the weary day passed. The symptoms changed again and again, but were equally distressing.

In the evening the doctor called for the second time.

He looked more serious than before. After examining his patient, he mournfully shook his head.

"Your wife is not better!" said he, in answer to my inquiring look. I had no heart to ask whether Emmeline was worse.

The night approached. My mother and Madame Schneider sat up with me. At two o'clock in the morning, seeing they were both tired, I entreated them to take a rest, and remained alone with my poor darling. She slept as little as myself and became more and more restless. I would have given my life to give her a few hours' sleep. Now she began to sigh and sob. I could see that she suffered much. Her pains became more and more intense. My complete powerlessness made me unutterably wretched. Every moment the symptoms became more alarming. At length, unable to bear my anxiety any longer, I called my mother. She took my place, whilst I ran to call the doctor once more.

This time I was more successful. We hastened back together. On the way he questioned me as to the different symptoms. I replied in a few broken words.

On arriving, we found Emmeline in a high state of fever.

"Mr. Tresyllian," said the doctor, a few minutes after, "do not be frightened, . . . but I must tell you that your wife is dangerously ill. . . . I will go and bring Dr. Stahl with me, as soon as he is at liberty, and hold a consultation with him." Dr. Stahl was the leading physician in Strasbourg.

With what feelings I received this news, I leave the reader to imagine. Seated by Emmeline's bed-side, I counted the hours and minutes until Dr. Stahl should come. Emmeline grew worse every moment, the fever increased more and more, her sufferings became intolerable, and yet I could do nothing for her but wipe away

the perspiration which ran in torrents over her forehead and face.

Towards ten o'clock in the morning, she could bear her pains no longer and became insensible. Dr. Stahl had not yet appeared; but we received a note saying the two physicians would come towards noon.

Shortly after half-past eleven, Emmeline recovered her senses. Turning her eyes sadly towards me, she whispered:

"Lionel, I am very ill. . . . Pray for me!"

I knelt down, and poured out all my grief and bitterness of soul in a long, fervent prayer, until a slight ray of hope began to brighten up my gloom, and the bitterness was taken away from me!

When I got up, Emmeline lay motionless. She had fainted for the second time. Shortly after the doctors arrived.

They asked to be left alone. I went down into the drawing-room. Hope vanished more quickly than it had appeared. I waited for the doctors' verdict, in an agony of mind which I could not describe.

At length I heard their steps. The door opened. They entered. Dr. Stahl made a few steps towards me. He was deadly pale. Deep sympathy was expressed in his features. After a few seconds, he said in a low voice:

"Mr. Tresyllian, . . . I have a sad and painful duty to fulfil . . . in telling you . . . that your wife is in so great danger . . . that the science of man can do nothing for her. . . . God the Almighty alone can save her!"

I rushed upstairs, threw myself down by the bedside and gave way altogether to the inexpressible woe which filled my heart:

"Darling, you must not die! . . . What can I do here below without you? . . . You cannot go and

leave me behind ! . . . We have lived together ! We must die together ! . . . My time has not yet come ! . . . Emmeline, have pity upon me ! . . . Ah ! darling, do not leave me !

"Darling, you must not die ! What have I done to be left alone ? . . . Have I not loved you enough ? . . . Were you not happy with me ? . . . Could you be happy in another world without me ? . . . Ah ! darling, have pity upon me ! . . . Emmeline, do not leave me !

"Darling, you must not die ! I know you are too good for this world. . . . I know that your right place is in Heaven above, whence you came to make me happy ! But, ah ! do not yet return to your former home ! . . . Do not go alone ! . . . Wait for me ! . . . Emmeline have pity upon me ! . . . Ah ! darling, darling, do not leave me !"

My mother entered and tried to console me. But she had scarcely said a few words, when she broke down herself and wept bitterly.

In the evening, Pastor Redslob came. The fervent prayers of this holy man moved me deeply. But when he began to speak of the joys of Heaven, I could listen no longer, and rushed out of the house.

Where I went I could not say. It was late when I returned. I found the whole house in tears. Emmeline had become delirious.

That night no one went to bed. The hours crept on slowly. But time did not bring us any relief. As if our anguish were not intense enough, Emmeline, in her delirium, was bright and cheerful. She talked, and laughed, and even sang from time to time.

Towards midnight she became calmer, and, soon after, fell asleep. Her breath became very regular and her sleep peaceful. The pains seemed to have left her, and all traces of fever to have disappeared. There she lay quietly, her light chestnut hair encircling her fore-

head as white as snow, a slight rosy tint covering her cheeks, and a sweet smile playing around her little mouth.

An ineffable feeling of hope overcame me. Surely, the crisis must be over, the physician was wrong, or rather the Almighty, who alone could save her, had listened to my prayers and taken the bitter cup away from me!

My mother became equally hopeful. By-and-by, seeing that she was worn out with long watching, I entreated her to take a little rest. She gave way to my entreaties and retired.

Left alone with my poor darling, I followed intently the hands of the clock. And as one minute after another passed, and Emmeline remained as calm as ever, my hopes continued to rise, until, unable to bear my joy any longer, I burst into tears, and, after the terrible anxiety of the last two days, wept for a long time.

My tears were still flowing, when I heard a voice, saying :

"Lionel, take me into your arms."

I looked up. Emmeline was seated upright in bed. She smiled sweetly down upon me, looking wonderfully calm and happy.

I took her into my arms. She embraced me fervently, placed her head upon my heart, and said :

"Oh! my own, loving, darling Lionel, I feel so happy! . . . so very happy!"

Then she looked into my eyes with such a heavenly expression of bliss, that I forgot, for a moment, the terrible trial I had just gone through, and felt unutterably happy myself.

After a short silence, she raised her head, threw a long look of admiration around her, stretched out her hand, and said :

"Look, darling. . . . Is it not beautiful! . . . I thought I should never see this spot again; but my most fervent wishes have been fulfilled. . . . Here we are once more at Perran." An inexpressible feeling of terror chilled the blood in my veins. "Yes, at Perran, . . . and it is more beautiful than ever! . . . See the moon and the stars, . . . and the sea sparkling with millions of lights, . . . and the rugged cliffs rising like giants out of the ocean! . . . Ah! Lionel, how is it that everything to-night looks infinitely more beautiful?"

"And here *she* is coming again. . . . Once before I saw her walking towards me upon the sea. . . . She frightened me then! . . . Not now, . . . not now! . . .

"Do you see her? . . . She stretches out her arms towards me. . . . Lionel, she calls me! . . .

"Mother, I cannot go with you. I have my Lionel to take care of, my Lionel to comfort, my Lionel to make happy, until we may follow you together. . . . No, mother, I cannot go with you!

"She calls me for the second time.

"Mother, I entreat you, allow me to stay! What will my Lionel do without me? How can he be happy alone? If I leave him, will not his heart be broken? . . . Mother, I entreat you, allow me to stay!

"She calls me for the third time. . . .

"Mother, I will obey. . . . Darling, I must leave you!

"Lionel, do not weep. . . . I have loved you in this world, I shall love you still more in another!

"Lionel, do not weep. . . . We must part, but not

for long. . . . A few years will pass, and we shall meet once more!

"Lionel, do not weep. . . . You have a great and noble task to fulfil in this world. . . . When it is fulfilled, I will come back here to this sacred spot. . . . And then you shall come with me, and we will rise together to that heavenly abode where your labours will be rewarded, and where, under the eye of God, we shall love each other in ineffable bliss to all eternity. . . .

"Mother, I am coming. . . .

"Lionel, farewell! . . . Farewell! . . . Farewell!"

And as she whispered her last farewell, she fell back upon her pillow, heaved a gentle sigh, and fell asleep . . . for ever.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

THE mighty roar of a thousand cannon, the hissing of grapeshot, and whistling of shells are filling the city with terror and awe; the homeless are weeping, the wounded are shrieking, the dead are scattered in every street; the air resounds with the thundering noise; the houses fall in one after another; here columns of smoke, there columns of sparks arise to the sky in the midst of the night:

Strasbourg is in flames!

"What glorious music! What a magnificent spectacle! I listen with joy, I look on with delight! I am happy now, very happy, terribly happy! My end is approaching! Perhaps only a few minutes more, and all will be over!

"Many a day and many a night I have run along the Cornish coast, vainly crying out the name of my beloved, vainly imploring her to come and take me away from this world of woe: but now the cruel pangs are over, I feel death is near at hand, destruction surrounds me on all sides, before the night has passed I may be allowed to meet my Emmeline. . . .

"Over and over again, when I could bear my anguish no longer, I have gone to the spot sacred to our

love; but at the moment when I was about to rush into the roaring sea, an invisible hand kept me back, and I had to return home, and sigh and sob, weep and groan for weeks to come as in weeks gone by. But now my despair has vanished, I may sing and rejoice, for the invisible hand holds me back no longer, and I may rush out into the burning streets where the grape-shot is raining thickest, and the fire is raging most fiercely.

"The cannon are roaring, the shells are bursting. To-night I may perhaps be allowed to die! Why should I have to wait much longer? I have nothing further to do in this world. My task is finished. Emmeline, I am ready. Come, and appear to me!

"The cannon are roaring, the shells are bursting. To-night I will die! I have already one foot in the grave. Why should an old man not be allowed to rest? They say only eight months have passed. But it must be a mistake. Eighty years could not have changed me more. I am only a shadow of my former self: my eyes are dim, my cheeks are hollow, my forehead is wrinkled, and my hair has grown as white as snow. . . . And they say only eight months have passed! . . . Darling, it is high time. I have been waiting for long, weary years. I cannot wait any longer. Come and call your Lionel!

"The cannon are roaring, the shells are bursting. To-night I must die! A few nights more, and the old city will be destroyed. And then it will be too late, for the cannon will cease to roar and the shells to whiz through the midnight air . . .

"Emmeline, come down from Heaven, guide a shell in its rapid course, guide it towards your Lionel, and grant everlasting rest to his broken heart. Darling, it is getting late. Come, and let me go with you!"

As I am leaving the house, Madame Schneider stops

me. Poor, unhappy woman! She does not like this delightful music nor admire this beautiful sight. Terrible anxiety is expressed in her care-worn features. She cannot even weep Why should she? Her troubles will soon be over! She speaks:

"Ah! Mr. Tresyllian, listen to me! try to understand me! My poor Lina is dying with fear Come down, I know you can console her Oh! when will this horrible night come to an end! . . . I entreat you, come down and speak to her!"

I follow Madame Schneider into the cellar. It is a strange sight. A few mattresses cover the ground. In the centre, Madame Werner, the clergyman's widow, is kneeling before an open Bible, in silent prayer. Her younger son and two daughters are kneeling by her side, praying and weeping. Poor family! their house was destroyed two nights ago, and now they have taken refuge here in mine. In a corner, M. Schneider, with his arm in a sling, watches over his daughter seated near him in silent despair. He has been badly wounded while nobly fighting against the besiegers, but he forgets his own sufferings and thinks only of soothing Lina's sorrow.

As I enter, she comes towards me, seizes my hands and cries out:

"Have pity upon me, Mr. Tresyllian! Go and call my *fiancé*! I must see him, I will see him! You have been so kind to me. Be kind to me once more! Ah! call my *fiancé*! Many a time you have braved the fire and braved the shells! Your life is charmed, but *his* is in danger. I know a terrible misfortune threatens him. Oh! before it is too late, go and call my *fiancé*."

Then she falls upon her knees, hides her face in her hands and cries out:

"Oh! I shall never again see him alive! He

will be killed! He will be killed! And to-morrow was to have been our wedding-day!"

Her grief makes my heart ache. I look at her sadly for some time and then say:

"Lina, you have loved my Emmeline I will do anything for you I will go and call your *fiancé*."

I go out Ah! why did I not stay and pray with them! Perhaps my prayers would have been heard and my trials would now be at an end!

But where am I to find Werner? I wander at random through the streets. The old desire takes possession of me once more, and I soon forget my promise. . . . Wherever I direct my steps, I see people running and shouting:

"*Au feu! Broglie! Au feu! quai Schoepflin! Au feu! place de la Cathédrale! Au feu! faubourg national! Au feu! Sainte-Aurélié! Au feu! hôpital civil!*"

The whole city seems to be on fire. The *Musée de peinture* is already destroyed, the *Temple-Neuf* is in ruins, the famous *Library* is no more, whole streets have been devoured by the flames, and yet the cannon continue to roar and the shells to burst in greater number than ever.

Would that I had Dante's pen! What heavenly, what hellish pictures I would draw! For a single one of those terrible nights presented more scenes of unspeakable distress and woe, more examples of boundless courage and devotion, than could be related in a hundred volumes. Yes, this is indeed a subject for a great author or a great artist: the Siege and Bombardment of Strasbourg! Will it ever find a worthy pen to relate it in its heart-rending reality, or a worthy brush to paint it in its horrible magnificence?

In passing the *Place de la Cathédrale*, I see four children weeping around their mother who has just

been killed by a falling beam, after saving them from an imminent death Weep, little ones, weep! Tears are sweet, when the heart is aching.

Near the *Petites Arcades* a man, frightfully mangled by a fragment of a shell, is carried on a litter to the hospital. I smile. To the hospital indeed! Do they want to burn the poor wretch alive? The hospital is in full blaze, and, at this very moment, the shells are falling into it, to cheer up the sick, and wounded, and dying. . . . A hospital on fire in a hail of grapeshot and shells, what a splendid subject for a new *Inferno*.

I walk on. One soon gets used to the worst sights. On passing the *Broglie*, I see a boy of about sixteen carrying a little child in his arms: he has just escaped from a neighbouring house which is on fire. I recognise him: he is one of the most promising pupils of the *Gymnase Protestant*. What a pity if he should meet with an accident! The thought has scarcely struck me, when a shell falls between us A moment of terrible suspense! It bursts, and boy and child are torn to pieces.

This is a cruel mistake. Why have I not been killed instead? I am useless here below, whilst that boy and child might have lived to be the joy of their parents, the pride of their native town, and the honour of their country! .

But the night is not yet over, my turn may soon come. Perhaps there is not danger enough here: I will go where death is performing its wildest dance.

In the *Rue de la Mésange*, several houses are in flames. Opposite one of them I see an old, withered, grey-haired man, looking at the fire with a strange smile. Suddenly he points up towards one of the windows of the fourth floor, and utters a fiendish laugh. "Do you see him up there? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! It is my

son! Ha, ha, ha, ha! It's no use, my dear boy! You cannot escape! You will be roasted alive! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" The wretched son, surrounded by the flames, takes a terrible resolution, jumps out of the window, and . . . falls dead on the pavement. His old father remains silent for an instant, then rushes into the burning house, soon after appears at the same window, with his clothes and hair on fire, utters a devilish laugh more horrible than before: "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" then jumps out of the window and falls dead by the side of his son.

I go further. Where the horrors are worst, there is my place. In the *Faubourg National* half the street is on fire. Near one of the burning houses, a girl in the full bloom of youth and beauty, is tearing her hair in the agony of her soul, and entreating the men around her to save her family imprisoned in the cellar. They are armed with hatchets and crow-bars, but they hesitate, for the house may fall in at any moment. "Hurrah! At last my hour has come! Emmeline, be ready! I will follow you!" I tear the hatchet out of a man's hand, and rush into the house; the others follow; we break through all obstacles and enter the cellar; I find a child in the dark, seize him, rush out, and . . . the house falls in with a terrific crash and buries the family and their noble rescuers alike under its burning ruins.

Such scenes are repeated everywhere. Death and destruction surround me on all sides, and yet I am still alive. The night will pass, and I may not be allowed to die! . . .

But whither are all these people running? Why do they look so horrified? What means this strange glare in the sky? The whole city is illuminated, as if the setting sun had returned in this midnight hour. Suddenly the cry resounds through the streets:

"Au feu ! Cathédrale ! Au feu ! Cathédrale !"

Such a sight is not to be missed ! Before I die, I must see this glorious spectacle. I run along at full speed, shouting with mad delight : *"Au feu ! Cathédrale ! Au feu ! Cathédrale !"* At last I arrive breathless, and remain standing in wonder and awe. No, I cannot describe it, the immense sea of flames with the magnificent, transparent spire, towering above and brilliantly illuminated in wonderful, fantastic colours. No, it is impossible ! The fugitives stop in the streets, the wounded cease to shriek, and the dying to groan. All remain spellbound and look on. And as we look on, a voice is heard crying out :

"Malediction upon you, Germans ! Malediction upon you ! May all the curses of Heaven and Hell be launched against you ! May hostile armies eat your bread ! May your rivers be filled with your blood and your corpses fatten your lost fatherland ! May your leaders betray you and your counsellors plot your destruction ! May your sons rise against you, burn you under the ruins of your cities, and change your country into a vast desert ! May your name be the horror of all generations to come, and be cursed in the other world to all eternity ! Malediction upon you, Germans ! Malediction upon you !"

And whilst the cannon are roaring, the shells bursting, and the flames transforming all the surroundings into a scene of inexpressible splendour, the Alsatian's curse is taken up by all Alsatians around, by the homeless, the wounded, and the dying, until the whole city resounds with the cry :

"Malediction upon you, Germans ! Malediction upon you !"

Curse, Alsatians, curse to your hearts' content ! It is sweet to curse, when cursing is one's only consolation !

Suddenly an idea flashes across my mind : " What a glorious death ! No mortal has ever been allowed to die in greater pomp and magnificence ! " I rush towards the entrance to the immense winding staircase. Three men bar my way. I avoid the first, fell the second to the ground, slip through the arms of the third, and rush up wild with delight ! " Stop him ! Stop him ! It is the mad Englishman ! " I run up faster than ever. " Stop the madman ! Stop the madman ! " Never have I enjoyed a race so immensely. It is better than a race for life, it is a race for death ! Now I am on a level with the burning roof. Hell could not be hotter ! " Stop the madman ! Stop the madman ! " The chase continues. But I am swifter than my pursuers. Now I am high above the flames. Soon I shall reach the platform and take that glorious leap into the roaring sea of flames ! " Stop the madman ! Stop the madman ! " At last I reach the last step and rush upon the platform with a mighty hurrah ! " Emmeline, I am coming ! I am coming ! " I jump upon the parapet, but at the moment I am about to take the leap, I am seized by a powerful hand. A terrific struggle ensues. Never have I felt so strong before. I take hold of my adversary, raise him high above the parapet to start him on his first and last flight through the air, when I am seized again and violently thrown down against the stones. My strength leaves me, my senses give way, I cease to struggle and lose consciousness.

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When I recover my senses, the sun is dimly shining through the clouds of smoke resting upon the city. Deep silence has succeeded the terrific noise of the night. I look around, listen a few moments, and steal out of the guard-house towards the winding stairs. Then I run down at full speed, for fear of being over-

taken, reach the bottom, rush through the little office, across the public place and through several streets. At last I am safe from any possible pursuit and slacken my pace. I grow calmer and begin to think of all that has happened.

Another night has passed and I am not yet in my grave I feel so weary of this life! . . . Why was I not torn by the shells? Why not buried under the blazing ruins? Why not allowed to leap into the burning sea? Now my troubles would be over, and I should no longer yearn after my Emmeline.

Suddenly I remember my promise "Poor Werner! Is he still alive? . . . Have Lina's fears been realised? . . . I did not believe in forebodings, but now . . . ! Lina, you were so devoted to my Emmeline, I will come and console you!"

I go down the *Quai des Pêcheurs* and reach my house. I open the door, and stop short. A large rent divides the ceiling. It widens towards the dining-room. I enter Oh! cursed be this night, cursed for ever! In trying to rush into the arms of death, I have been rushing away from it! While I was seeking it in the burning streets, it had been hovering over my house. With a fiendish refinement of cruelty, it had waited for my departure, before it struck its blow and carried away its victims! An immense shell had fallen on the house, pierced the four floors, and disappeared in the cellar, where only a few hours before Madame Schneider, her husband and Lina, Madame Werner, her son and two daughters had been praying and weeping in hope and fear. And now! Are they dead or alive? I descend with a slow step. I listen : . . . Deep silence. I listen again Hark! I hear a voice. I open the door with an unsteady hand. I look around. In the dismal light of a little lamp, I see a ghastly spectacle which makes my blood

curdle and my hair stand on end. The shell had burst, and . . . all seven had been killed.

But there was another sight infinitely more heart-rending. In a distant corner, I saw Emile Werner seated on a mattress, and holding his dead *fiancée* in his arms. He did not sob, he did not weep. Only now and then he cried out :

"O min Linele ! min Linele !"

Lina had been right. She did not see him again. And . . this was to have been their wedding-day !

CHAPTER II.

THE cannon have ceased to roar and the shells to burst. A white flag is floating on the cathedral. The inhabitants have left their cellars and are rushing through the streets. The eyes of the whole city are turned towards the same spot. What does it mean ? What is about to happen ? Why that white flag on the cathedral ? Here and there an officer or town-councillor appears. The people surround him, and all eagerly ask the same question. But they can get no answer.

In front of the *Hôtel-du-Commerce* an immense crowd has gathered and is increasing every minute. Their voices resemble the dull rumbling of the sea. They want to know what has taken place, what new danger is threatening. At last the Mayor steps forward. He is deadly pale. For some time he is speechless, but the crowd can read some terrible news in his features. In an instant a dead silence succeeds the tumult. The Mayor says a few words in a low tone and then retires. What is it ? What did he say ? Only those nearest to him could understand him, but in a few seconds the news has gone from

mouth to mouth, and thousands of people repeat those awful words, look at each other aghast, and repeat them again. No, it is impossible! They cannot believe it. It is too great a misfortune! Then a sudden change comes over the crowd. They separate. Some run madly through the streets and sing the *Marseillaise*. Others rush to the head-quarters and ask for General Uhrich. "We have suffered much, we are ready to suffer still more; we have fought so long, we will fight to the bitter end; let the Germans continue their barbarous siege, but they shall not enter, as long as there is one stone upon another, and a single Alsatian left to defend it!" Others go home and, with tearless eyes, tell their families the awful news which no one believes, although it is but too true, Strasbourg is about to surrender!

At last the night approaches, the first quiet night for several weeks. Deep silence is reigning over the town. But not one man is asleep, for it is a night more horrible than any before: the night before the capitulation.

I slept as little as the most patriotic Alsatian. For the first time in many months, I grieved over a misfortune which was not my own. I had learned to love the dear old city, almost as much as my native place; I had found many true friends among its kindly, generous, hospitable inhabitants; and Emmeline had spent here with me, some of the happiest years of her life. And now, after suffering so cruelly, after opposing such a heroic resistance, Strasbourg was doomed! It was a terrible calamity which would have filled even a stranger with the deepest pity and the most heartfelt sorrow. Ah! may no town in England ever know what it is to have to surrender to a hostile army!

The cannon have ceased to roar and the shells to

burst. The white flag is no longer floating on the cathedral. The fatal day has arrived. An irresistible power compels me to go out into the streets to see the final scene of this mournful tragedy. The trumpets are resounding, the drums beating, the battalions forming. Grief and despair are reigning throughout the city. The officers break their swords, the men throw their weapons into the river ; here a young *conscrip*t is tearing himself out of the arms of his broken-hearted *fiancée* ; there an officer, driven mad with despair, is raising his clenched fist and cursing Heaven in the excess of his fury : here again, an old soldier, who has bravely fought in twenty battles, is hiding his face in his hands and crying like a little child. Troops of all arms, artillery, chasseurs, sailors, cavalry, infantry, zouaves, turcos, francs-tireurs, gendarmes, gardes-mobiles, all are slowly advancing towards the *rendez-vous*, near the *Porte-nationale*, in a disorder which is beyond description. An immense crowd surrounds them. What a cruel parting ! What bitter tears ! What poignant grief ! What endless lamentations and despair !

Ah ! weep, Strasbourg, weep ! You do not yet know the whole extent of your misfortune. The enemy has conquered you, the enemy will keep you, the enemy will surround you with an iron circle that will brave many a storm of shot and shell. Weep, Strasbourg, weep : not one of your sons, now alive, will see the day, when the iron circle will be broken, and the dear tricolour flag float once more on your cathedral.

Weep, Alsace, weep ! Your sons will have to leave the home of their forefathers and be scattered in thousands all over the world ; and Germans will come in crowds and settle in your fertile land. Weep, Alsace, weep : your children will have to pray for the hostile

Kaiser, to sing the praises of the odious *Vaterland*, and some day to fight against their own brethren.

And you, France, weep also. Alsace has loved you well: for two centuries, she has suffered with you, fought for you, and shared in all your trials and all your joys; for two centuries, she has been attached to you with as true, devoted, and passionate a love as only the dearest mother could have claimed. Weep, France, weep: in losing Alsace, you have lost one of your best and most beautiful daughters!

The cannon have ceased to roar, and the shells to burst. But a noise more painful, more horrible, more maddening resounds through the air. It is the triumphal march of the victorious army entering the old city.

The streets are deserted, the shutters are closed, the doors are locked, the whole city seems to be dead. But inside the inhabitants are alive! They do not weep, they do not groan, they do not lament. But from every heart there arises a fearful curse which every man will remember to his dying day:

"Woe to you, Germans! Now you are victorious. But the day of revenge will arrive! Remember the time of your disgrace. You have recovered. France will also recover, and then . . . !

"Woe to you, Germans! You say you love your Alsatian brethren! Is it to prove your tender feelings that you hurled upon us showers of grapeshot, that you burned our city and killed harmless citizens, old men, women, and children, in hundreds? Ah! we love you infinitely more than you love us; we long to return your affection a thousand fold; we long to shower upon you endless blessings of grapeshot and shells!

"Woe to you, Germans! Our dear, unfortunate France is now breaking down, and you are rejoicing.

But her blood will cease to flow, her wounds will heal, and, before many years are over, she will be stronger than ever; and then you shall weep and lament in your turn! You do not think now that the day may come again when France will trample you underfoot as she has done before, but that day will come! It may be fifty years, but it will come! It may be a century, but it will come! It may be five hundred years, but it will come! And then, we, Alsatians, will leave our graves, we will rejoice, and cry out again as we do now: Woe to you, Germans! Woe to you!"

CHAPTER III.

It was a cold winter's day. Through the window I could see the neighbouring mountains, covered with snow, sparkling in the sun. A cheerful fire was burning in the cast-iron stove. The room I was in was spacious and airy. I looked around with a mingled feeling of curiosity and astonishment at the oaken furniture, black with age, the old clock in a large wooden case, the polished rafters of the ceiling, and the quaint engravings of the last century adorning the walls. Where I was I could not say, and how I came here I had not the faintest recollection. I was in bed, and felt as weak and helpless as a child. I had just strength enough to turn my head; as for moving my limbs, I could not; the exertion was too much for me. My left arm was as heavy as lead and I felt a dull pain in it. How it came to pass that I should be so weak, and suffer such pain in my arm, I could not tell. On looking again around the room, I saw a tall man seated at a table, reading a newspaper. He had black hair, dark eyes, and a black moustache, was very pale,

and looked dejected and care-worn. I recognised him in an instant: it was Lina's unfortunate *fiancé*, Emile Werner.

Now he laid the paper aside, got up and began to walk up and down. Deep sorrow was expressed in his features.

"It is a cruel blow!" said he, in an undertone. "Poor mother! . . . When she heard of his death, she died of a broken heart! . . . And yet . . . Ah! why did he not die? . . . It would have been better for him, a thousand times better!"

I shut my eyes and tried to guess the meaning of these strange words. Soon after the door opened:

"*Eh bien!*" said a cheerful voice, "how is our interesting patient to-day, M. Werner?"

"I think, doctor," replied Werner, "he is getting on very favourably. He has slept ever since you saw him last night."

"That's right! That's right!"

The doctor drew near and took a bandage off my arm. I felt a very sharp pain and groaned aloud.

"Aha!" said he, "our man is groaning; that is a capital sign! . . . You see, M. Werner, a wound like this is not dangerous in itself; what made it dangerous was the loss of blood. I must confess, for two or three days I almost doubted his recovery. *Ma foi, il l'a échappé belle*. But now he is out of danger, and France may be glad not to have lost such a brave soldier."

"So you think he is a Frenchman?"

"Most decidedly! Everyone here thinks so!"

"I am afraid, doctor, you are mistaken. He is an Englishman."

"*Allez donc*, an Englishman! You must be joking!"

While the doctor was again putting on the bandage,

my senses gave way and I remained unconscious for some time. When I recovered, the discussion about my nationality was not yet over, for the doctor gave it as his opinion that, if I were not French, I must at least have French blood in my veins.

"There you are right," replied Werner. "On his mother's side he is of French descent; besides, he was partly educated in France, where he has since spent several years, and speaks French like a native: this may account for his being taken much more frequently for a Frenchman than an Englishman."

"*Ah! je le disais bien!* Although he may be English by birth, the love for France was not yet extinguished in his heart. . . . Would that his countrymen had followed his example and fought with us: *sapristi, en ce moment il ne resterait pas en France un seul de ces chiens d'Allemands!*"

"I agree with you, doctor, he loved France. But that was not the primary cause of his joining our ranks and fighting so bravely."

"Really not?"

"No, he wanted to die! . . . But it is a terribly sad story. . . . Besides, it would take me some time to relate it, and I should not like to keep you away from your other patients."

"*Mon Dieu, non!* You do not keep me away from them at all. I have finished my *tournee* for the morning, and can take it easy for an hour or two. Besides, I must confess, I am really curious on this point. Monsieur de Trésillenne is such an interesting patient, and all the soldiers here speak of his kindness as well as intrepidity, in such glowing terms, that I long to hear something more about him."

Hereupon, Werner began to relate my history. But he had not proceeded far, when my senses again failed me, and I missed a good part of what he said. When

consciousness returned, I heard him relate that, as soon as the war between France and Germany broke out, I left Perran in spite of my mother's tears and pressing entreaties, and decided to join the French army. He scarcely referred to the siege of Strasbourg, and only mentioned incidentally that, in the last days of the bombardment, I was wounded over my left temple.

"After the surrender of the city," he continued, in a sad tone, "we both escaped together, started for the South of France and reached Lyons safely, where we engaged in the 16th of the line, and afterwards went through the campaign of the East, under General Bourbaki. . . . Ah! it was a campaign! What the poor recruits had to suffer will never be known. Badly clothed and half starving, they had to advance through a mountainous country, in the depth of a terribly severe winter! During the whole of the campaign Mr. Tresyllian never ceased to lavish his gold in order to alleviate the distress of his companions in arms. Thanks to him many a soldier was prevented from dying of hunger or cold. . . . Well, at last the enemy was met and the struggle began. We fought side by side at Villersexel and afterwards at Héricourt. But, although both of us, impelled by the same desire, sought danger wherever it was greatest, we escaped unhurt. Then began that disastrous retreat. Attacked in front by Werder, and in flank by Manteuffel, we had to fight day after day. It was terrible! The wretched recruits were slaughtered in thousands. I need not say anything further about the end of the campaign. You know it but too well! . . . A few hours before we reached the Swiss frontier, Mr. Tresyllian was wounded in a hand-to-hand fight. I had only just time to carry him behind a large tree, to prevent his being trampled under the horses' feet or crushed to death by the artillery, when our division had to re-

treat, and escaped safely into Switzerland. At the time when he fell his blood was running in torrents, and I was afraid I should never again see him alive. This fear soon seemed to be realised, for a few days later I read his name in the official list of the dead. However, knowing how often in war men will turn up again after their death has been announced, I decided not to take any rest before I had convinced myself, beyond every possible doubt, that he really was no longer among the living. So I returned to the frontier. My researches were crowned with success. I was informed that he was just about to be thrown into a pit, with many others who had fallen on the field of honour, when he gave a sign of life and was thus saved from a horrible fate. The remainder is known to you, doctor. I hastened to this place, where I found him in your excellent hands, and treated with every possible care by this kind-hearted Swiss family."

"You see," continued he, after a short pause, "his wish has not been fulfilled; neither shot, nor shell, nor bullet, nor sword will kill him. It is a cruel fate to be doomed to live!"

"Cruel? . . . Doomed? . . . How dare you speak thus? A man who can love like him and fight like him ought to live. Such men are not too numerous. The world needs them all. No doubt the future reserves for him some noble career!"

"The future? . . . It is just the future I dread! You are not aware, doctor, that while he has been lying here between life and death, a new misfortune has overtaken him. Fate seems to persecute him with implacable severity. . . . Read this!"

After a short silence the doctor said, in a melancholy tone:

"It is sad, terribly sad! . . . On hearing of his

death she fell down dead! . . . Ah! how many mothers in France have died like her, of a broken heart, during the last twelvemonth? . . . War is a terrible curse! . . . What a fearful responsibility for the men who declared it! . . . He must not hear of this; at least, not for some time to come. You must break the news to him very, very gently, otherwise I could not answer for the consequences. . . . Poor young man! . . . Poor young man!"

Soon after, the doctor left, still repeating his last words, and I fell into a profound sleep.

The doctor was right. The danger was over; my wound healed, and my recovery was henceforth only a question of time. But I became a different man. One by one my old recollections returned; first vague, undefined and in strange disorder, but I was soon able to connect them methodically, and build up the whole of my past history, in clear outlines, as far as the time when the second part of my Essay was completed. What followed I could not say at first with perfect certainty. Although my recollections were clear enough, that period seemed to me not a part of my own life, but of the life of another man exactly like me. The remembrance of it awakened within me neither despair nor even sorrow. I only felt sad and lonely. Often I asked myself whether it had not all been a dream, and it was only by connecting the scenes witnessed during that supposed dream with the preceding events and my present state, that I arrived at the conviction that my recollections had their origin in real life. But even this conviction did not fill me with new grief. A calm resignation came over me and inspired all my thoughts. The religious sentiment revived in my heart, became deeper than it had ever been before, and brought me all the spiritual consolations which a true

Christian will find even in the greatest misfortunes. Having given up all hopes of earthly happiness, I spent many hours every day in thinking of the joys of the world to come, and in longing for the day when I might be allowed to follow Emmeline. That day, I trusted, was not far distant.

The thought of Emmeline and my meditations on future life brought back to my mind the conversation I had heard between Werner and the doctor.

Who was the poor mother that died of a broken heart? And why was the news of her death to be imparted to me so gently?

These questions left no doubt within me. It must have been my mother! An inward conviction told me so, and yet I did not feel wretched. It is one of the most bountiful dispensations of Providence that there is a limit to all human grief. Man can bear much and suffer long, but once a certain limit is reached, he becomes insensible to any further misfortune, however great it may be. This I experienced now for the first time. Emmeline's death had exhausted all my grief: I had no tears left to weep over that of my mother. On the contrary, I rejoiced over it. What pleasure was there left for her in this world? Her tenderest affections had rested upon me, and I could never be happy again! Would she not be infinitely happier with Emmeline in Heaven than with her broken-hearted son upon earth! Yes, indeed, I envied her fate, for I looked upon death as our greatest friend, our best consoler, and our most generous benefactor.

Thus the days passed and the end of February was approaching. I was allowed to leave my bed. As my strength came back I could not help noticing that Werner looked every day more despondent. Although he scarcely ever left me, he spoke very rarely and

seemed generally to be plunged in sad meditations. This I at first attributed to the dismal news which he was afraid to break to me. I therefore seized an early opportunity of relieving his mind, by telling him I had heard his conversation with the doctor and guessed the truth. My words seemed to take a great weight off his heart, and yet he did not cheer up. On the contrary, as one day after another passed, his sadness increased more and more. I did not understand him any longer. Was it the remembrance of that awful Strasbourg catastrophe which cast such a gloom over his spirits? I could scarcely believe it. He was a man of wonderful strength of mind, and possessed remarkable power over his feelings. If I remembered rightly, he had so far borne his misfortune with admirable fortitude. And yet now he seemed to have suddenly become the prey of ever increasing sorrow. I often tried to console him, but my efforts were useless. Even religion seemed to have no consolation left for him.

One morning, it was in the first days of March, he came in suddenly with a newspaper in his hand. His features bore an expression which quite frightened me. Some terrible calamity must have happened. He threw himself into an armchair, and, with his head dropping down upon his breast, he stared vaguely at the floor.

I went to him, took his hand, and tried to soothe him with all the gentlest words at my command. But he remained silent and motionless. I redoubled my efforts, told him he must not give way to his grief after having borne it so long and so courageously, that he ought to turn away his eyes from this world of woe and raise them towards Heaven, our only hope; but I had not proceeded far when he interrupted me.

"Ah! you do not know, . . . you do not know! . . ."

Then he stopped short, and his head sank lower. Now and then he raised himself for a moment, and, clenching his teeth, and pressing his lips together, tried to conquer his grief. But slowly his frame sank down again, as if under some immense weight, and his face resumed its expression of utter despair. I could see he struggled violently against his feelings, but his efforts were useless. And, as I made a last attempt to alleviate his sorrow, he replied :

“Ah ! you do not understand me. . . . I have suffered much, but thousands of Frenchmen, have suffered as cruelly as myself. . . . If I grieve, it is not for my brother and sisters, . . . not for my mother, . . . not even for my poor Lina . . . However great my misfortune may be, I could have borne it . . . But, no ! this I cannot bear ! . . . It is beyond my strength ! . . . Ah ! what have we done to deserve such a horrible fate ?”

Here he buried his face in his hands, and cried out in a tone of intense anguish :

“Alsace is lost ! . . . Alsace is lost !”

And then, completely breaking down under the excess of his despair, he turned his face away from me, and burst into bitter lamentations, until his voice was lost in heart-rending sobs and groans.

It is, under any circumstances, harrowing to one's feelings to see a strong man weep ; but I have scarcely ever been overwhelmed with deeper pity and sorrow than by the spectacle of this patriotic Strasbourgeois weeping over the loss of Alsace.

Ah ! may no Englishman ever know what it is to be torn away from his fatherland, and to have to submit to a foreign yoke !

CHAPTER IV.

PEACE is concluded. The French prisoners have left the Swiss village and returned home, after bidding me good-bye and wishing me all the prosperity in the world. Their wishes came from their hearts: I could read it well in the expression of kindliness and gratitude imprinted upon their faces; but they did not know that human happiness was, alas! henceforth beyond my reach.

On the evening of their departure, Werner asked me what I intended to do in the future. His question astonished me, for it had never occurred to me before; all my thoughts and hopes were concentrated on the other world. Although I had recovered from my wound, I felt sure that my life would be short, perhaps very short. This conviction was so strong, that I deemed it quite useless to speculate about the future.

When I disclosed my views to Werner, he cast upon me a long look full of doubt, sadness, and pity. He did not answer a single word, and never mentioned the subject again. However, his doubts did not shake my conviction. On the very next day, I openly spoke to the doctor about it, and asked him to examine me with every possible care, and tell me candidly how long I had still to live, so that I might not be too late in preparing to die. On hearing my request, he looked amazed, and for a few moments remained speechless. But immediately after he resumed his pleasant, cheerful ways, and fully entered into my ideas. When the examination was over, he said:

"Monsieur de Trésillenne, there is some truth in what you say. You are still ill; some doctors would

perhaps call you very ill. But I do not take such a grave view of your state. All your vital parts are healthy; the heart works well, the lungs are perfect, and your appetite is excellent. The disease from which you suffer has no particular seat, at least I should not say so. It is simply a consequence of your past sufferings, but happily it is not incurable. What you want, and what I should most strongly recommend, is a thorough change. Go away, travel to the world's end, and try to forget everything that reminds you of your past life. The sooner you leave, and the further you go, the better it will be."

This result disappointed me. I had fully expected to hear I was suffering from some mysterious illness which would carry me off in a few months. But, whether the doctor was right or not, I did not believe in his conclusion. In spite of the high opinion I had of him, and although I was bound to admit on his authority that I had no mortal disease, I felt sure I could not live long. In this thought I found great consolation. Strange to say, although he looked upon travelling as the best means to insure my recovery, I felt no objection to travel. On the contrary, the idea of going to the world's end grew upon me wonderfully, and, within a few days, became irresistible. This *Sehnsucht nach der Ferne*, as the Germans call it, in which the doctor saw the most hopeful sign of my recovery, was to me an equally hopeful sign of my early deliverance; for I remembered that men, just before they die, often experience a most intense desire to undertake a long journey.

So, one evening, as Werner was plunged in gloomy reflections, I said to him :

"Werner, I intend to go away. Where I shall go, I cannot tell and I do not care: perhaps to the Holy Land, perhaps to the virgin forests of Brazil, perhaps

to the vast plains of Australia. Anywhere will do. Only I feel I must go away. Now, I have one request to make of you. I shall not explain all my reasons for making it; you will understand them. Werner, will you go with me?"

He remained silent for a long time, and seemed to hesitate. At length he replied:

"Tresyllian, I should have been very glad to go with you. . . . We have suffered together, fought together, found unspeakable comfort in each other's company, and learned to appreciate each other's friendship more fully every day. Nothing would therefore have made me happier than to remain with you. Together, I believe, we should have borne life more easily. But I feel I cannot and must not. A mysterious power holds me back, and a secret voice commands me to remain in France. You see, peace is concluded; but new dangers have arisen, more lamentable than foreign war. If I go abroad, I feel I shall have not a moment's rest, as long as I am left in doubt about the fate of France. While she is in danger, I have no right to go away. I must stay, and may still be allowed to fight for her. . . . However, do not allow my duty to interfere with your resolution. I believe myself that a long voyage will do you a world of good. Although thousands of miles may separate us, you may rest assured that, wherever you are, I shall be with you in spirit, and that the bond which unites us will scarcely be less strong than the one which unites your mother and wife in Heaven, to my mother and *fiancée*!"

A few days later we left the village together, after having thanked the Swiss family with all our hearts, and rewarded them generously for their great kindness. In order to have the pleasure of spending a few more days with Werner, I accompanied him to Lyons, where he had some relations. But I had yet another

reason for going there ; it was to fetch the valuable ebony box which I had left with his friends before we started on our campaign.

On seeing it once more after such an eventful period, I was surprised to find it still exerted upon me some of its old attraction. It was the first object which gave me any real pleasure since my recovery. After all, I had not lost all interest in human things. And yet, could this interest be called purely human ? Was it not the remembrance of Emmeline which still rendered the box dear to me ? Did it not contain those loving letters which I prized as my greatest treasure ? Why should I therefore repress the pleasure which the sight of the box gave me ? Ought I not rather to consider it as a new bond between her and me ? I felt convinced that I had no reason to regret my joy, and therefore abandoned myself altogether to the tender feelings which it called forth in my heart. Although I spent many an hour in solitude with the box before me, I never opened it, not even to look at the letters. Other recollections were connected with it, which I had no courage to revive.

At length the day came for my departure.

“Good-bye, Werner,” said I, “you have been a good friend to me ; when I fell on the battlefield, you came to my rescue ; when I was believed to be dead, you sought me ; when I was ill, you watched over me with brotherly care. . . . I shall not tell you how grateful I am to you : real friends never thank each other in words. But you may rest assured that the remembrance of your kindness will follow me to my dying day, and revive with me beyond the grave. . . . I do not know whether we shall meet again in this world, . . . perhaps not, . . . most likely not. But, happily, life is short. Let us look forward to the day when we shall meet again in the other world where

yours and mine are waiting for us, and where endless joys will follow our present misfortunes. . . . Meanwhile, if you can still be happy in this world, may all the blessings of Heaven be showered upon you. Werner, farewell !”

“Farewell, Treacyllian !”

He did not add another word. But in the sadness of his countenance, and the firmness with which he grasped my hand, and for some time kept it in his, I could see how much he felt my departure. I was his only friend left in the world. He had had an intimate friend before me, but had lost him during the siege of Strasbourg. Now he would be left alone. Life is full of sad separations.

Two days after I was in Hâvre, and the next morning I embarked on board an ocean steamer. It happened to be bound for New York. Its destination was of course altogether indifferent to me ; all I wanted was to go away and travel as far as possible. The passage took seventeen days and was terribly rough. As I am a poor sailor, I must confess that, when I saw the green slopes of the American continent for the first time, I felt quite delighted. It is astonishing what a marvellous change a stormy passage will work in many men. One might almost say there is no illness, no mental anguish, no human sorrow of any kind that could resist the effects of a rebellious sea.

I stopped but a few days in the Empire City : my *Sehnsucht nach der Ferne* was more powerful than ever and impelled me to wander further. So I travelled about, and the summer passed. I travelled further, and the winter approached. I travelled still further, and spring returned. Soon a whole year was over. During that year I had visited most places in North America, from Hudson's Bay to the West Indies, and from the New England States to Cali-

foria. I might write whole volumes if I wished to relate my adventures. But, however interesting they may be, I doubt whether I have a right to give them a place here. All I shall say is, that, wherever I went, I kept Emmeline's example before my eyes, and tried to do as much good as was in my power, by assisting the needy, comforting the afflicted, and making the best use of my worldly means and mental powers. This I thought was the best way of spending the remainder of my life. It did not take me long to find out that, all over the world, there were thousands of people who had been as cruelly tried as myself, or who were in still greater need of consolation; thousands of people who led a life of misery or mental anguish, and yet who did not, like me, indulge in the hope of an early death; thousands of people who, after going through unutterable sufferings, had to live after all, and perhaps suffer still more. It is, indeed, but too true: in fiction, heroes are made to suffer much and to die under the blows of angry Fate: but, in real life, men often have to suffer more than any hero ever suffered in a book, and they have not even the consolation of succumbing to their misfortunes. To suffer and die is easy enough, to suffer and live is much harder: and yet it is the common lot of mankind.

As one season passed after another, and I felt stronger than ever, I began to ask myself: "May I not be doomed to the common fate of mankind? and, in spite of my hopes, am I not, perhaps, condemned to live for many years to come?"

This question puzzled me a great deal. I cannot say that it made me feel absolutely unhappy, but I could not understand why I should not be allowed to die. Although my conviction began to grow weaker, I did not give up all hopes. Death threatens even the

most peaceful man on all sides, and may reach him in so many different forms, that I trusted my turn would come before many months were over.

So I continued my travels. And as month succeeded month, season followed season, and year year, my hopes sank lower and lower, until my conviction broke down completely. After believing with perfect faith that I should soon die, I began to fear I was doomed to live, and this fear slowly grew into a firm conviction. But why was I not allowed to die? Was there anything left for me to do in this world?

I pondered over these questions many a day, and many a week, and yet I could not, for a long time, find a satisfactory answer.

One day, while I was admiring some magnificent scenery in the Rocky Mountains and fancying Emmeline's delight, if she could have been with me, my thoughts slowly reverted to the Black Forest, and the remembrance of our visit to Allerheiligen suddenly brought back to my mind her last words:

"Lionel, you have a great and noble task to fulfil in this world When it is fulfilled, I will come back here to this sacred spot And then you shall come with me!"

These words flashed upon me with the rapidity of lightning. I saw a secret meaning in them, the evidence of which could not be questioned. Now I knew why I was not allowed to die:

I had a great and noble task to fulfil in this world, and Emmeline could not appear to me before it was fulfilled.

What this task was, I need scarcely say. I had consecrated almost all my life to my Essay. That Essay was my task. I could not die before it was brought before the world.

This thought took such complete possession of me,

that the same evening I resolved to set to work without delay and accomplish my task. The very next day I started for the East, and, within a week, I was once more in New York, about five years after leaving it.

CHAPTER V.

ON arriving in New York, I intended to apply immediately to some publisher. However, before doing so, I thought it advisable to read over the manuscript once more, in order to give the printers *good copy*, and to save myself a great deal of trouble when I should have to correct the proof sheets. I felt quite confident that the book was perfect in itself, and that only a few verbal alterations or technical remarks would here and there be required. This tedious but necessary work, I thought, would not take me much more than a fortnight. As soon as I was comfortably settled down, I therefore began my final task; and, as I intended to publish the Essay at my own expense and had not the least doubt I should easily find a publisher on that condition, I trusted that, before many weeks were over, I should have the pleasure of seeing the first pages in print.

But, to my great astonishment, I soon discovered that perhaps several, if not many, months would elapse, before my hopes would be realised.

On reading over my Essay, I found not only that many alterations would be necessary, but that whole pages, or even whole chapters would have to be recast. I do not mean to say that my opinions had undergone any considerable change since the time when I first began the book. On the contrary, I was surprised to see how faithful I had remained to myself, and how very nearly all the ideas written down some

thirteen years ago were still mine. But a remarkable change had taken place within me in another respect: the spirit which first caused me to write my Essay was no longer the same. I was then devoured by excessive ambition; now all desire for earthly fame had left me. But for several years, that ambition had coloured all my thoughts and could be discovered in almost every page of the first part; at the beginning it was simply painful or laughable, further on it assumed a milder form, and at the end it became almost reasonable.

This was, of course, from a literary point of view, a great defect which could not fail to meet with sharp and deserved criticism. I saw at once that the work could not possibly be published in its present form, if I wished it to gain an eminent place among the literary master-pieces of the nineteenth century.

A book in which the author always puts forth his own person, and tries to impress the readers with his vast learning, his subtle penetration, his depth of mind, in one word, his incomparable genius, does not deserve to last, and cannot last, except as a monument of human vanity. True fame belongs only to men who care the least about it.

In order to write a good book, an author must altogether forget his own person and keep in view the great task for which he was born—the improvement and welfare of mankind. To fulfil this task ought to be his only ambition.

Of course he has a right to expect a reward for his labours. But where must he look for it? To be admired by whole nations, and admired for centuries, may seem worthy of the highest aspirations of even the greatest writer. And yet he ought to aspire to a better reward. Human admiration and worldly fame are uncertain and inconstant; however great and bril-

liant they may be, they must necessarily come to an end. Times change, nations succeed each other, languages die out and new languages are born, and in this everlasting change no writer, not even the most celebrated, can expect to be admired for ever. Centuries will pass, and the time will come when Shakespeare, Goethe, Voltaire, and Dante will be mere names; centuries will roll on, and even their names will be forgotten.

There is a reward infinitely more glorious and more lasting than any that the world can give; it is that fame in comparison with which worldly fame is a mere shadow; that fame which does not rest on the passing whims of passing generations; that everlasting fame which can only be gained in the other world: that is the great reward to which an author ought to aspire.

That the merits of great writers will be definitely recognised and rewarded in the other world I believe with the firmest conviction. I do not call great writers those who merely shine by the beauty of their style, the brilliancy of their imagination, the depth of their feelings, the delicacy of their touch, the power and eloquence of their language; in my opinion something more is required to deserve the title of *great writer*; it can only be granted to the man who has contributed in an eminent degree to the progress of humanity, or who has advocated the best means of insuring it, by teaching in his works nothing but what is good, true, and beautiful. If there is any merit at all in being such a writer, that merit *must* be recognised in the other world. Heaven is much larger than many people would like it to be. God is just, He will reward other writers beside those who have written on purely religious subjects. *He* is the great judge of literary, as well as other, works; *He* will decide upon their merits and *His* decision will be final. Works which did, not

promote the eternal welfare of humanity will be destroyed, although they might have been written by the foremost literary genius in the world; while works of real merit, although unknown to mankind, will be preserved to be read with unceasing delight by the heavenly hosts to all eternity. The great aim which every good writer ought therefore to keep in view is to please the Divine Judge, to write immortal books, to deserve eternal fame—in one word, to become a heavenly writer.

Unfortunately, when I first began my Essay, this had not been my great aim. Worldly admiration was much nearer to my heart. Now the remembrance of my past ambition filled me with deep pity, and I could not thank Heaven enough for not having allowed my work to be published. My repeated failures became a cause of satisfaction, and my past despondency a source of rejoicing.

And now I set to work once more, with great ardour and perseverance, to make my Essay worthy of the ideal I had in my mind. This task required much judgment and delicacy, and was not without danger. When once a book is written, it is no easy undertaking to change its tone without altering the ideas. In wishing to improve a work under such circumstances, many an author has spoiled it altogether.

While I was thus engaged, a decided change came over me. As long as I had the Essay before me, I forgot my past sorrows; and, as I plunged every day more deeply into my meditations, I became a new man. The wish to die which I had experienced for several years became less intense, and I began gradually to feel reconciled with life. Sometimes I even dreaded the idea of death, for I should have considered it a great misfortune to have to present myself at the gates of Heaven before my task was accomplished.

Every day I took more interest in the Essay and therefore more pleasure in life, and this new feeling grew in time so remarkably that it seemed to me quite wonderful. And yet there was, perhaps, nothing very astonishing in it. I had all my life been a writer: now the writer began once more to assert his supremacy over the man; and this supremacy was the more natural as my aim was the more exalted; for now I was no longer craving for human fame and worldly honours, my only ambition was to deserve some day the approbation of the Divine Judge and be called a heavenly writer.

CHAPTER VI.

I HAD been engaged in my literary work for about five months, when an incident took place which for some time turned my thoughts away from it. It was in August, 1876. The weather was very hot and sultry. On going down the Bowery, I felt almost overpowered by the heat; so I entered *Atlantic Garden*, and asked for some refreshment. The immense automatic organ was just playing the overture of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. While I was listening to the well-known melody, a gentleman came and sat down opposite me. I did not take any notice of him at first, but, as I happened to glance at him casually, I noticed that he looked at me with great attention. Somehow it struck me I had seen him before. He was a man of about thirty-five, of small stature, with a moustache and beard cut *à l'américaine*, and an abundance of black curly hair. His countenance was very prepossessing, and expressed as much good-humour as intelligence and decision.

When the music had stopped, he said, in a pleasant tone :

"Excuse me, sir, but I guess I have seen you before?"

"That is quite possible," replied I, "for I was just now wondering whether I had not seen you."

We looked at each other, like two men who are trying to remember where they can possibly have met.

"Where can it have been?" continued he. "Let me see . . . I have generally a capital memory for faces, but there is something puzzling in yours. Perhaps I may ask what is your name? . . . Mine is Emerson."

"Mine is Tresyllian."

On looking back into the past, I suddenly saw him, in imagination, handling a ladle and filling glasses with a purple fluid. In a moment I remembered him. He was the Yankee I had met at the eventful punch-party. Almost at the same time, I could see he also recognised me; and yet he remained silent, looking sometimes at my face, sometimes at my white hair. Did he connect my altered appearance with the painful incident which terminated the punch-party? Perhaps so. In any case he looked perplexed.

To help him out of his delicate position, I said :

"Mr. Emerson, if I am not greatly mistaken, I once met you at a party you gave at a West-end hotel in London?"

"Yes, that is it . . . Is it not strange how men will meet again?"

To this I fully agreed. Then we both remained silent, not knowing exactly how to start a conversation without referring to our mutual recollections.

However, after a few remarks on indifferent topics,

our conversation got into flow and became quite interesting. It is always a great point in conversation to find out whether your interlocutor prefers to talk himself or to listen to you. Emerson saw I had no wish to relate my adventures since we last met, and I noticed that he had no objection whatever to relate his; on the contrary, he seemed to be glad to have such an attentive listener as myself. So he spoke, and I listened, and we both felt equally pleased with each other. His story seems to me interesting enough to give it a place here. It is short and simple.

After completing his tour on the Continent, he returned to America to assist his father, who was one of the richest landowners in the West, in his vast and numerous enterprises.

"You would perhaps like to know," said he, "what business brings me to New York, for I should, of course, never have come here on pleasure. Well, it is to meet a party of German emigrants, who are going to settle down on our land. They are nine families, some including as many as twelve people, grandparents, parents, grown-up children, and even babies. We start together, the day after to-morrow, by rail for Chicago. There, one of our own steamboats will meet us, and take us up Lake Michigan, past Milwaukee, to their new home. On landing, they will find everything ready for them. Each family will have its own cottage, with as much land as they can cultivate. All their expenses are paid from the day they left their village in Germany until they are settled down. Their cottages are completely furnished, and they are provided with everything requisite for their daily labour. But their physical comfort is not our only care, we also think of their mental improvement: we have three churches, an extensive library, half a dozen reading-rooms, and several schools for the

children. You must know, Mr. Tresyllian, my father is not merely a farmer, he is a great politician. His aim is not only to help honest, hard-working people to make a decent livelihood, but to make of them good, intelligent citizens. Education, he thinks, is the essential point in a free State. If there are any children who show any signs of talent, instead of turning farmers they are sent to the high-school, where they continue their studies at our expense until they can provide for themselves.

"But, to return to our emigrants, as they are generally frugal, hard-working and economical, they succeed in the course of five or six years in saving money enough to buy a small piece of land, and start farming on their own account. In this my father always assists them to his utmost. Thus we are surrounded by hundreds of colonists, between whom and ourselves there exists a firm and lasting bond of friendship.

"You will admit that this kind of existence has its charms. My father is as proud of his work as if he were president of the United States. And he has good reasons for it too. To help hundreds of men in becoming independent, to educate their children, to make of all of them good citizens and useful members of the community, can anyone find a nobler object in life? My father thinks he does more good in a day than many a king in a lifetime, and that he is infinitely more useful than some of the greatest generals, orators, artists, or writers, who are the admiration of the world. I fully agree with him and believe that farming is one of the finest vocations for a man, and that to bring up a good class of hard-working, intelligent farmers is one of the greatest services which could be rendered to the State.

"Of course, my father and myself have to work hard:

it is no small affair to look after extensive lands where several hundred families have settled down, and to keep the whole machine going smoothly. But, on the other hand, we have also plenty of amusements. We have sport in such variety as would gladden the heart of even an English lord: riding, shooting, yachting, hunting, fishing, in fact everything on a grand scale. If ever you have time, Mr. Tresyllian, you must run over to see me, and I will give you a week's sport, such as you would never find in England."

Emerson's conversation interested me so much, and he invited me so pressingly to spend the evening with him, that I could not refuse.

It is not astonishing that, before we separated, the conversation fell upon some of the men we had met at the punch-party. Emerson told me he had, a few months ago, come across the German count at Niagara, and that he looked as grand and pompous as ever.

"When I first saw him in London," said he, "I did not know his real character. But now I do. It is sad, but only too true, that the greatest villains will often live on the fat of the land, while many honest people have to starve. How he has not yet met with an accident and had his brains blown out I cannot understand: his game is very dangerous, especially in the States. That he will sooner or later end badly I have little doubt; but, meanwhile, he is flourishing and may flourish for many years to come.

"As for Mansfield, the parson," continued he, "I have told you already that I prevailed upon him to follow me to America. He seemed to be such a splendid fellow, that I thought it would be a pity not to give him a fresh start in life. Well, I gave him a start, but it was useless. Three times I helped him to some honourable post, but he was regularly turned out, until I was obliged to give him up. Then he

went to the bad altogether; and yet he deserves more pity than blame. For about three years I did not hear of him, when, one morning, I received by post a manuscript in his handwriting. It was the story of his life. Why he sent it to me, I could not guess at first; but, on inquiry, I heard he had just died in great misery, after leading a life of the wildest dissipation. When I had read his story, I felt relieved that he was dead, for death alone could put an end to his troubles.

"I believe, Mr. Tresyllian, at one time he was a friend of yours. Perhaps you would like to have the manuscript. Even if you had never known the man, his story could not fail to interest you: as a study of real life, it is as remarkable as it is sad and gloomy."

In times gone by, I had frequently thought of Mansfield with feelings of deep regret, and wondered what was the secret of his stormy life. Endowed with some of the rarest and most brilliant qualities which nature could bestow upon her greatest favourite, gifted with a splendid intellect, a generous heart and wonderful perseverance, he seemed to be born to some of the highest honours to which a man of talent or genius could aspire. How did it come to pass that such a man should have wasted his powers, allowed his best and noblest feelings to grow cold, and fallen by degrees to the lowest depth of degradation? Now that I had a chance to solve the mystery, the old feelings revived in me, and I gladly accepted Emerson's offer.

The next day we met again, and at last we separated, after I had promised Emerson to spend a week or two with him, if ever I could afford the time. This promise I was not able to fulfil. We never met again. But my best wishes followed this young American,

upon whom I have ever since looked as one of the best and most useful citizens of the great American Republic.

CHAPTER VII

ABOUT a fortnight after, I received the manuscript. Before I had read many pages it roused my keenest interest.

[illegible]

CHAPTER VIII.

MANSFIELD'S story affected me deeply. I meditated on his melancholy fate for a long time, and felt every day more convinced that he deserved rather to be pitied than condemned.

When I had recovered my calmness, I returned to my Essay with renewed ardour. I soon got into such an excellent literary mood and worked with such indefatigable perseverance, that I had every reason to hope my labours would come to an end before the following spring. What would happen then? I had not the least doubt that I should find a publisher, for it was my intention to publish the book at my own expense. But would it prove successful? Would it deserve an eminent place among the best works of the nineteenth century? Would it be loved and admired by all the good and enlightened men in the civilised world? These questions could not be answered with perfect certainty. I no longer craved for worldly fame, and yet I knew I should feel most wretched if the book were not appreciated. No man, not even the most disinterested, would like to spend the best years of his life in working at a great and noble task with all his heart and soul, to find, in the end, that all his labours were useless. But I could not by any chance imagine that such would be my fate. I most firmly believed that I had been sent into this world with a special mission; this mission I had fulfilled to the utmost of my powers: how was it possible then that it should remain unrecognised?

And yet sometimes a new spirit seemed to come over me, and painful doubts arose within me. I could not help admitting that not every good author was appreciated here below, and that, however exalted an

opinion he may have of his mission, he may remain unknown. This thought was very disheartening. Why should a man be endowed with superior talents, and make the best of them, if, through the indifference of the world, they are not to bear any fruit? Truly, the ways of Providence are unfathomable.

But, whenever these painful doubts came over me, I smothered them immediately. I had no difficulty in doing so, for in my innermost heart I was perfectly certain that, although there might be many neglected geniuses in this world, I should not be one of them, and, although I no longer wished for the admiration of the world, my fame would surpass even the most brilliant hopes of my youth.

In these thoughts I spent many delightful hours. But I had cause for infinitely greater joy: I knew that, when my task was completed, I should be allowed to join my Emmeline. This conviction was always present to my mind by day, and often by night, and it filled me with inexpressible happiness: in it I found my sweetest consolation for my past sorrows, my greatest reward for my long and arduous labours, and the most abundant source of strength for completing them satisfactorily.

During the months that followed I led a quiet and solitary life. I did not go into society: my only friends were the poor whom I visited, and my Essay remained my only companion. Now and then, to refresh my mind, I returned to a work which had a peculiar interest for me: it is the very one I am writing now, my *Life and Adventures*. It may not, perhaps, be out of place to give here a few details about it.

I began it in Strasbourg, at Emmeline's suggestion, shortly after the publication of my political pamphlet, *La Voix d'un Etranger*. My first intention had been

to write it partly in English, partly in French, and partly in German, and then to translate the original into the other two languages. But as time passed, and the manuscript became more voluminous, I began to doubt whether it was advisable to write the same work in different languages. Whatever talent an author may possess for such a task, and however good a linguist he may be, it is almost impossible for his work, when completed, not to show some trace of its complicated origin: it must necessarily lack that unity and harmony possessed by works thought out, and originally written, in only one language. Perhaps I may be allowed to take an instance from my own work. Any reader will find a noticeable difference in style between the first two chapters and the third, and even a moderate French scholar will see, at first sight, that the first two must originally have been written in French, while the latter was written in English. There is a French *ring* about the former which it is simply impossible for me to get rid of.

As one chapter followed another, I took more and more to my own tongue, and, when the first part was completed, I made up my mind to continue only in English. This seemed to me my only chance of writing the work well.

The reader will not wonder why I should have thought of writing it in three languages. He will remember that, from my very boyhood, my great ambition was to deserve a distinguished place among the best writers of England, France, and Germany. When I took my first step in the literary career, that is to say, when I wrote my *Discours sur l'Homme*, I had not the slightest doubt that I should succeed. My tutor, Monsieur de Saint-Amand, called it madness on my part to indulge in such hopes; but his opinion had little effect upon my ambition at the time. Now, I

fully recognise the truth of his words, and the excellence of his advice.

Although it may not be impossible for the same man to become a great writer in English, French, and German, no such writer has ever existed in reality, nor is it at all likely that he ever will exist. Unless an author can become fully possessed with the spirit of different nations as well as with the genius of their language, that is to say, unless he can feel, think, and write at the same time like natives of different countries, he has no chance of attaining a distinguished place in the history of different literatures. But it seems most unlikely, if not impossible, that an author should ever be able to do so. However correctly and elegantly he may write other languages than his own, he will always show in his style, and still more in his ideas, unmistakable traces of his nationality. And this is quite sufficient to prevent his rising to the first rank among any writers but those of his own country.

Be that as it may, I know that, in any case, my youthful hopes will not be fulfilled. Indeed, I doubt very much whether my *Life and Adventures* will ever appear in any language: I certainly did not begin this work with the intention of publishing it. And as regards my Essay, although I began to translate it many years ago, I did not continue; and now I have neither time nor wish to finish the task. To translate such an extensive work into French and German would take me at least two or three years. But, before that time has elapsed, I hope to be allowed to rest from my labours.

While I was working at my Essay, and now and then returning to my *Life and Adventures*, I need scarcely say that the remembrance of Emmeline was always uppermost in my mind. Often, when my pen was running along the paper, I could fancy I saw her

seated near me, as in olden times, sometimes watching me silently with a loving smile, sometimes playing one of her delightful melodies, to keep up my inspiration. But, if I thought of her during the hours of hard work, how much more would I not do so during my lonely walks and silent meditations? The recollection of her, after being for several years a cause of such bitter pangs, was now, indeed, a source of deep and ever increasing joy.

There is only one epoch in every year when the old feeling again comes over me: it is at a time when everybody else is rejoicing. On Christmas Eve, at half-past seven, the terrible ordeal begins. I hear the knock at the door; I rush down and open it: Emmeline appears, drenched with rain and shivering with cold. And then Ah! reader, allow me to draw a veil over those three days: the anguish, the despair, the agony I have to go through are beyond expression. What I suffered during those three awful days I have to suffer every year. Ah! Christmas is not a time of joy to me:

When it is passed, I remain for days plunged in profound sadness. Happily, the new year always brings a change for the better: soon again my thoughts rise above this world of woe towards Heaven, where my love is waiting for me; and these thoughts always give me a foretaste of inexpressible happiness.

"Yes, my own heavenly love, the day is approaching. Soon my task will be finished; soon I shall be on the sacred spot; soon you will meet me And then your promise will be fulfilled, and 'we shall rise together to that heavenly abode where, under the eye of God, we shall love each other, in ineffable bliss, to all eternity!'"

CHAPTER IX.

I HAD finished reviewing the first part of my Essay, and was giving the last touch to the second, when an event took place which, in a single day, changed the whole course of my thoughts, destroyed my only great plan in this world, and even reacted strongly upon my daily life.

It was on a bitterly cold winter's morning, early in January, 1877. I was quietly enjoying my breakfast, and reading the *New York Herald*. Suddenly the heading of an article meets my eye. I read a few lines, spring up, seize my hat, put on my overcoat, rush out of the house towards the Eighth Avenue, and jump into a tramway car: never before did the horses seem to me so slow. At last we reach City Hall. I am the first to leave the car, and rush down towards Wall Street. Other people are running in the same direction. I hear the questions: "Is it true? How did it happen?" and the short answers: "Yes, all is lost! Tremendous speculations! Terrific crash!" At last I arrive. The scene in the distance leaves me no doubt. What I had read in the *Herald*, half an hour before, was perfectly true: my bankers had failed, and I found myself suddenly almost penniless in a foreign country. I slackened speed, repeating over and over again: "What will become of my Essay? What will become of my Essay?" In an instant I foresaw all the storms of the future. Attracted by a kind of magnetic power, I mingled with the crowd. When fortune has suddenly dealt us a heavy blow, we experience a sort of mad curiosity to see how others, who have been struck at the same time, bear their misfortune. The distress of our fellow-creatures has a kind of fascination for us, which for a moment causes us to forget our own. Several

hundred people were assembled in front of the bank: amazement, anxiety, hope, anger, and despair could be read in their countenances. Here a middle-aged lady was raising her hands towards heaven, and imploring God to have pity upon her fatherless children. There a young couple, perhaps married only a few weeks ago, were looking at the bank in silent despair. There, again, a small circle of men, dressed in the latest fashion, were swearing terribly, and calling down a thousand curses upon the unlucky bankers. Farther on, two young ladies, in modest attire, were sobbing and weeping bitterly. The future must have appeared to them terrible in its threatening gloom! Not far from them, a little, thin, grey-haired man, of about sixty-five, dressed in a shabby black suit, was staring in front of him, with an expression of anguish sickening to behold. As I remained standing near him, he looked at me and said, as if speaking to himself: "For forty-seven years I have worked like a slave I have saved every penny I have deprived myself of every possible luxury, in order not to die of hunger in my old age And now I am a beggar!" Then a ghastly smile came over his face, and he continued, in an absent-minded tone: "I often wondered, in times gone by, what becomes of schoolmasters when they grow old? Now I know: they die of hunger; or, if they have courage enough, they blow their brains out!"

But why should I represent all these scenes? Any man, acquainted with real life, may imagine the awful consequences of the failure of a large bank. Life is full of heart-rending spectacles; what I saw now was one of the most heart-rending that I ever witnessed. I slowly traversed the crowd, with the intention of going away, when some words spoken in a foreign dialect, well known to me, struck my ear. I

turned around and saw a tall, dark, handsome man, of powerful build, and close to him a beautiful girl of about seventeen, with large brown eyes, and light chesnut hair hanging in two long plaits down her back. Holding one of his hands in her left, and resting her right on his shoulder, she raised her tearful eyes towards him: in her imploring look, full of intense grief and love, she seemed to entreat him not to break down under the excess of his misfortune, whilst he slightly turned his head away from her, as if to hide the expression of utter despair imprinted upon his careworn features. They presented a group such as no man, who has a heart, could ever forget in his lifetime. My innermost soul was moved. They were Alsations; their accent admitted of no doubt on the subject. Giving way to a sudden impulse, I went to speak to them. Although I was ruined myself, the idea flashed upon me that I might perhaps give them some help; even if I had nothing for them but a kind word, I knew they would be grateful for it. A kind word spoken, in a moment of great distress, to a stranger, in a foreign land, has frequently saved him from still greater misfortunes. They seemed to find real consolation in meeting with a man who could speak to them in their own dialect. The father told me his story in a few words. It excited my deepest sympathy. He was a landowner of Schiltigheim, a village in the immediate neighbourhood of Strasbourg. About three months ago, he had incurred the displeasure of the German authorities by declaring publicly that he hoped the day was not far off when the French would be strong enough to take back Alsace. The next day he was ordered to leave the country within twenty-four hours. What a terrible blow that was to him may be readily imagined when it is known that he had a wife and family of nine.

children, and also supported his old parents. Conquerors are heartless. He had to leave. After selling his property, his family followed him. He crossed the ocean, and arrived in New York only a fortnight ago. There he deposited his money with the bank, awaiting an early opportunity for a suitable investment. And now he was ruined! It was certainly one of the most cruel strokes of fortune I had ever met with. To be driven away by a hostile master simply because you are true to your fatherland, to have to leave the house and land where your ancestors had resided for many generations, to travel with a large family, to cross the sea and brave the fury of the waves in the worst season—all these may seem anxieties enough for any man. But, after escaping so many dangers and undergoing so many hardships, to be suddenly ruined, to be left with twelve persons dependent on you, alone in a foreign country, without a single friend to advise or assist you, without even the slightest means of paying for their daily bread;—truly, all that is more than even the strongest man could bear. The misfortune of this patriotic Frenchman seemed to me so great that I altogether forgot my own, and had only one idea left, that of doing everything in my power to help him.

After asking for his name and address, I went away, saying I would see him again either that day or the following. Then I went slowly home, asking myself what I could do. Unfortunately the means at my command were very limited. The same misfortune which had robbed him of all his resources had also deprived me of all I possessed. For a long time I was very despondent. But suddenly an excellent idea struck me. Why I had not thought of it before I could not imagine. I carried it out immediately. Going to the nearest telegraph office, I sent a long tele-

gram to Emerson. It need scarcely be said that I awaited the answer with the greatest anxiety. The morning passed slowly—the afternoon more slowly still. The evening was already approaching when, at last, the telegram arrived. It simply contained these two words:

“All right!”

But I may assure the reader that rarely in my life did two words give me such intense pleasure. I hastened immediately, telegram in hand, to the hotel where the Alsatian was staying. The scene that followed I shall not describe. The gratitude of the whole family knew no bounds—their distress had been so sudden, so overwhelming, and help came so unexpectedly! When they had all recovered from their joyful emotions and exhausted every possible expression of thankfulness, the head of the family informed me that he had been called upon by Emerson's agent in New York, who had made him a most brilliant offer. Naturally he was only too happy to accept it. All his hotel expenses had been paid, and he had been provided with ample means to travel comfortably to the West. They were all to start on their journey the very next day. When he had finished his account, he renewed, in the most earnest manner, his protestations of eternal gratitude, and added, with deep pathos:

“*Ah, Monsieur Tresyllian, c'est vrai après tout : Wenn d' Noth am höchsten isch, isch Gott am nächste !*” (“Ah, Mr. Tresyllian, it is true after all: When distress is greatest, God is nearest.”)

I spent the evening with them, and may say I rarely spent a happier evening. At last I had to leave them, but not without difficulty, and not before giving way to the entreaties of the children who all wished to embrace me. And, as I was leaving, the

old grandfather raised his hands towards Heaven, and, in a loud voice, asked the Lord to shower His blessings upon me for what I had done for them in their great distress.

Thus a day which had begun under such sad circumstances ended very happily. And as I slowly went home, I said to myself:

"Truly, there is no sweeter consolation in misfortune than to assist those who are in still greater misfortune!"

CHAPTER X.

WHILE waiting for Emerson's answer, I had time to think seriously of my own position. It was, to say the least, very precarious. The more I thought of it, the more acutely I felt it. One moment I accused fortune of cruelty for having waited almost up to the last moment, before my book was published, to deal me such a blow; the next, I accused myself of folly for having delayed so long before applying to a publisher. As the first part of my *Essay* was quite ready for the press, I ought to have done so weeks ago. If my bankers had failed after I had paid for the expenses of its publication, it would not have mattered much; for the success of the first part would have insured the publication of the second. But now was I likely to find a publisher, unless I paid myself for the expenses? I was not without hope. But who could say how long I might have to wait before finding one? My prospects looked very gloomy.

After spending some hours in painful considerations about the future success of my *Essay*, a new idea struck me, and I asked myself: "What will become

of me?" This question certainly did not contribute to raise my spirits, especially as it required an immediate answer. I may say here that I had spent the best part of my capital during the campaign of the East and my five years' travelling; but I should have had still enough left to live comfortably for at least some years to come, even after paying for the publication of my work. Now I was suddenly deprived, not only of the means of publishing it, but even of paying for my daily expenses. No wonder that, at first, I felt very dispirited.

The reader will probably tell me I had no cause for much anxiety, since I could help myself out of the difficulty in the simplest manner. I had only to take my berth on board the next ocean steamer and return to my father; or, if this course did not please me, to write to him, and tell him I was still alive and in great difficulties. These two plans, indeed, occurred to me: but I rejected them at once. To explain why, I must for a moment go back to the past. That Lord St. Ives believed me dead, I felt perfectly convinced. If he had had any doubt about my fate, he would naturally have made inquiries. But he had not; otherwise I should have heard of it during the three months I spent near the Swiss frontier. Moreover, he would certainly have expected that, if I were not dead, I should have given him some sign of life; but, as I did not, his conviction, had it ever been shaken, must have been confirmed beyond any possibility of doubt. After my recovery, I had no wish to return to England. I could not, I would not, see the places again where, after Emmeline's death, I had led such a wretched existence and suffered so terribly for many months. Although the recollection of Emmeline and my mother did not then call forth any grief in my heart, I knew intuitively that, if I returned home, my

calmness would be at an end. The wound, although scarred, was still there: I had no courage to open it again. Therefore I left the Old World without returning home, and without even letting my father know I was still among the living. This may seem very unnatural; and yet I feel sure I was right in doing so. I was perfectly convinced at the time that my life would be very short. Why should I therefore tell my father I was still alive? Why let him rejoice over my recovery, only to make him unhappy immediately after? Had I known I was doomed to live for several years longer, my course would probably have been different. But the disposition of mind in which I was then, left me no choice but to remain dead to Lord St. Ives.

Since then six years have passed; but I have not yet given up the hope of soon dying. On the contrary, now my conviction is stronger than ever. I feel that my days in this world will be short; my great task has almost reached its end; perhaps, before the year is out, I may be allowed to follow my Emmeline. The nearer the day is approaching, the less must I think of grieving my father; if any troubles are in store for me, I will bear them cheerfully. Happily, they cannot last long!

The more I thought of it, the stronger became my resolution not to apply to Lord St. Ives. Besides, I had another reason for not doing so. After remaining silent six years, whilst I lived in comfort, how could I now give a sign of life simply because I was poor? If any danger was threatening, it was better for me to brave it than to expose myself to the far greater danger of being looked upon as a bad son, who only remembered his father because he was in pecuniary difficulties.

Having once made up my mind, I decided to act without delay in accordance with my altered circum-

stances. In great emergencies, I am always a man of quick decision. To help myself out of immediate difficulties, I decided to sell my jewellery and other objects of luxury. "*L'histoire se répète*": this truth applies equally well to private life. The sum realised would pay a few debts I had, and keep me from any pressing want for at least some months to come. Besides, I resolved to give up my rooms by the end of the week and put up at a place where I could live much more cheaply. I submitted to this necessity without murmuring. The only thing that inspired me with deep regret was that henceforth I should have nothing left for my poor except kind words.

By living with great economy, I hoped to make my means last until I should find a publisher. But would they really last till then? That was another question! However, even if the worst came to the worst, I did not despair; for I was quite ready to work for my living if my fate imposed such a duty upon me.

I had made up my mind on all these points before Emerson's telegram came. When I received it, I forgot of course everything else, and, after leaving the Alsatian family, I no longer thought of my own prospects. Never did I sleep better than that night.

On the very next day, I began to carry out my resolution. This was not altogether a painless task. But whenever I felt dejected, I remembered that, at that very moment, a large family was travelling towards the West, to whose happiness I had contributed; and this thought always cheered me up until I became quite reconciled to my altered circumstances.

A week after, I was settled in my new rooms, for which I paid only seven dollars a week, less than half of what I had paid before. If I mention the sum, it

is because henceforth dollars and even cents will play a much more important rôle in my existence than I should ever have thought. Then I set to work once more, and with greater ardour than ever, to give the finishing touch to the second part of my Essay. But even before doing so, I thought it advisable to send the first part to a publisher. That I should find one, sooner or later, who would undertake the publication at his own expense, I had not the remotest doubt; for I believed so firmly in its excellence, that it seemed to me perfectly impossible that it should remain unpublished. As I could no longer pay for the expenses myself, I felt convinced that some publisher would. My past experience, however, had taught me not to be too sanguine. I did not expect to meet at once with success, and had made up my mind that my patience and courage should not give way, even if I should meet with many failures.

The very next day, after removing to my new rooms, I applied to one of the leading publishers in New York. While awaiting the answer, I did not lose myself in delightful hopes, as in times gone by. This was wise on my part!

Within three weeks, I received an answer. The publisher informed me that he was ready to undertake the publication. He requested me, at the same time, to let him know in what style I wished to have the book printed; and, for this purpose, he sent me a collection of samples of printing, from foolscap 8vo, small pica, leaded, to crown 8vo, long primer, solid. As soon as I had made my choice, he would have a few pages of the book set up, and send me an estimate of the cost of publication; and he would put the work into the printer's hands immediately after receiving a cheque for the amount.

I need not give a detailed account of my answer.

Three days after, the manuscript was again in my hands, and, the same day, I applied to another publisher. He returned it within less than a week, and informed me that my work was not in his *line*.

The next publisher kept the manuscript for nearly a month, and then gave me an answer similar to the one I had received from the first.

Thus two months had passed. Success had not crowned my efforts, and I noticed, with a feeling which I had experienced but once before, many years ago, that my pecuniary resources were dwindling down with awful rapidity. Still I did not lose courage. I never thought of writing to my father, and persisted in my applications; for I felt as sure as ever that, finally, I *must* succeed.

So I continued to apply. To save time, I now asked the publishers, point-blank, whether they could undertake the publication at their own expense. I was not long left in doubt. During the following month I wrote to no less than seven other publishers, and very nearly all of them sent back the manuscript by return of post.

Before the month of April was over, I began to realise that a new anxiety was in store for me, and that, if I did not wish to starve, it was high time for me to begin to think of finding some means of subsistence.

CHAPTER XI.

THE idea of working for my living did not alarm me. I have always been of opinion that it is one of the most honourable things a man can do. I had done so before, and had no reason to regret it; on the con-

trary, the years I spent in Strasbourg as *professeur d'allemand et d'anglais* were some of the happiest in my life.

Besides, the history of literature had taught me that many authors had to work for their living before they met with success. Some striking instances of this may not be out of place here. Ben Jonson's early life was full of trials and vicissitudes. He was first a bricklayer, like his stepfather, then failed as an actor, and led a very precarious life in London, before he was patronised by Queen Elizabeth. Daniel Defoe was successively a hosier, a tile-maker, and a woollen merchant before his *True-born Englishman* made him one of the most popular writers of his time. Dr. Samuel Johnson was an usher in a school, became a translator for a bookseller, and opened a boarding-house for school-boys, before he acquired a name as one of the leading contributors of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Smollett was an apprentice to a medical man in Glasgow, then a surgeon's mate on board a man-of-war, previous to the publication of his *Roderick Random*; and even afterwards, his life was a continual struggle for existence. Oliver Goldsmith, of course, must not be forgotten. He was first a tutor in a private family, then an usher in a school near London. During his travels abroad, he often earned a meal or a night's lodging by playing on his flute. After his return to England, he entered into the employment of a chemist; and it was not till then that he succeeded in supporting himself by his contributions to the periodical literature of the day. Robert Burns offers another noble example, for he worked with his hands to support, not only himself, but his aged parents. He had to toil on, for long weary months, "like a galley-slave," as he says himself, before he became the idol of the day.

The history of literature of other countries abounds in similar instances. Whole volumes, full of the highest interest, might be written on this subject. To work for my living seemed to me, therefore, perfectly natural.

On examining the different means at my command, I thought that the simplest, easiest, and most agreeable would be to do what most poor authors had done before me—to contribute to the daily press and periodicals. This sort of work was the most congenial to my tastes, habits, and train of thought. I naturally believed myself very fit for it. Besides my Essay, I had, in my leisure hours, written on the most varied subjects: politics and religion, science and art, philosophy, education and political economy. A man, of my long experience, I thought, would be a great acquisition to the staff of even the best papers in the United States. Of course I should never apply to any but the best. I had such a good opinion of myself, and such a high respect for my art, that I should have looked upon it as a crime to sell my pen to inferior papers.

So I wrote immediately to the editors of five leading daily papers, four English and one German, and of three weekly papers, and offered them my services. To strengthen my case, I took out of my ebony-box some suitable articles, and, after having corrected and improved them, I inclosed them with my letter of application. I felt sure that at least one of the editors would give me a favourable answer, and flattered myself that I should most likely be successful in several cases. Soon my name would be known in the literary circles of this vast country; soon all my anxieties would be over; soon some publisher would make me a brilliant offer for my Essay. Such were my hopes!

Alas! they were illusory. No editor seemed to be

anxious to avail himself of my services; no editor gave me a chance of distinguishing myself; no editor even took the trouble to return my contributions!

It was a great disappointment. But what could I do? When I had recovered from my astonishment, I applied to some papers of less reputation. After all, there was nothing derogatory on my part in such an application. On the contrary, I ought to be proud of it; for, in writing for a second-rate paper, I should contribute to improve its tone, and, perhaps, raise it to the first rank. This time, I thought, I could not fail to be successful.

Strange to say, I was mistaken. The only answers I received were to the effect that my contributions would be returned to me on receipt of stamps for postage. I felt quite bewildered. It was certainly not the kind of reply I had expected. How was it possible that a man of my experience as a writer should actually not find any literary work? This question was perfectly beyond my comprehension. After spending several days in sad contemplation, I began to recognise how little chance of success I had from the very beginning. I ought to have known better. But when a man is led on by hope, he attaches far more weight to the chances in his favour than to those against him.

Every paper has its own staff. This staff is as numerous as it possibly can be. If there be a vacancy, the editor can choose from a large number of candidates already known to him. My chances for the staff were therefore infinitesimal, and, as an occasional contributor, they were not much better. After all, who was I? Where was my name in literature? Who were my friends, and what was my official rank or social position? All these questions are far more important to the editor than they seem to the contri-

butor. I had nothing whatever to recommend me to an editor: I would not mention my real name and social position: friends I had none; and as regards my name in literature, it was not worth mentioning, for I had only published a political pamphlet of which no American could ever have heard. Of course I had worked for ten years at an Essay which I looked upon as a perfect masterpiece. But what was that Essay to an editor? In the eyes of any man but the author, an unpublished work is not much better than an unwritten work. As for the literary value of my contributions, it was altogether out of the question. I felt quite convinced that no editors ever looked at them. Was it possible or probable that they would? They get hundreds of manuscripts every week! And even if any editors had read them, should I necessarily have been successful? A thousand times, No! Every paper has its own style and peculiar tone. To suit that tone is far more important to the editor than to write well. You might be as eloquent as Demosthenes, as tragic as Shakespeare, as tender as Schiller, as polished as Racine, as learned as Aristotle, as witty as Molière, as poetical as Goethe, as sarcastic as Voltaire—it all would be useless! Unless you suit the tone of the paper, you might just as well save yourself the trouble of applying.

All this I might have known beforehand; and very little reflection would have sufficed for it. But, like most men, I first built castles in the air, and became wise only through failure. But even if I had thought of it before, should I have looked upon my chances as hopeless? Most likely not. Most men flatter themselves that Fate will make an exception in their favour, and that they will not suffer the common lot of mankind; and when they find they are mistaken, they accuse Fate of harshness and cruelty.

Having failed in my endeavours to support myself by contributing to the literature of the day, I had no choice left but to return to my former vocation, and become a professor of modern languages. Teaching is the last resource of all educated and uneducated mortals in reduced circumstances : kings and cobblers, politicians and grocers, colonels and cheesemongers, lawyers, doctors, parsons, and authors—all take to teaching when they come down in the world. The United States offer more examples in illustration of this truth than any other country.

In this career, I was certain, I could not fail to meet with success. Without flattering myself, I may say I am a good linguist; besides, I had had four years' experience in an important Lycée in France, and had been eminently successful both as a teacher and a disciplinarian. Everything was in my favour. So, having made up my mind, I went one morning to the *New York Herald* office, and put into the paper an advertisement of about five-and-twenty words, to be published six times. I was rather taken aback, when I had to pay nearly eight dollars for the insertion. My funds were getting so low that this was quite a large sum for me. However, I paid down the money and returned home in very good spirits. The advertisement was worded so well, and expressed all my proficiencies so thoroughly, that I awaited the result with the most placid confidence. No doubt, most Head-Masters in New York would be only too glad to possess such an assistant as myself! At least I thought so.

Two days passed : no application. I felt rather astonished, but remained as sanguine as ever. . . . Four days passed : no application! What could it mean? Certainly the advertisement had appeared in the *Herald*, for I saw it with my own eyes every day.

And yet no Head Master had written to me. . . . Six days passed: no application! I was perfectly astounded. Was it possible that I should not find a place? I could not believe it. It never struck me for a moment that schoolmasters are here far more numerous than even generals and colonels; that for every vacancy there are sometimes as many as two hundred candidates; and that no country afforded even learned professors a better chance of starving than America. It was only later on that I learned the truth through bitter experience.

I began to see I had been too sanguine, but did not yet give up all hope.

Two weeks passed! And no application!

Then, when I saw that my hopes were frustrated, that I had thrown away eight dollars, and that my resources were rapidly coming to an end, a sickening feeling came over me, and plunged me for some days into terrible despondency. In my distress I even forgot my Essay.

But despondency is worse than useless. A man who despairs is lost. So I took heart again, in spite of my repeated failures, and decided not to give up the struggle.

We were now in the last days of May. To make my means last longer, I removed to still cheaper quarters. This time I went to a German boarding-house, in Essex Street, near Avenue A., where I had to pay only five dollars a week. What kind of board and lodging a man can get in New York, in the year 1877, for this sum, I leave the reader to imagine. I shall only give a hint. *Ab uno disce omnia*. I had a double-bedded room, which I shared with a traveller in the brewing trade. Happily, he was scarcely ever at home. The whole furniture, beside the two beds, consisted of a chair, to be divided equally I suppose

between the two lodgers. The only ornament in the room was a looking-glass, without a frame, broken at the top, cracked at the bottom, and deprived of its four corners: this ornament was fixed to the wall by means of three tin-tacks. It was not exactly the kind of apartment I had been accustomed to; however, I had to put up with it. No man knows in what rooms he may have to sleep before his dying day. I even believe I should have slept very well, if it had not been for *the pestilence that walketh in darkness*. Truly, they were even more numerous than American generals and schoolmasters!

After settling down in my new room, I decided to advertise again. As insertions in the *Herald* were so expensive, I tried the *New Yorker Staatszeitung*: for four similar advertisements I had to pay only \$1.60.

Unfortunately, I was not much more successful. The only result was that a well-to-do baker applied to me for some private lessons to be given to his son six times a week, at the rate of thirty-five cents per lesson. It was not a brilliant offer, but I was only too glad to accept it: \$2.10 a week is a sum not to be despised. As it was, of course, not nearly sufficient for my current expenses, I was still under the necessity of finding some other employment. Every morning, therefore, my first business was to run through the columns of the principal English and German papers, and look for some vacant Mastership. While doing so, I found, with a feeling of astonishment, mingled with disgust, that any barber, butcher, bricklayer, and day-labourer had a far better chance of making a living in New York than a scholar, and soon came to the conclusion that, although a first-rate education may be a most excellent thing in itself, it will not always save a man from starving. It is indeed sad, but very true: a poor workman need be far less anxious about his daily

bread than a professor in reduced circumstances ; for a workman can always find something to do, while a professor, in spite of his talent and learning, may find himself any day exposed to starvation. After all, it is only a question of demand and supply. Well-educated and even learned men are a cheap article, because the supply is generally much greater than the demand. I soon learned this to my cost.

During the next few weeks, I applied for every mastership and tutorship advertised. They were, unfortunately, getting fewer and fewer every day, because Midsummer vacation was approaching. Alas ! my applications, one after another, proved useless. Still I persisted, but only to meet with new failures, until discouragement began slowly, but surely, to gain ground in my heart.

My anxiety was increased by the fact that, although I lived as plainly as a hermit, I saw the day approaching when I should be absolutely penniless. Every day brought some new, unlooked-for expense. I now began to keep an account of every cent of expenditure, and was astonished to find how much money disappeared in stationery, postage, newspapers, tramway fares, etc. Small expenses often make the heaviest, especially for a poor man.

As regards luxuries, I had given them up long ago, not without some difficulty. Every man has his little weaknesses. I am no exception. I must confess that, since the days when I was a student at the University of Göttingen, I had always been partial to German lager-bier. Now, lager-bier is excellent in New York ; I had naturally made it my favourite beverage ; wines were of course out of the question, for they are excessively expensive in America. Well, I had to give up my beer. This, I must say, was to me a great privation. If any one finds fault with such details,

let him remember they are not so trivial as he may fancy at first sight. Man supports great misfortunes much more easily than small ones; no wonder therefore, that, for several days after giving up my glass of beer, I felt very wretched. The only luxury I still indulged in was my pipe. I had always been a great smoker. To give up smoking was simply impossible for me; but I had reduced this luxury first to two pipes a day, then to one, and then to a half. Further I could not go! No man, unless he be a smoker, can imagine what an amount of comfort a smoker may derive, in times of great distress, from even half a pipe a day.

As my means were getting lower and lower, and I could not obtain even the most insignificant post, I had recourse to an expedient which made them last a little longer. Before dinner-time, I now regularly went out. Whether my landlord was deceived by this stratagem I cannot say; but at least he had the good taste not to notice it. I also gave up my supper. Thus I reduced my weekly expenses considerably; but as no man can live on one meal of bread and butter and coffee a day, I made up for it by going out after dark to buy a loaf of bread, for which I paid ten cents. Now and then, when I felt more hungry than usual, I purchased some of that common quality of American cheese, not perhaps unknown in England.

After applying unsuccessfully, for I do not know how many masterships and private tutorships, I began to see that my trials had not yet reached their climax, and that, if I was not to starve or beg for my bread, I should have to find some employment for which I certainly was not born. America presents pictures of the vicissitudes of life in the strangest variety. Noblemen paving the streets, lawyers watering the roads, schoolmasters blacking shoes, physicians becoming

hair-dressers, University-professors breaking stones, colonels turning cabmen, and parsons taking up the waiter's *serviette*. All this I knew; I had frequently read about it in books, and, in my long travels, had often come across men who had undergone similar trials. But that I should ever be exposed myself to such a fate I could not have believed. And yet the time drew near when I knew I should have to work with my hands to save myself from starvation.

I shall not relate all the applications I made in this direction, for fear of shocking English readers. In America, Australia, or New Zealand, a man, who is a gentleman by birth or education, may justly boast of having, at one time or another, driven a coach, worked in the fields, or watered the streets, and his listeners will applaud him and point him out as a man who deserves the respect and admiration of his fellow-citizens. But in proud, prim, prude, and proper old England, he must not boast of such things; if he did, he would lose caste immediately, and find all the doors closed upon him. England would perhaps not do badly if she imitated her colonies in this respect!

It would of course be foolish on my part to ignore a national prejudice. I shall, therefore, say very little about my further trials. I do not mean to hint that I actually drove a coach, or worked in the fields; indeed I never went so far as that. But I must say that I applied for posts decidedly unsuitable for a gentleman, and hasten to add that I was unsuccessful even in these applications. If ever a man was persecuted by fate, almost beyond endurance, that man was myself.

Of all my applications, I shall only relate one. One day I read in the *Staatszeitung* that a bass-singer was required in the Synagogue, in 42nd Street, near 7th Avenue. The salary was very good; in my eyes, splendid. As I have a very fair bass voice, I decided

to apply. Goldsmith had played on his flute when in low circumstances, why should I not sing, and sing to a Jewish congregation? So, when the day came for the examination, I went up. The number of candidates was very great. They all had to sing first the gamut, to show the compass of their voices, and then some piece of music at first sight. I soon noticed that many of the candidates had no voice at all, and that most had no knowledge of music. With every new candidate examined, my hopes rose higher and higher; surely my trials had come to an end, and the day of my deliverance had approached!

After I had waited for more than an hour, my turn came. The examiner looked at me for a few seconds, and then asked me in German: "*Sind sie ein Jude?*" This was a terrible question. To my shame, I must confess, I hesitated! The reader will forgive me, if he remembers that for several weeks I had had only one decent meal a day, and that now I saw before me a splendid chance of improving my position. But my hesitation lasted only a moment. If I was doomed to starve, it was better to starve than to tell a lie; so I replied: "*Nein, ich bin ein Christ.*"

"Excuse me," replied the examiner, "we only want Jews in our choir."

I returned home. To save two cents I walked instead of taking the tramway-car. In what frame of mind I ate my crust of bread and drank my glass of water that evening I leave the reader to imagine. Even my pipe afforded me no longer any consolation.

This last failure was a terrible blow to me. Alas! my fate had not yet exhausted its cruelty. Before another week was over, an incident happened which brought me almost to the verge of despair. The mere recollection of it is painful to me.

About three weeks before, I had seen the following advertisement in one of the New York papers :

“ An elderly gentleman, going to England, wishes to meet with a travelling companion, of about thirty or thirty-five, of pleasant manners and good address. Apply for particulars to Messrs. Willis and Co., 15**, Broadway, 2nd floor, No. 10.”

When I saw the advertisement, I was filled with joy. It was exactly what I wanted. My numerous failures, first with publishers, then with editors, next with head-masters, and finally with individuals whom I need not mention, had disgusted me with my stay in America. I longed to get away. I believed that I should have an infinitely better chance of publishing my Essay in England, in spite of my former want of success. Besides, another feeling drew me towards my native country. It was not exactly home-sickness, but a deep longing to visit the spot where I had first met Emmeline. This feeling had grown upon me with strange power while I was giving the finishing touch to my Essay ; when it was finished, that feeling had increased in intensity, and now it was almost irresistible. Could I have afforded it, I should have gone back to Cornwall long ago.

Now I saw a distant chance of returning home : I decided not to let it escape. A kind of presentiment told me that I should get the post. During the last few months I had been exposed to so many hardships, that surely relief *must* be near. I could not bear my fate much longer. If there were no change for the better in a very short time, I knew I should break down completely.

Half-an-hour after seeing the advertisement, I was at No. 15**, Broadway.

On arriving, I found I had to deal with an agent. This displeased me. My experience of American agents did not make me particularly confident. But my suspicion did not last long. The agent was a very pleasant man, seemed to take a particular interest in me, and spoke in the kindest terms.

"You see, sir," said he, "we are all born to fight the battle of life. I have had my full share of difficulties. The great point is not to give way to despair. Persevere, and you must succeed: that is my motto. I have had a hard time of it myself; but, at last, fortune has begun to smile upon me. I may assure you that I have now a *roaring* business! . . . I hope that your own troubles are coming to an end. In any case, I will exert myself in your behalf, and recommend you especially to the old gentleman. If you do not get this post, I am sure to find another one for you."

These words were like balsam upon my wounds: there is nothing sweeter than a kind, encouraging word when one is in distress.

At the end of the interview, the agent informed me that his usual fee was three dollars. This was a sad piece of news. Three dollars! Almost a whole week's expenses! It was, for me, an immense sacrifice, far greater than the reader could imagine. But the agent had spoken so kindly, and I trusted him so implicitly, that I paid the sum, and went home happier than I had been for many days. Before the end of the week I hoped the tide would have turned.

The end of the week came, but no letter. So I wrote to the agent. He replied that he had forwarded my application to the old gentleman and recommended me strongly, but had not yet received an answer. . . . Another week passed, and I began to feel astonished at the delay; however, no suspicion crossed my mind. I wrote again. The

agent replied that the old gentleman had left New York for a few days, but would be back shortly. . . . Another week passed, and I wrote for the third time. At last I received a most satisfactory answer. The old gentleman had returned, and had selected me, with two others, as the most suitable candidates, and would shortly appoint a day for an interview. I felt transported with joy: an inward voice told me that I should be not only selected but elected. I reproached myself with having for a moment suspected the agent of being a rogue. This was most unjust on my part!

The old gentleman, however, did not seem to be in a hurry; for another week passed, and I wrote again. . . . The answer came. . . . It ran as follows:

“DEAR SIR,—I beg to inform you that your time (one calendar month) has elapsed. If you wish us to keep your name on our books, please forward fee of three dollars.

“Yours truly,

“J. WILLIS & Co.”

I was thunderstruck. Now I began to realise that I had been imposed upon, that the agent was a scoundrel after all, an infamous scoundrel, one of those who live upon the poor and destitute. I felt almost broken-hearted: to have lived so long in a fool's paradise, to have spent three dollars, and then to receive such treatment! It was terrible! My despair was beyond expression!

If I had had any doubt about the agent's villany, it would soon have been dispelled; for, about a month after, his frauds were discovered. He had, indeed, a *roaring* business! It was proved that he had swindled several hundred poor people out of sums varying from fifty cents to three dollars, by offering them places

which existed only on paper. He was convicted. Then I saw an instance of the glorious justice for which America is known all over the world. This man, who was certainly one of the most cold-blooded monsters I had ever known, was sentenced you will probably think, to ten or fifteen years hard labour but you are greatly mistaken: he was sent to Sing-Sing for *two months*! He had powerful political friends!

It may be asked why, in the midst of my trials, I did not write to Lord St. Ives. Those who are acquainted with American and colonial life will understand the reason. Many men, especially if they are still young, and possessed of a certain amount of self-respect, prefer to undergo a thousand hardships rather than apply to their parents for assistance: often when they are in the greatest distress, they will write home most cheerfully: some even will rather starve than let their friends in the mother-country know that they are in want. What gives most of them the strength to support even the most painful trials is the conviction that no misfortune can last for ever, and that relief must come sooner or later. So they struggle bravely, hoping, like the Alsatian exile, that when distress is greatest God is nearest. But can they say when distress is greatest? No man knows what he can bear until he tries. There is absolutely no hardship beyond endurance, except starvation. Hunger even may be borne for weeks, as I learned from experience. So they hope still longer, and struggle on patiently. Some will finally meet with success, *but others will not*. The distress of the latter becomes greater and greater every day, but God does not come nearer. They finally break down, die of hunger, commit suicide, or are heard of no more. Such is the fate of many a man of good birth, high education, great talent, and real virtue!

Happily, such was not to be my fate. But at one period I had every reason to dread the worst. The week came when I spent my last cent. What could I do? By selling some of my clothes I could help myself for a few days. But what next? . . . In this terrible situation, a fellow-lodger of mine, with whom I was on friendly terms, advised me to follow his example. He was an old student of the University of Heidelberg, who, during the troubled times of 1848, had been obliged to leave Germany, on account of some political offence, and, on arriving in New York, had found nothing to do but to work at a railway line in Pennsylvania. This latter course is the one he advised me to take.

I took it without further consideration!

My sudden resolution is easily accounted for. When a man has gone through prolonged trials, there comes a time when he feels his distress no longer, and looks upon himself and everything around him with stoical indifference. That time had arrived for me. Why should I not work at the railway? It was as good an occupation as any, and it certainly paid infinitely better than teaching! Besides, I had no wish to starve altogether; and, strange to say, from the day when the bank broke, the desire of dying had never arisen within me. The anxieties of everyday life had been a kind of antidote for my mental troubles. So, when I was advised to go to Pennsylvania, I followed the advice as easily as if I had been told to take a walk in Central Park, or make an excursion on Hudson River.

Before starting on this novel trip, my friend, the student, gave me a most useful hint; it was to the effect that ordinary clothes were liable to wear out very easily in my newly-chosen pursuit, and that linen shirts were particularly liable to tear like blotting-paper. He therefore advised me to invest in

a strong pair of boots, to wear my oldest pair of trousers, and to get a good strong woollen shirt.

The pair of boots I could not afford, the trousers I had, and, as for the shirt, I went out immediately to buy one. I had not money enough to pay for the best quality, so I got one which had been suspended in the shop window for a long time. It was of a red colour; the shopman let me have it at a reduced price, as it had faded in the sun. Then I went slowly home, smiling placidly, and making philosophical remarks on the ups and downs of life. I had not felt so calm for years. After all, there was nothing so very terrible in my position; many a man of nobler birth, greater talent, and deeper learning had done before me what I was now about to do.

I was to start on my journey on a Tuesday, with other labourers, according to the arrangements made by the agent. On that Tuesday morning I had my breakfast as usual, and then began to pack. I was to leave at eleven. Suddenly an event took place which changed my plans altogether in a single instant.

What I am about to relate few men will believe. Of course any one can see that my story is taken from real life; but many will think that the coming incident is invented simply for the purpose of making it more interesting; and yet I assure my readers that what I am about to relate is not only true, but that it happened exactly in the same way and even at the same hour as related. Boileau never spoke more truly than when he said:

"Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable."

While I was packing, somebody knocked at the door. I looked up. A gentleman entered. He was rather short and stout, had grey hair and a ruddy complexion. I had rarely seen a more good-natured face. The following dialogue took place.

"Have I the honour of speaking to Mr. Tresylvian?"

"That is my name."

"I understand, sir, that you are looking out for a tutorship?"

"I am."

"You are, I am told, a good linguist?"

"I may be allowed to say so."

"Would the post of private tutor in my house suit you?"

Private tutor! Suit me! Suit an author who was about to go and work at a railway! I remained silent; my heart seemed to stand still, and I stared at the grey-haired gentleman like a man in a dream. He must have understood my state, for he went on in a very kind tone:

"I think you would like the post. My two boys have just returned from their school in Philadelphia. They will want some one to look after them during vacation. All you would have to do is to give them a lesson on English subjects in the morning, a French lesson in the evening, and to see that they do not get into mischief in the meantime. They are good boys, and would not give you any trouble. In return for your services you would live with us as one of the family and receive fifteen dollars a week."

Here he stopped and looked at me inquiringly. I did not answer, but sat down on my bed, and turned my face away from him. Did he read my emotion? Most likely. For he went out almost immediately, saying:

"Perhaps you would like to think it over. Here is my address. You will greatly oblige me by giving me an answer either to-day or to-morrow."

After his departure, I remained seated on my bed without stirring, for at least half an hour. What my

feelings were, no one can imagine; for no one knows all I had suffered during the last few months. Relief had come at last, although I neither hoped nor even longed for it.

When I had recovered from my emotion, I took the red woollen shirt, folded it up carefully, and put it into my ebony-box, saying:

"I will keep you sacredly in memory of this day."

The same evening I posted my answer, and the next morning I entered upon my new duties. How I enjoyed my dinner that day I need scarcely say; it was my first good repast for many weeks.

Dr. Allison, in whose family I was now tutor, was one of the leading physicians in New York. He was a rich man, and lived in grand style. He had heard of me, through one of his patients at Belle-Vue Hospital, a poor old man whom I visited now and then and had assisted in the days of my prosperity. I was treated, in every respect, as a member of the family, had splendid rooms, and my own servant. My two pupils, one fourteen and the other sixteen, took very kindly to me, and made my position most agreeable. But what gave me most pleasure was to find that Dr. Allison was not only a man of great learning, but that he was particularly fond of literature. He took the keenest interest in my Essay, over which we spent many a delightful evening.

It was a very happy time which, alas! came to an end only too soon. The six weeks' vacation passed, and my pupils had to return to school. What was I to do now? The experience of the last few months did not allow me to hesitate. To look out for another post was out of the question. From the moment when my circumstances improved, my Essay had once more become the chief subject of my thoughts, and I soon felt as sanguine as ever about my ultimate success. I

believed, however, I had little chance of finding a publisher in America, and had therefore made up my mind to return to England. When the doctor heard of my determination, he said to me :

“Mr. Tresyllian, perhaps I may be of some use to you. A few years ago I transacted some business with Messrs. Santley and Co., the well-known London publishers. I will give you a letter of recommendation to them. Such a letter sometimes goes a long way. I do not mean to say that it will insure the publication of your work, but it will at least secure for you a favourable reception.”

Shortly after, when I had decided on what day to leave, Dr. Allison gave me the letter. I was agreeably surprised to find inclosed with it a twenty-pound note and a receipt for a first-class cabin fare on board one of the steamers of the Hamburg line. I need scarcely say I showed myself grateful for so much kindness. The doctor accompanied me to the steamer. His last words to me were :

“Mr. Tresyllian, I am sorry to part with you. I hope you will not forget me. Although our acquaintance has sprung up very recently, I trust it will last. In any case, if you should meet with any difficulties, remember that I look upon myself as your friend.”

Thus I left America, at the end of August, 1877, after a stay of six years and about four months. I looked into the future with perfect confidence : an inward conviction told me that my trials were over, that I should soon attain the great aim of my life, and that my rising star would soon surpass in brilliancy most of the stars in the firmament. . . . But were my hopes justified, or was I not perhaps doomed to meet, in the future, with still greater misfortunes than I had met with in the past ?

CHAPTER XII.

THE passage was remarkably pleasant, and took only nine days. I landed at Southampton, and went the same day to London. Arrived there, I drove straight to the house where I had formerly lived, at Mrs. Carlisle's. As luck would have it, there were not only rooms to be had in the same house, but my old rooms were free. I took them immediately.

In the evening, when I had settled down, I spent a couple of hours in the square, in front of Chelsea Hospital, thinking of times gone by and wondering how my strange career would end. Only twelve years had passed, but they seemed to me half a century. The quarrel with my father, my illness and despair, the punch party, my marriage, the happy years in Strasbourg, *her* death, the campaign of the East, my travels abroad, my trials in New York—all these recollections crowded upon my mind, filled me with deep emotion, and made me, by turns, sad and joyful, despondent and hopeful. It all seemed to me like a dream. But the thoughts uppermost in my mind were those connected with my Essay. I firmly believed that, within a short time, its fate would be decided; and, in spite of my past failures, when thinking of that fate, I was perfectly confident. Now a chance was offered me, such as I had never had before; if I were not successful this time, I should never be afterwards! I knew that I should get a hearing, that the publishers would judge my work fairly, and I trusted to its excellence for my ultimate success. I should stand or fall by their decision; if they did not accept the work, it would be doomed for ever.

The very next day I called on Mr. Santley. He was out of town. So I sent the manuscript by post, with a note containing Dr. Allison's letter of intro-

duction. While waiting for an answer, I spent my time in loitering and dreaming. In my walks I often passed my father's mansion in the West-end. The reader will imagine what varied feelings the sight of it roused in my heart. The gates were locked and the shutters closed. I read in some paper that Lord St. Ives had gone to Mentone for the sake of his health. I do not know why, but I was glad of his absence. In the course of the same week, I happened to meet a neighbour of mine, a lady who had been an intimate friend of Mrs. Carlisle. I heard from her that the dear old lady had died three years before at the country house near Perran. In spite of her wishes and daily prayers, she had not seen her son again. I may add here that during my travels in America I had made diligent inquiries about him, and advertised extensively in different parts of the United States. But my efforts had proved useless. He had died, or disappeared, and was heard of no more, like so many men who go to distant countries. When I heard of Mrs. Carlisle's death, I trusted most fervently that this excellent lady, who had suffered so much and borne her trials with such patience and cheerfulness, would find her lost son in the other world and be rewarded for all her great and noble qualities.

The publisher's answer took me by surprise. It came within four days, much sooner than I had expected. Although I had opened many a similar letter, I must confess that when I opened this, my heart was beating as it had rarely done before. The fate of my Essay depended upon its contents!

Mr. Santley informed me that my work seemed to him excellent, as far as he could then judge. The question, however, was simply one of *terms*. He did not know whether I was aware that it is customary for an unknown author to risk at least a part of the

expenses of a first work. Of course, if a first venture proved at all successful, there was a good opening for anything else by the same author. Perhaps I would kindly let him know what my intentions were on this point.

This letter was not so satisfactory as I had expected, but, on the other hand, I was far from being discouraged by it. The very fact, implied in the letter, that the publisher was ready to pay a part of the expenses, seemed to me very promising. Most likely, on getting better acquainted with my work, he would be so much struck by the superior talent and vast learning displayed in its eloquent pages, that he would be proud to undertake the publication altogether at his own cost.

I therefore wrote back the same day, asking him to let me know whether he could undertake either the whole work, or part of it, at his own expense, and on what conditions he would do so. I had to wait about three weeks for his answer. It came at last. It was the end of September.

The publisher informed me, once more, that the great question, in my case, as in all similar cases, was simply one of *terms*. Unless I was prepared to risk at least a part of the expenses, he feared I would be quite unable to get the work issued satisfactorily. However, with a view of saving time and trouble, he had thought it best to inclose a memorandum setting forth the precise terms upon which he could undertake the publication of the first part of my work. If the first proved at all successful, he would be sure to give the second a favourable reception.

He proposed to issue it in three volumes, crown octavo, similar to a work of which he sent me a copy. The total cost of issuing the work in this way would amount to about three hundred pounds for a thousand

copies. I should have to advance half the sum towards the expenses, and this was to be the whole of my risk in the matter. The proceeds from sales were to be applied: first, to repay the firm; secondly, the sum advanced by me; and thirdly, I was to receive nine-tenths of the actual profits. There were several minor details in the memorandum, which it would be useless to mention here.

The publisher added that the sale of the thousand copies would certainly yield me a good sum clear profit, whereas a much smaller sale would be sufficient to repay my share of expenses. ,

I read this letter over and over again, and the more I read it the more clearly I saw how truly favourable these terms were. My long experience with English, French, and American publishers left me no doubt on the point. Mr. Santley had done for me as much as I could possibly have expected under the circumstances. Of course he might have undertaken to publish my work altogether at his own expense, simply on the strength of his opinion of the work as a literary *connaisseur*. But had I a right to expect him to do so? A publisher is not only a literary *connaisseur*, he must be, first and above all, a business man. As a *connaisseur*, he might feel inclined to undertake my Essay, but, as a business man, he would naturally follow certain rules, from which he would never deviate under any circumstances. One of his first rules was, doubtless, never to publish the works of unknown authors altogether at his own expense. Of course, in following this rule, he might sometimes make a mistake, and refuse a work which was destined to become famous; but he might also undertake a work which, in spite of its merit, was doomed to fail. As a business man, he would naturally remain on the safe side, and prefer to forego a doubt-

ful chance of profit rather than run the risk of a positive loss.

The more I thought of it, the more clearly I recognised the fact that the publisher had treated me much more favourably than any unknown author could have expected. And yet I felt disheartened, very greatly disheartened. Where was I to find the hundred and fifty pounds required?

I allowed a whole week to pass before replying. During that week, an easy, certain, infallible means of raising the sum occurred to me. It was to sell the diamond heart, my sister Lilian's most precious jewel, which I had found in my mother's pocket-book, on the day when I had been compelled to leave the paternal roof. I had thought of this means during my troubles in America, but had always rejected the notion of publishing my work at such a sacrifice; and as for selling the jewel simply to help myself out of my personal difficulties, the idea never occurred to me. I should rather have died of hunger than have had recourse to such an expedient. Now I hesitated. If I could only make up my mind to sell the diamond heart, all the hopes and dreams of my life would be fulfilled. But my hesitation did not last long! I said to myself that the excellence of my Essay ought to be sufficient to insure its publication: if not, it did not deserve to appear. "No! I will not part with the jewel, except at the last extremity. Happily, that time has not yet come: most likely it never will come!"

Hope had not yet died out of my heart.

At last I wrote to Mr. Santley, and informed him that I could not afford to pay the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds at present, but thanked him most cordially for his kind offer, which I appreciated very highly.

A week after, he informed me, in his answer, that he much regretted we had not come to an agreement,

and therefore returned the manuscript. He added that, if I could ever afford to pay half of my share of expenses, seventy-five pounds, on sending the manuscript to the printers, and the other half when the book appeared, he would be glad to enter again into correspondence with me.

Seventy-five pounds! I was so near the great aim of my life, and yet so far off! Only seventy-five pounds! There was a time when that sum was a mere trifle to me, when I had spent it over and over again in books, in ornaments, on excursions, or in entertaining my friends. And now the fate of my Essay, all my hopes and dreams, all my happiness, depended on such a paltry sum!

Was I to sell the diamond heart? I could not make up my mind. In any case, if I were doomed to make such a sacrifice, I would only make it at the very last moment!

In my despondency, I wrote to Dr. Allison, to tell him the result of my correspondence with Messrs. Santley and Co. I wrote simply as a matter of duty, without any *arrière-pensée*, and did not expect he would take any further interest in my work. But was I right in my supposition? Future events alone can answer this question.

Having failed with Messrs. Santley and Co., I now applied to another publisher. I did so, not with much hope of success, but because it was the only means of preventing myself from giving way to despair. And as I had nothing to do, and feared that idleness would have a most painful effect upon my spirits, I resolved to do in England what I had done some months ago in America, to offer my literary assistance to the editors of the leading English periodicals. I have been all my life of a very hopeful turn of mind; it is therefore no wonder that I trusted I should meet

with success. Naturally I ought to have a far better chance here than in New York.

I was not long in being undeceived.

If in the following lines I give the full answers of some of the editors, it is simply to show young authors what they may expect, so that they may profit by my experience, and not feel astonished or discouraged if they meet with a similar reception.

The first editor to whom I applied sent me the following printed notice :

"The editor of the *C—— Magazine* regrets that he is unable to use the accompanying manuscript, which he therefore returns to the writer with his compliments and thanks."

The second editor took no notice of my application.

From the third I received the following post-card :

"The editor of *M——'s Magazine* presents his compliments to Mr. Tresyllian, and is unable to accept the paper forwarded by him."

The fourth replied :

"The editor much regrets that, owing to the large number of accepted MSS. already on hand, he is unable to avail himself of any offer of new contributions for some time to come."

The next two did not favour me with an answer.

From the seventh editor, I received a printed form :

"The editor returns with thanks the accompanying manuscript, and regrets that, having very numerous demands on his space, he finds it out of his power to publish it."

My feelings on receiving these different answers I shall not describe. I had, all this time, persisted in my applications to publishers, most of whom had sent back the manuscript by return of post. My spirits sank lower and lower, and yet I did not cease to apply.

The eighth editor to whom I wrote, answered as follows :

"The editor of *B—— Magazine* presents his compliments to Mr. Tresyllian, and regrets that his article is not suitable for its pages."

The next three did not deem it necessary to give me an answer.

The twelfth replied : *

"SIR,—I regret to return you the inclosed paper, for which I am quite unable to make room in the *A——*. Yours, etc."

The fourteenth informed me that my MS. had been submitted for consideration, but was not available for publication.

The sixteenth sent me the following printed form :

"The editor regrets that he is unable to use the MS.—with which he has been favoured. It will be returned on being applied for by letter, with correct description and stamps for postage."

Now, I recognised that my efforts were hopeless, and that I had no chance with periodicals. I spent several days in gloomy idleness. Then I roused myself to make a last effort : I made it no longer from any strong hope of success, but because I knew intuitively that I should be lost, if I did not go through the great amount of work which my numerous applications entailed upon me, and if I were deprived of the excitement they afforded me. During my recent failures an alarming change had come over me. Sometimes I remained seated in my room for hours, staring in front of me, unable to think or speak—I saw a black veil before my eyes, and felt a heavy weight upon my brain. Sometimes, when I crossed the Thames, I suddenly experienced a mad desire to jump over the parapet of the bridge, and it was only by running away at full speed that I succeeded in conquering the

desire. Sometimes again, without any apparent reason, I was more cheerful and merry than I had been all my lifetime ; then, I sang and whistled, and danced, and made the whole house ring with my peals of laughter.

This unexpected change filled me with a foreboding of some awful calamity, and, when I remembered certain distressing periods in my life, my terror increased a thousandfold. Whether I was successful or not with publishers and editors, I felt I must persevere in my applications. Idleness was my most dangerous enemy, and hard work my only salvation. As long as I applied, there was still some hope ; man meets sometimes with success at the very last moment ; if I ceased to apply, I should give myself up to utter despair. And despair was horrible to me ; what I dreaded was infinitely worse than the failure of my Essay—worse than hunger, worse than death ! Surely even starvation was better than

So I made a last great attempt. It was rash, especially for a man whose pecuniary resources were again getting very low. But it was my last chance : I would not let it escape ! If, this time, I were unsuccessful, woe to me !

My last attempt was to have the best chapter of my Essay printed, and to send it to all the leading weekly papers in the United Kingdom. In order to be able to carry out this resolution, I had to remove to cheaper lodgings, as I had done in New York about six months before. This I found perfectly natural ; poverty had lost its sting for me. As soon as I was settled down, I wrote a hundred and fifty letters, with which I inclosed a printed copy of the chapter. Then I bought the *Newspaper Press Directory*, and addressed the letters to the hundred and fifty best weekly papers in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. The work

was immense ; but while I was engaged in it, I felt happy. Alas ! was it not, perhaps, the last happy time in my life ? As for the expense, it was much greater than I had anticipated. After paying for the printing, stationery, and postage, I had only twenty-four shillings and sixpence left. I smiled when counting the money ; and, on thinking of all that might happen within the next two or three weeks, I burst into roars of laughter.

When the addresses were written, I made two large parcels of the letters, and posted them all on the same day. It was on Monday, the 29th of October, 1877.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FORTNIGHT has passed. I spent only a week at my last lodgings, because the landlady overcharged me. It is hard to be imposed upon, when one is poor. I have only three shillings and sixpence left. It is all I possess in this world. The garret in which I am living here is in harmony with my circumstances : my former room, at the German boarding-house in New York, might be called cheerful and elegant in comparison with it. It is so low that I can stand erect only on one side. The ceiling, formed by the sloping roof, allows rain and wind to pass. The floor is rotten ; the bed is miserable ; I have no fire ; I feel cold and hungry—very hungry

I can bear hunger, for I have borne it before. But this I cannot bear : Despair has come, it has come at last !

A fortnight has passed : my last attempt has proved

a failure. To my hundred and fifty letters, I have received only sixteen answers. . . . and they were all unfavourable! My Essay is in the hands of the ninth publisher, to whom I have applied during the last six weeks. It will soon be returned. I know it will, And, then, I shall apply no more!

I feel so wretched, so unutterably wretched. Would that I could die, and rest my broken heart in my grave. In the bitterness of my soul, I can say that death is now my only consolation!

It is sad to work as I have worked, to toil as I have toiled, for weeks and months and years, and then to find that your efforts have been useless, your dreams chimerical, your ambition insane, and all your labours wasted as completely as if you had never existed.

I have worked hard indeed; no man will ever know how hard! And now I have received my great reward: I am dying of hunger and despair! And when I am dead, my *Essay on the Progress of the Human Mind during the last Two Centuries* will be sold by the pound, with my other works, to the grocer at the street corner. Such is the fate of an author who believed, with unwavering confidence, that he would some day be called the Socrates of the nineteenth century, or the Crichton of modern times!

I ought to have foreseen it; for I was warned in time. But my blindness equalled my ambition, and caused me to smile, with astounding conceit, at all the dangers of the future. Long before I began my Essay, I received my first warning in reading these prophetic words of Pope:

"I believe if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration."

If I were not doomed to a pauper's grave, I should

like those words to be engraved upon my tombstone. Perhaps, in reading them, some unfortunate author might be saved from a similar fate.

Many a warning followed. I have no right to complain. If ever a young author saw plainly before him all the dangers of an author's life, it was myself, especially on the day when I parted from my former tutor in Paris. No man ever spoke more truly than he did. His words, at the time, made a deep impression upon me: yet I did not heed them. I was blind, and remained blind, for I was doomed to blindness. But now my eyes are open; his words pierce my heart like daggers, and fill it with a sharp, intense, exquisite pain.

Ah! Monsieur de Saint-Amand, you were not aware how I should some day be made to feel the truth of these words:

"When hunger once begins to knock at the door, when the anxieties about the daily bread unite with the mental anguish caused by disappointed hopes, then Despair seizes the wretched author with its sharp claws and teeth, and his agony offers one of the most terrible spectacles to be witnessed in this world—so rich in terrible spectacles!"

Monsieur de Saint-Amand was a wise man. And yet he made a mistake, a cruel mistake. He said that a great writer may bear with equanimity the misfortune of not being appreciated, and that, though he may be ignored in this world, he will be rewarded for his works in another.

This I cannot believe, and will not believe. When a man has done what I have done, and suffered what I have suffered; when he has sacrificed his whole life to write a great work; when he has renounced a splendid position, been disowned by his father, preferred

poverty to opulence, endured the pangs of hunger, and been exposed to a thousand hardships for the sake of his work—he cannot bear with equanimity not to be appreciated; to remain ignored, while many a scribbler is admired; to starve, while many a fool is gathering a golden harvest; to die of despair, while inferior men are overwhelmed with honour and glory; and, while he is writhing in his death agony, to console himself with the doubtful hope of being rewarded in Heaven! Rewarded in Heaven! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Rewarded in Heaven! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Rewarded in Heaven! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

There was a time when I felt so happy, so confident; when everything in the world seemed to smile upon me so delightfully; when my career seemed to me so promising, so glorious; and when I felt so strong, so hopeful in beginning my great task! Had my ambition been selfish, had my own renown been nearest to my heart, I should now deserve my fate, and might perhaps bear it more patiently. But I longed to do good to my fellow men; I longed to work with all my heart and soul for the welfare and improvement of mankind; I longed to be called first a good man, and then only a great author, and this is my reward: I am cold and hungry, and wretched and broken-hearted! To have such an exalted aim, such noble intentions, and then to end as I do! It is horrible!

Ah, life is a farce! That truth I have learned late, and through bitter, cruel experience; but I have learned it well. . . . I will repeat it to my dying day: Life is a farce, a miserable farce! And if I should awaken in the other world, I would still repeat a

thousand times : Life is a farce—a frightful, hideous, abominable farce!

But what right have I to utter those words? Would my opinion of life have been the same if I had met with success? Instead of accusing the world of blindness, injustice, and ingratitude, ought I not rather to accuse myself of being the cause of my failure?

After all, I had as fair a chance as most authors. Not all publishers look upon literary works from a mere business point of view. There are among them men as high-spirited and noble-minded as the best writers. Is it likely that, in applying to all the best English and American publishers, I should have been unsuccessful if my Essay were really such a glorious, magnificent, admirable masterpiece as I supposed it to be? No; I have made one great mistake throughout life, and only now begin to see it: the work upon which I have spent so many years is worthless, perfectly worthless! My aim was good, but my hand was weak; my ideas were sublime, but my pen could not express them; my perseverance was not unworthy of praise, but it only produced a poor, miserable piece of patchwork. Yes, poor Lionel, you are yourself the cause of your failure, for you have been a fool all your lifetime; you have been good, kind, patient, and hard-working, but a fool after all. Ah! to be doomed to such a wretched end, and to have to recognise that I am myself the cause of it, that is the most cruel blow my fate has dealt me!

It was wise on my part not to sell the diamond-heart, for I should now bitterly regret it. The Essay might have been published, but would have fallen still-born from the press. Surely it is better to die in

the lowest depth of misery than to expose myself to such an awful misfortune!

When the publisher returns my Essay, I will burn it with all my other works . . . : All? No! Perhaps my *Life and Adventures* might be useful in teaching other young authors how to escape the destiny to which I am now succumbing. But why should I not burn it? The folly of one man rarely enlightens other men on their own folly. Besides, it is a sad story! No one would care to read it. The world likes to look at the bright side of everything. Why should it not? The bright spots are so rare, and the dark so numerous in human life Yes, I will burn all my works. I have lived unknown, I will die unknown. The world would learn nothing from my story! It knows but too well that there are authors who die of hunger: one more or less does not matter!

And yet I cannot burn them. When I think how passionately I have loved my art, with what endless care I have cultivated it for years, I cannot understand how I can be but a wretched scribbler. On remembering the times when a glorious inspiration lavished upon me its boundless treasures, and I often wrote for days and weeks with a kind of sacred fury, I cannot believe that the work to which I have clung with such intense love should be worthless after all. No, it cannot be! I have believed in myself all my life, I believe in myself still; and on my very death-bed I shall feel confident that my work deserves the admiration of all good and enlightened men in civilised countries. . . . Perhaps after my death it may meet with success!

Other authors have become famous only after death;

why should I object to such a fate? After all, my own person is nothing; my work is everything. Never mind whether the author is known! As long as his work succeeds, he ought to be happy, although this happiness may be granted to him only in the other world.

No; I must not burn my works. It would be a crime to do so. They will succeed, I know they will, although I may not live long enough to enjoy their success.

If the worst comes to the worst, I have a means at my command. Some days ago, on passing a book-seller's shop in King William Street, I saw in the window a work by an old school-fellow of mine. To be sure of his identity, I inquired within, and was given his address. If anything happens to me, I will send him the ebony box. He will know what to do with my works, and I confidently trust that he will do his best. In times gone by, we were very fond of each other, although we met but once again after leaving school: it was during my first excursion to Allerheiligen in the Black Forest, when I was a student in Germany. Since then, we have seen each other no more, although we continued to correspond for several years after. No doubt he heard of my death during the French war. What will he think when he hears of me again?

Five more days have passed. It is Saturday night, the seventeenth of November. The last publisher has returned my Essay. I shall apply no more. I feel very weak and ill. For the last two days, I have had only a crust of bread to eat. My end is approaching.

Even if my Essay were now published, it would be too late. The anxieties and misery of this last year have been too great for me. Would that I could go and die on the rock where I first confessed my love to Emmeline, I should then be resigned and die happy!

I will put my Essay into the ebony box, and address it to my friend. If I wait much longer, it may be too late!

In the midst of my misery, I have met with a consoler. It is a poor, half-witted boy of fifteen, the grandson of my landlady. His father and mother perished, about two years ago, in a fire. He escaped by a miracle; but his mind could not resist the shock. This boy, in a few days, has grown wonderfully fond of me. He is now my usual companion. Although his mental faculties are impaired, he seems to understand me with astonishing clearness, and I understand him equally well. I have told him all my troubles, and he has wept over them many a time. If we had known each other for years, he could not show me more sympathy or affection. He tries to please me in a thousand little ways. This very morning, as he did not see me eat any breakfast, he offered me half of his.

He thinks he can make me happy, and has told me so over and over again, but without saying in what way. However, I can guess his intention. To-night I will lock up my Essay carefully. I must not allow my little friend to make me happy in his fashion!

It is Sunday morning. During the night, Fred came up stealthily, and looked about in my room. I asked him what he wanted, and he replied:

"I want to make you happy!"

I told him not to be anxious about me, and to go to bed again. He obeyed. And, as he went silently downstairs, I heard him sigh and say:

"Ah, it would have burnt so beautifully!"

It was lucky, for

In the lowest depth of my despair, a ray of hope has come down from heaven!

I have just received a letter.

It lies now before me. My heart is beating as if it would burst, and I am trembling all over. Why should this letter be addressed to me? It is in Mr. Santley's hand-writing. It is good news: it must be good news! An inward conviction tells me so. And yet I am afraid. The joy might kill me, or, what is worse,

When I feel calmer, I will open it.

I have opened it—I have read it. And now I will rejoice, for I have reached the great aim of my life; I will sing, for my dearest hopes are fulfilled, and my most brilliant dreams will be realised; I will laugh and weep, for the great work to which I have devoted my whole life will soon appear before the world!

No; my efforts have not been useless, my dreams chimerical, my ambition insane, and my labours wasted! No; my works will not be sold by the pound to the neighbouring grocer; they will come to light, and live for centuries and centuries, to be loved and admired by all the civilised world! No; I was cruelly unjust, or cruelly mistaken: life is not a farce, a miserable farce! The exalted opinion I had of it, before despair darkened my mind, was the right opinion after all; and I was not the good, kind, patient, hard-working fool I feared I had been.

I am no longer cold and hungry, wretched and broken-hearted! I feel so happy, so very happy, so unutterably happy. I could embrace the whole world in my delight!

I will take out my Essay, and feast upon it for the whole day! Ah! it is so beautiful to be a great writer, and to be appreciated; to work hard, and to be rewarded; to devote one's existence to the welfare of humanity, and find in the end that one's efforts have borne good fruit!

How can I express my feelings? I shall die or go mad, if I do not give way to the overwhelming joy which fills my heart!—

“Freude, schöner Götterfunken,
Tochter aus Elysium,
Ich betrete feuertrunken,
Himmlische, dein Heiligthum.”

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

“Freude trinken alle Wesen
An den Brüsten der Natur ;
Alle Guten, alle Bösen
Folgen ihrer Rosenspur.

“Freude heisst die starke Feder
In der ewigen Natur.
Freude, Freude treibt die Räder
In der grossen Weltenuhr.”

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

“Seid umschlungen, Millionen!
Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt!
Brüder—überm Sternenzelt
Muss ein lieber Vater wohnen.”

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

May Heaven have pity upon me! I can bear my happiness no longer, and shall succumb to the excess of my joy!

I have spent the happiest day in my life. The night has approached. Before I fall asleep, I will read the letter once more :

"DEAR SIR,

"I have heard this morning from Dr. Allison, of New York. If you have not yet found a publisher for your Essay, I shall be glad to see you any day next week, to make final arrangements with you about the publication.

"With my best wishes for the success of your work,

"I remain, yours very truly,

"T. SANTLEY."

The air is clear, the ocean calm. Thousands of stars are sparkling in the sky, and reflected in the waters. Not a sound is disturbing the solemn silence of the evening. On the distant horizon the full moon is slowly rising, and transforming everything around me into a scene of inexpressible splendour. I am slowly walking along the rugged Cornish cliffs, so dear to me, so full of sad and tender recollections. Here is the Musselrock, where many years ago I gave myself up to utter despair. Once more I am longing for my beloved, but now I am full of hope Shall I meet her ? A mysterious voice tells me I shall.

This is the sacred spot.

"Emmeline, I have come! Darling, appear to me!"

As I utter these words, I see my beloved standing before me, clothed in dazzling white, her brow encircled by a golden halo. She casts upon me a look of boundless love and heavenly joy. I fall down before her, in silent, unutterable, supreme happiness !

“ Lionel, weep no more. You have suffered much ; but now eternal joy will be yours.”

“ Lionel, weep no more. We have met, never to part again, either in this world or the other !”

“ Lionel, weep no more. Your great and noble task in this world is accomplished. . . . And now my promise will be fulfilled : come with me ; let us rise together to that heavenly abode where, under the eye of God, we shall love each other, in ineffable bliss, to all eternity !”

And, as she speaks these last words, a brilliant cloud surrounds us, and we rise together towards Heaven.

The gates of Heaven are reached. We stop for a moment. Emmeline speaks :

“ Lionel, look back once more and behold.”

I look down upon the earth. With inexpressible emotion, I see my great work admired by all nations, and hear my name praised by all human tongues.

And Emmeline speaks for the last time :

“ Lionel, it is sweet to be admired upon earth, but it is infinitely sweeter to be loved in Heaven. You wished to become a heavenly writer : your wish has been granted. Come, and receive your reward !”

And as she speaks, the gates of Heaven open, and a flood of light bursts upon us—so brilliant, so dazzling, that

I awake.

It was not altogether a dream !

A brilliant light fills the garret. In the grate an immense fire is burning. Fred is standing near it, looking on with mad delight.

In his eyes, I read my doom.

He has again come up during the night, found what he looked for, and

To make me happy, the poor half-witted boy has burnt my Essay !

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With the burthen of an honour unto which she was not born."

TENNYSON.

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